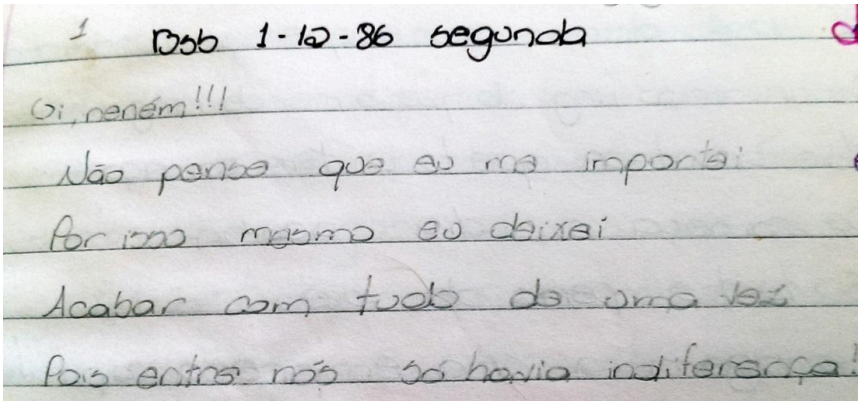
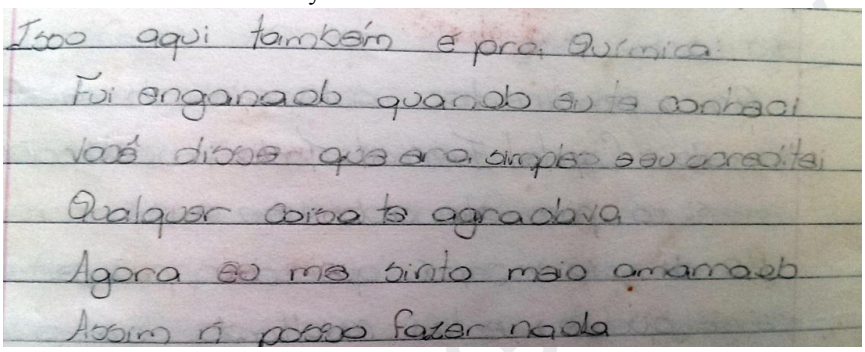
Leticia's Diary - 1st of December 1986 to 21st of October 1989 (Diario V)
Written in Portuguese & translated by Leticia Golubov

BSB 1/12/1986 Monday
Hello, baby!!!!
This is a homage to Chemistry, a subject I only feel indifference towards, and because of this feeling I'm almost certain I have failed it…


Bsb 1-12-86 segunda
Oi, neném!!!
Não pense que eu me importei
Por isso mesmo eu deixei
Acabar com tudo de uma vez
Pois entre nós só havia indiferença!

Tudo Mal, Capital Inicial
Don't think that I cared
And for that reason I let
Everything end at once
Because all there was between us was indifference!

This one is also for Chemistry


Isso aqui também é pra Química
Fui enganada quando eu te conheci
Você disse que era simples e eu acreditei
Qualquer coisa te agradava
Agora eu me sinto meio amarrada
Assim não posso fazer nada

Linhas Cruzadas, Capital Inicial
I was deceived when I met you
You said it was simple and I believed you
Everything pleased you
Now I feel tied down
And I can't do anything

This one is for that shitty college

Vocês esperam uma intervenção divina
Mas não sabem que o tempo agora está contra vocês
Vocês se perdem no meio de tanto medo
De não conseguir dinheiro pra comprar sem se vender
E vocês armam seus esquemas ilusórios
Continuam só fingindo que o mundo ninguém fez
Mas acontece que tudo tem começo
Se começa, um dia acaba, eu tenho pena de vocês
Fátima – Capital Inicial

You wait for a divine intervention
But don't realise that time is now against you
You get lost in the fear

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Of not getting money to buy without selling yourselves
And you plan deluded schemes
Continuing to pretend that the world was made by no one
But it just so happens that everything has a beginning
And if it starts, one day it will end, I feel sorry for you.

I think I also failed Physics, but have a feeling I scrapped in Maths. The results are out on the 3rd.
p.s. -> Copyright to all verses -> Capital Inicial. Everyone knows except for ignorant people, hence the notice.

p.s. again -> Did anyone notice I'm disgusted with school? Probably not that obvious…

BSB 1/12/1986 Monday
Last night I smoked a spliff *(NOTE: we called it 'beck' and also 'andar the barquinho', i.e. go on a boat, for being stoned)* I've never described what if feels like, although 90% of young people know anyway. It's fashionable! Now, for weed to became widespread that's fine, the problem is there's a lot of cocaine and heroin, attacking the unsatisfied people, and there are a few of those around.

I was talking to Gino and Fernando and they reckon that many will die by the end of the year because of drugs. Anyway, let me tell you what happened: Alexandra, Renata and I went to 205 and lots of people were there. Ginho, Gino and Ro went for a smoke and called us, but neither Renata or I wanted to go. So we were there doing nothing, with Coxem and Pedro, very bored. Then Coxem said that if we were up for it, Bulldog would roll one up for us, if we went to 206. So I fancied it and went with Alexandra, Renata went home. We got there and there were 7 of us in the circle. We couldn't have been more obvious if we tried. I was the last person on the circle and I came to me three times, I took 3 drags each time and it hit me good. When I closed my eyes it felt like I was bending in all directions, my leg one way, my back the other. Then when I crossed my arms it felt like I was shaking ,but not with cold. Every drag I take I get goose pimples.

The thing with weed is this: It is, without seeming to be, but you know it is. In other words, it feels like you are out of reality, a dream, but you know it's real, you realise every now and then that you are awake.

Before we smoked I told Coxem I needed a wee, he said he did too, it was nervousness before smoking. I said I don't get nervous, he said 'anxiety then, same thing'. We walked back, I was tripping so much!

Alexandra and I came back to my place and I put 'Tears for Fears' on. I was analysing each instrument. Alexandra went home and I ate, but I couldn't taste anything, I had only smoked 30 mins earlier…

I laid down, watching tv and when I came to it was today. It felt like I had a hangover, I get that sometimes when I don't drink. I was slow this morning, couldn't think properly. This I don't like, the side effects…

BSB 3/12/86 Wednesday
Today I invented to cycle *[NOTE: This is a Brazilian expression for deciding to do something that doesn't end well]* to the club with Renata, and it wasn't even sunny. So there we were going downhill, super quick, and when it came to stopping my bike, opposite the German embassy, to go over the curb, my brake didn't work. Instead of turning the handle so I wouldn't hit the curb, it was pretty high, I tried to put my foot and the floor, and by then the bike had hit the curb and I was on the floor with a bloody lip. Renata, who loves other people's misery, was laughing, a lot. So I laughed too, but it hurt a lot, it's swollen now, looks like I've been punched.

The weather has been a pain. Raining twice a day and the sun isn't very strong.

BSB 4/12/86 Thursday
I'm on the edge of an abyss. I only managed to pass in Maths on the resits. I needed 50% and got 52%. Close call. But need to resit again Physics and Chemistry. I need 55% in Physics and 57% in Chemistry and I have 5 days to revise. I was so tired today, I slept between 2-6 and only woke up because it was so hot.

Now I realise I should have studied more during the year, and I'm desperate. There's so much to revise.

BSB 6/12/86 Saturday
Yesterday Renata, Alexandra, Juliana, Armando and I went to Velho Elite. Everyone got drunk, except me.. Ginho and Ro were there too… Later Alexandra, Ro, Ginho, Leo, Arnaldo and I went for a smoke in someone's flat. When I got home my mum was angry at me. Can you imagine she treated Renata and Alexandra badly and they were so scared of her they didn't call me to go to the club? So I complained to my mum and she said they were lying and they are gossiping. Why would they make that up?

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Alessandra came here for us to revise, but we barely revised and went to Praline with Renata and Alexandra. Then Alessandra left and we came to my house, then Renata had to buy ham and we went with her. Renata drove there and it was funny. She went over the curb, got stuck in a small ditch, nearly hit a car, stalled. Oh, how I laughed!

We saw Orlando at the shop and while the girls went for a spin on his Garelli we talked. Renata didn't find any ham and we tried another shop. I saw Luis, who used to be in my class in Leonard. It'd been so long.

Later Renata and I went to 406, to go for a spin in Orlando's Garelli. We went to 205, 108, 307… Everyone was staring at us, we were going really fast. Two guys went past us on a motorbike, cutting us up. So much fun!

BSB 7/12/86 Sunday
It's so hot! I can't stay still in any place, I start sweating. Spent the day in the club, from 9-4. Renata only stayed until 10 as she had secret friend to go to. Alexandra and I stayed with Vivi and Luiz and had lunch with them. Later we went to Cristina's (Renata was there). Cristina, Alexandra and Ivone went to hospital to visit Cristina's father, as he's having an operation. Renata and I went to 'Velho Elite' bar and Armando, Eduardo and Ricardo were there.

My mysterious crush was there, Ricardo. We met the other day, he said I looked like his sister. He's about 25, he's tall (1.90cm, give or take), blonde, green-blue eyes, tanned… He has a mysterious look abou t him, and he's quiet. Two tattoos and so strong! He's not conventionally good-looking, he's interesting. He's so big it's kinda scary getting close to him. But he has such a serene face. We were staring at each other for a bit and I called him to our table (he was on the next table) to look as his tattoos. I don't know if he fancies me or just thinks I'm a brat.

Anyway, this is my enigmatic love. My carnal love is Cesar (Loirinho), my platonic love is Piolho, my school love is Gustavo, my love crush is China, my obsessive love is Henrique… I think I have too much love in my heart. How can so many people fit in??? Hopefully one day someone will fill it all in… He will have to be very fat. There's also Wagner, Fernando, Beu. I'd be happy to go out with any of those guys.

BSB 8/12/86 Monday
32c in a city without a beach is fucked up! Even worse when the club is shut and the lake is polluted. Torture! My hand is sweating just from writing. Don't get me wrong, I like the sun, but does it have to be this hot?

I had a crazy dream, but basically Henrique and I decide to steal a car's tiny mirror, then we get arrested, then Henrique wasn't there anymore. We were released after much agony… I'll tell you the rest later.

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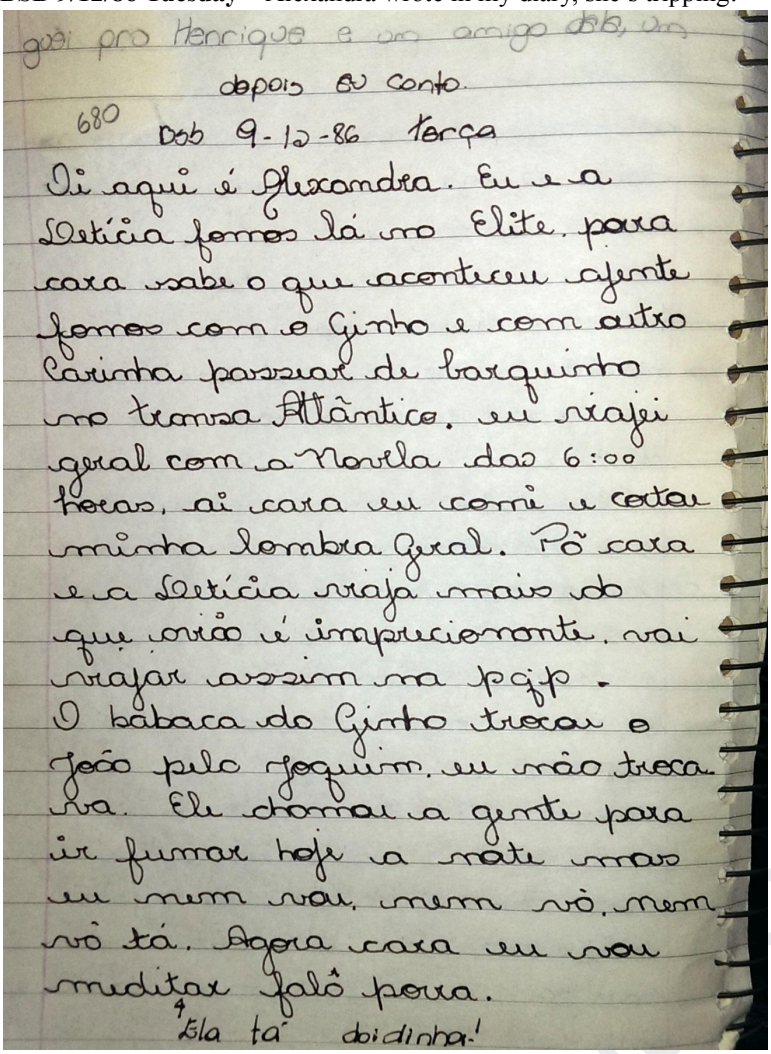
BSB 9/12/86 Tuesday – Alexandra wrote in my diary, she's tripping!


gói pro Henrique e um amigo dele, um
depois eu conto.
680
Dob 9-12-86 Terça
Oi aqui é Alexandra. Eu e a
Letícia fomos lá no Elite, para
cara sabe o que aconteceu agente
fomos com o Gino e com outro
Carinha passear de barquinho
no tromba Atlântico. eu viaji
geral com a Novela das 6:00
horas, aí cara eu comi e cortei
minha lombra Geral. Pô cara
e a Letícia viaja mais do
que orião é impressionante, vai
viajar assim na pqp.
O babaca do Gino trocou o
João pelo Joquim. eu não troca
va. Ele chamou a gente para
ir fumar hoje a noite mas
eu nem vou, nem vô, nem
vô tá. Agora cara eu vou
meditar falô pora.
Ela tá doidinha!

BSB 12/12/86 Friday
Hello! Friend!
Yesterday was my final exam in that shit school: Physics. Needless to say I didn't pass. So, next year I will have to pay to retake it, in the afternoon.

In the afternoon, on an whim, I went to the hairdresser, with Alexandra. I followed the stupid hairdressers suggestion and she ruined my hair. I left in a rage, swearing at the woman, crying and I ran home, with Alexandra behind. I locked myself in the bathroom and cut even more hair, I never seen so much hair. My hair was so long and now it's really short, on my neck. I don't recognize myself when I look in the mirror…

At night went to 205. Alexandra, Pedro, Gino and I had a smoke. I went bonkers! I had a whitey. I nearly fainted but Gino held me. Wow, what a trip. At times it was as if I had sniffed lolo((Chloroform). I could hear that psychedelic sound you get from lolo. I wasn't going to smoke but I wanted to listen to Capital Inicial while tripping. All I could hear was the drums, and I kept playing that in my head.

There's a general strike in Brazil today. But Globo and Manchete say everything is functioning apart from Goiania and Fortaleza. They say Brasilia is functioning fully. LIES! Everything has stopped. It's sad to see the press sell out.

BSB 13/12/86 Saturday
Last night Renata, Alexandra and I went to Gilberto. We sat at Asa Delta, and had a caipirinha, then we had another at Saugu's. Then we went to Barril and drank beer. I was dizzy by the time I went for a walk with Renata, and we met Deca, Fernando, Sabrina, Flavio, Patricia… All at once.

We got Alexandra and her and I went to sniff lolo with Carlinhos and a friend of his. I hadn't had any for ages. It made me sick, because I'd been drinking, it took ½ hour for me too feel ok again. We joined Renata, Deca and Fernando. At midnight Deca said he'd take us home, but Alexandra managed to get us in Zoom, Renata didn't want to go as she had an exam today.. In the end she

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went in, later, but couldn't find us. Alexandra and I stayed until 2:30am. When we were going home, trying to get a taxi, two guys drove past, chatting us up, but we ignored them. They got out of the car and said we could take it. I got in, went into 1st gear and started to move, but I lost my nerve, and then we asked them for a lift and they took us home.

BSB 14/12/86 Sunday
My father called yesterday. I haven't seen him for over a year. He's so distant he might as well not exist, but I do miss him. From the little I know of him, he's a good person, simply good. I feel in his voice that he wants to get close but he seems afraid. It's as if he's afraid I will reject him. Of course I'm not going to give him a hug, or smile at him all the time! But I'd like to spend some real time with him, I think our temperament may be similar in some aspects. Perhaps he doesn't contact me more because of his family, I don't know.

Either way, he can die in peace, as I forgive him. I may seem bitter about our relationship (or lack of), but I don't feel bitter, or sad, or unhappy. Perhaps subconsciously I do…

BSB 17/12/86 Wednesday
This is the show I went to watch last night with Renata at the Teatro Nacional. Amazing! LegiãoUrbana. We saw the show, which was on for two amazing hours. We had arranged I'd call my mum and she'd pick us up. I called her and told her to pick us up under the theatre. She didn't understand and was going round and round the theatre, but upstairs. Meanwhile we waited for an hour downstairs. I saw Dado Villa Lobos and Marcelo Bonfa drive out in a car. I nearly had a heart attack!

After waiting for so long I called home, my phone was engaged and so was Renata's. We assumed they came to get us. We never turned so many lifts down in our lives! The old'uns took another hour, no sign of them. So I called my mum again and she said I was lying about who I was with, that I had been drinking. I answered calmly and with much irony (it's the only way I can cope). I explained to the idiot, who has a degree in architecture, where we were and she still needed to come with Renata's mum to find us. We got in the car and they started shouting at us. The idiots were looking for us upstairs and it never occurred to them to look for us there, the only place with a phone. They tried to blame what was a lack of communication and logical thinking on us, they just wanted an excuse not to let us out. I'm sick of my mum, always throwing things at my face. I hate her.

This afternoon Renata, Sabrina and I went to Inacio, at 108, and we talked. In the evening Renata and I went to Velho Elite. Jaquito and Armando were there. I was not in a good place, trying to find a job so I wouldn't have to put up with my mum's blackmail anymore. Jaquito calmed me down, he said that working and studying is hard, the same thing happened to him when he was my age, but he put up with it. He's now about to graduate, has a job and earns lots of money, now it's his time in the sun. He said that instead of panicking he put up with shit from his parents. I promise you there's nothing worse than this constant pressure, my mum always complaining and always going on about money. It's agonising. I want to be independent.

But for a normal 15 year old there are only two options: Study and get a good job OR get a shit job now with no future. What I want the most in the world is my independence, to look after myself. I swear, only when I prove to myself that I can sustain and look after myself, will I then think about living with someone else.

BSB 20/12/86 Saturday
Hi!!!! I went to the club on Thurs and Friday, and I have a nice tan!
In the afternoon Renata called Andre to her flat, to tape some of his records. Andre and I argued like cat and dog (I used to be his girlfriend!). He's so annoying. He's 18 and is a dickhead. We were walking to the shops and he smacked my head – Renata in the middle, laughing and asking us to stop – so I went to kick him, but he grabbed my leg and I fell down. I was so mad, I got up and went home crying with hatred. They came after me. Then we went to S block and talked to Negão. Then Andre apologised, but I was being all hard and sulky and I said 'Don't ever speak to me again'

Renata had early Christmas at her flat, I ate so much! Then we went to a small party at the I block, everyone who lives at 405 was there, it was actually quite a nice party.

Leticia and her sick love… I dreamt with Henrique again, we were going out together and went to Gilberto, he went somewhere and then I saw him kissing another girl. He came back, we argued. He sat on a table and stared at me. Then he vanished and I spent the rest of the dream desperately looking for him. Result: I thought about him all day. This obsession won't leave me alone…

RJ 23/12/86 Tuesday
Arrived in Rio yesterday, I came alone on the bus, but this time an older woman sat next to me, she was quite nice. So I failed in Physics and Chemistry and got a mouthful from my mum. Jeison and Maira split up and Maira and Gabriel are living with Zezé and my uncle. Jeison came to get Gabriel yesterday to spend Christmas with him, but it was arranged he'd stay with us, so there was a massive argument! Jeison left, fuming, without Gabriel, then he called later and Maira let him take Gabriel. Then everyone was upset, Zezé cried, Maira banged her head by accident and cried too, Gabriel didn't know what was going on (this was before Jeison called) and I was just looked stunned.

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RJ 25/12/86 Thursday
Merry Christmas! Mine wasn't so happy. Maira, D. Nina, Zezé, Gilberto and I went to Friburgo. It's been raining non-stop. Without Gabriel there, Gilberto went to bed early, Zezé cried so much. I called my mum. Gabriel has become the centre and reason for this family. The atmosphere was so down. Jeison brought Gabriel back today and everyone was so happy again.

I don't think this is healthy, the child will get used to everyone being crazy about him and then when he has no attention he will feel terrible. A bit like me…

RJ 28/12/86 Sunday
We got back from Friburgo today. I've never spent so much time indoors! It just rained and rained and rained. All the time. Not only in Friburgo but also here in Rio and in most of Brazil. For a week, non-stop. I miss the sun, and I'm losing my tan! I'm starting to look pale again, meh!

Maira broke her front two teeth on a seesaw, about three weeks ago. Her new nickname is 'Benta Carneira'. She's been in pain all this time and tomorrow will have a root canal.

There really is nothing happening right now, internally or externally. I want a boyfriend, for a change. Tired of being alone. I need a man in my life! But a real man, not a boy.

BSB 31/12/86 Wednesday
New year, new life, tomorrow, same thing every year. I'm a pig in the Chinese Horoscope and I'm feeling optimistic. I feel a bit down, as I have my period and a fever, but that's ok. I'm spending NYE in Copacabana, with my mum, Carmen and people I don't know. Not promising but better than being with Maira and a bunch of people I've never seen before.

Finally, it stopped raining. It's a very blue afternoon.

My mum just got here from Brasilia. She enrolled me at Leonardo for my 2nd year, and Renata will have to do the 1st year again!

On Monday Maira, Sidney and Rolha went to the cinema to watch 'A Opera do Malandro'. Maira is having a thing with Sidney. I dreamt with people from school and from my quadra. I coughed all night.

THE END – UP NEXT 87-89

RJ 02/01/1987 Friday
I spent the New Year in Copacabana watching the fireworks and doing the white grape charm (*simpatia da uva branca – eat grapes, make wishes, or throw the seeds from the grapes and make wishes, something along those lines)*. It was ok but full of old people. Didn't really sleep as I was coughing a lot non stop. I finally slept at 6 and woke up at 1 in the afternoon. In the afternoon everyone went to apt. 503 and we watched Poltergeist and stayed there till midnight. Yesterday we woke up and went to my grandad's, later Maira and Gabriel arrived. Then I was asking for money to buy a bikini, I wanted to go to the beach at all costs today, then Maira started to stick her nose in, telling me that if I stomped my foot I might get it. I got so angry I went to the toilet to calm down. I came back and sat down quietly. Then Gabriel came and started to hit me, I ignored him, he carried on and I pushed him away gently, he didn't stop. Then in one of my famous fits of fury, I slapped him. He got frightened and started crying. Then you can guess, everyone turned against me. As I was on edge and couldn't calm down in that flat so I ran off to the street. It was raining hard and I walked around the block, sort of crying, then stepping on nice puddles. I got back and went to the roof and sat there for 40 minutes, in the rain, thinking and crying.

I was in a bad way yesterday, I don't know why, I'm thinking of just going back to Brasilia because here has not been good, I'm not good, I don't know what it is. Suddenly my grandfather shows up. I didn't want to go back with him but if I didn't go he was either going to take me by force or have a fit, I got scared so I went back with him. I went straight to the shower and stayed there for ages. My mum and Maira couldn't care less, my grandfather was saying this is not the way for a young lady to behave, what will 'they' think… Zaira behaved diplomatically and Gabriel stuck to me and didn't let me go.

When I was on the roof , up there, crying, I kept feeling a presence, something near me: a spirit? I don't know, it felt like it was protecting me. It was all very strange and I'm still a bit shaken by it. Should I stay or should I go back to Brasilia?

RJ 05/01/1987 Monday
Heeeelooooo!

Yesterday afternoon me, Maira, my mum, grandad and Zaira went out for lunch, at Gondoleiro, Barra da Tijuca, for a change. We go there every year.

Elettra Solubov 1986-2023

The first bank robbery of the year happened today, in fact there were two, 9 million cruzados were stolen. Also a Hotel was robbed. Today was a good day for criminals, a rare thing. Usually it's the high level criminals who don't get arrested.

This morning me, Maira and Gabriel went to Ipanema. I forgot my bikini in Brasilia and they gave me one that was loose and old. If I got up it fell off. So no chance of going in the sea.

RJ 07/01/1987 Wednesday
Today me, Nane, Maira, Gabi and some Ricardo person went to Barra. It was a beautiful day and as there was a bus strike I don't think people went to work and the beach was busy! Full of gorgeous guys!

Sometimes I feel like a fish out of water, now I'm not sure where to stay. Maira and my uncle Gil have serious conflicts, perhaps for being similar, I don't know. Today Gil asked Zezé to get some water for him and Maira told him to get it himself. Maira and I went to the bedroom and he started to complain to my aunt, then my aunt went in the bedroom to talk to Maira, then went off again, come and go, acting as the peacekeeper, trying to make one see the other's viewpoint. Maira doesn't accept Gil's ways, because she's so much like him. When you aren't emotionally involved it's kinda funny but awkward. They complicate everything, making the simple hard. Am I that systematic? Or just a stupid child? I don't fucking know! It's always the same thing and I don't know where to hide.

Did you know that to this day my uncle can't stand my mum? Doesn't like her, talks badly of her (not in front of me, obviously) but he likes me, or pretends to. I do think he likes me. I mean he's reserved, like me. It's a weird atmosphere and I can't be me like I can back home. This is the current picture: Maira and Gabi in the bedroom, Zezé in the kitchen and in the living room, all fresh with the fan on, is my uncle watching the match and me, writing in my diary, side by side at 22:25 Summer Time. Soon I'll close my diary and go to the bedroom.

I saw Wagner today, I have a little crush on him. He's a brat (a month younger than me) but he reminds me of Henrique, physically. Mentally I have no idea, haven't spoken to him for over two years.

RJ 08/01/1987 Thursday
Man, I can't take it anymore! It's the heat, it's Gabriel screaming all day long… Ouch my ears! It's so hot I can't sleep, it's the same temperature day and night. I sit down and sweat, as soon as I stand still my face is wet. Showers are always cold, minimum clothing and the fan is on all day. This is like a city in the middle of the desert. There isn't a single cloud in the sky. And to think that 9 days ago we couldn't go out because of the rain, now we don't go out because of the heat, the street is like hell, there's no wind… But when I'm at the beach I forget the suffering and I love the heat. There's hardly anything better than sitting on the beach and enjoying the sun. Amazing! Just thinking about it makes me happy. If I could I'd live on the beach.

RJ 10/01/1987 Saturday
Went to the beach yesterday and today. Today Maira and I were walking on the beach when, suddenly, I saw Marcelo Buarque, Fabio and some other kid from Brasilia. Marcelo and Fabio used to live in Brasilia but moved here. I got a fright, never expected this to happen!

Yesterday was a mad day! Joubert had a party: The 'Hour of Truth' for all the people who did the vestibular and I went but I shouldn't have gone as I'm a few years away from the vestibular! I only knew Maira and Joubert and as there was nothing to do I was just drinking Guarana or Coke with Velho Barreiro, in the end I had 7 full cups, on an empty stomach. I ended up playing on Alexandre's drum kit, when I got up I kicked one of the drums accidentally – then I was dancing on my own, outrageously flirting with some guy, having deep conversations with Lu.
The party finished and 9 people left went to a bar: Maira, Joubert, Cristiane, Ana Paula, Luciana and I can't remember who else because I'm not a genius… I was dying for a piss and when the car stopped in a square I ran into a club, for free, asking everyone where the toilets were. I found them, had a wee and had a bit of a vomit. I finally got out of the club and realised I was alone in a place I didn't know. I walked around the square and I found, or more accurately, Joubert and Maira found me. We sat on a table and I started to feel ill. Then Joubert forced me to go to the car and I lied on his lap and because the car radio didn't want to work we sang Legião Urbana. Then I got really sick outside the car. We got out of the car as some people wanted to leave and Joubert and I sat on the floor and talked for a while. When it was time to go I had to sit on Joubert's lap, the car was full. Maira went back on a motorbike with Lu. I had the key, so when I got home I left the door unlocked and passed out.

Today Maira told me she got home at six in the morning, because she went to Lu's house and they had sex. Maira never used to these things, well, she'd only slept with Jeison, but she said it happened (the effects of alcohol) and that it was amazing. It just happened suddenly and couldn't be stopped. She's been thinking about it all day.

RJ 13/01/1987 Tuesday
My mum has gone back to my land and yesterday was her 42nd birthday. Things with Wagner are getting better. Yesterday me, him, Maria and Anderson (Wagner's 18 year old uncle) went to the cinema to watch a really crappy movie called 'Aliens'. Everyone

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knows we want to get together, I know, he knows, but neither does anything about it. We sat next to each other at the cinema and every time he touched me I'd be in the clouds! But nothing happened, we're both too shy, but that's what I like about him, so cute! It's hard to meet people like him, and people like him fascinate me. Let's hope we get somewhere hey? His uncle is gorgeous, much more than Wagner. But I see great potential in Wagner. They were supposed to go away today but I saw Anderson, what if they go tomorrow?

Joubert came here yesterday afternoon. He likes play fighting and so do I. It was so much fun, we were rolling on the floor, kicking, pretend biting. After about 2 hours playing I was dripping in sweat. We went down with Joubert, fighting on the lift, then Wagner opened the door and I nearly melted. Joubert started winding me up 'You like that little child??? He's not even handsome! What a massive mouth he has!' and we carried on play fighting in the street.

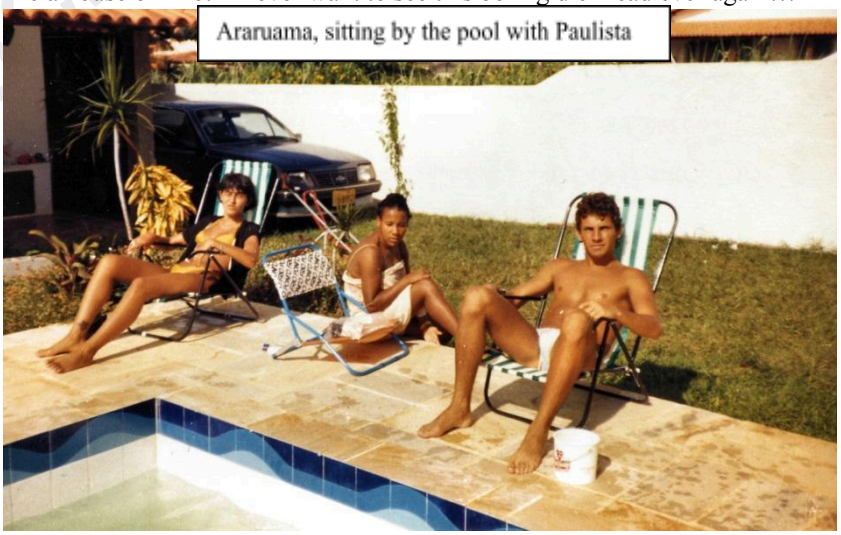
Maira went after Lu on Saturday/Sunday and slept with him. She got home at 7am and my aunt made a big drama. I guess Sidney is out of the picture because all Maira thinks about is Lu.

RJ 22/01/1987 Thursday - Paulista, a very inappropriate man
I haven't written for a while huh? I spent the weekend in Araruama, at Jeison's mum's house. We went on Saturday: me, Maira, Gabi, Jeison and Paulista (Jeison's flatmate). There were 23 people, in total, in a three bedroom house. Ten people shared 3 bedrooms and the rest of us slept in the living room. The floor was like a giant bed, everyone spread out. It was actually ok but one person ruined it all for me: Paulista.

When we got there on the Saturday we went out to sample the nightlife, me, Maira, Jeison and Paulista. We got to the centre of town, which is basically someone's statue. We went to a bar called Ponto de Encontro *(Meeting Place)*, all they had was overpriced canned beer. Outraged by this we went to another bar, only to realise this heavily taxed beer was everywhere, so we stayed there. I had three caipirinhas, then it was 3am and the bar closed. We went to a restaurant called Tortuga. Maira and I got a table while those two sniffed some coke. Jeison wanted to get back with Maira at all costs, Paulista started talking non stop and I, drunk, started thinking about Henrique.

I went to the car and started crying like a fool. Then Paulista shows up and started saying things about his 24 years of life. As everyone was drunk, Jeison let me drive the car with Paulista. I wasn't wearing glasses so Paulista was giving coordinates. After a little while we returned. Maria and Jeison went to eat. Paulista kissed me and they returned. It was nearly 5am. We went to the beach. Paulista took me to one side of the beach and didn't waste any time. Took advantage of my dizziness and explored my body. Opened my shirt, opened my shorts (I was hating and sort of struggling). He was trying to take off my shorts and then suddenly I came to my senses, I didn't want to do this anymore, I didn't know the guy, didn't feel anything for him and I said 'NO!' and pushed him to the side. He tried again, I sat down, put my head down and pretended to cry, so that he would give up for once. Then we were just talking and kissing, he was so pushy. Maira went to get us, the sun was coming up. We got home at 6, I slept till 10. I spent Sunday avoiding him, despite the beautiful eyes, I thought he was disgusting, I felt used. He spent the whole day chasing after me. Solution: I sat on a hammock and slept all day. I hadn't had a chance to tell Maira anything and she was puzzled as to why I was isolating myself.

On Sunday, after playing poker for hours, we went out, but I didn't let him get near me. When we went to sleep he wanted to sleep next to me. No way! I slept on a tiny sofa, on my own. On Monday, before we left, we played poker for 4 hours, until 6. We got stuck in traffic on the way back. The 2 hour trip took 3.5 hours. This annoying arsehole kept trying to feel me up all the way. Maira thought we were getting on like a house on fire! I never want to see this boring dickhead ever again…


Araruama, sitting by the pool with Paulista

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On Tuesday, 20th, the vestibular results came out, and as almost everyone passed there were celebratory drinks. We stayed at the bar until 00:30 when it closed and sat on some benches playing the guitar and singing. It was Joubert, Chris, Ana, Alexandre, Calvin, etc. I was keeping an eye on Alexandre, who was playing the drums at the last party. He left early as he had piloting lessons early in the morning. We got home at 3:30 in the morning.

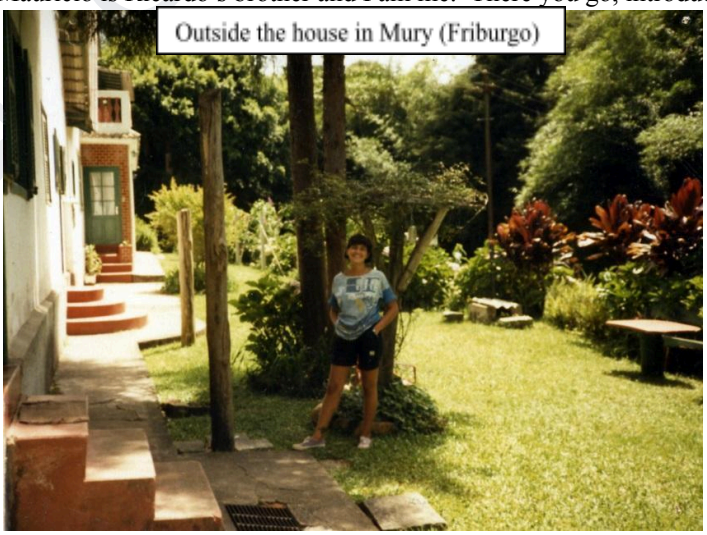
RJ 29/01/1987 Thursday

I go home on the 6th of February, my beloved land! Every time I go away I feel that's my place, I love it so much. Maira and Gabriel are coming too. Every time I come here I learn a lot and store it in my brain. People here are different and I feel like a black sheep. In Brasilia people have a mysticism, are more reserved, different. Here I feel people see me in a different light, look at me as a curiosity, because I'm from Brasilia. Only a few get close to me. I don't know if it's because I don't let them. I'm like a sphinx, introverted, reserved, quiet, pensive. I feel that when I act in one way people interpret it in a different way. When I want to act in one way, I end up acting in another way. I'm not me. Inside I'm one way, outside I'm another. I like my interior more, I know it's incredible. But no one, not even myself, knows it because it's very profound. My God! My shell is shit… It's something I don't like. An ugly mask that I don't know how to take off. I wish for someone to help me discover it, someone like me; but where can I find this person? I'm going to do a lot of research this year and I have to find someone, but I don't know how to do it. I'm afraid I might be the only person who can help me, I think I might be. But I don't know where to start… That's why I want someone to walk with me and open the door to me. Shit! I think I need a psychologist. But I have found a companion; my guitar is going to be a great friend this year.

This holiday I worked as a nanny for Gabriel while Maira spent the days out. I had my fill of Gabriel. This time I was disappointed with Maira, but I don't know if I have the right to be. I realised that Maira is human, with failings, and some very ugly… A normal person. I used to think she was amazing and perfect, didn't feel envy, wasn't mean, didn't need to make excuses not to do things, didn't use people, didn't despise anyone, wasn't cynical, wasn't fake. Suddenly I see Maira contradicting her principles, it makes me sick, such is her lack of scruples. Maybe I'm dramatising it a bit, but it was such a big contrast that now she's worth nothing and once upon a time she was worth everything to me, she was my guide, I wanted to be like her. She's one way at home and another with friends. Everyone has to do everything for her otherwise she'll say harsh words, hurtful words, humiliation. Maira insists on making people suffer and steps on them to make herself feel better. This alone cancels out anything good in her.

Friburgo 02/02/1987 Wednesday

Me, Maira, Gabriel, Ana, Adriana, Ricardo, Ari and Mauricio came to Friburgo for four days. We arrived yesterday afternoon. Monday and Tuesday I was mad at Maira and spent the whole time ignoring her. We spent Tuesday morning fighting. She said she's not going to Brasilia and I didn't care and now she's going again. We stayed in the house in Muri, very tranquil and full of hummingbirds (they drank water from my hand) and I felt very emotional to see such special and perfect nature from close up. It's amazing to see it close up, the wings flapping so fast, all you can see is a blur. It's a very special and vibrant feeling. There was also a white kitten, I spent a lot of time with it. Ari is Maira's new boyfriend. Ricardo and Adriana are together and Ana is Maira's friend who's going to move to Brasilia. Mauricio is Ricardo's brother and I am me. There you go, introductions concluded.



Outside the house in Mury (Friburgo)

BSB 14/02/1987 Saturday

I'm back!!! We arrived last Saturday. News from the last 10 days: Rio=> 4th Feb Chris had a party at her house for her 18th birthday. Obviously Alexandre was there. We walked home: me, Alexandre, Denise, Ana Paula, Ana Silvia and 2 other girls. Alexandre hugged me and we walked together all loved up. I was leaving on Friday night and he said he was going to give me a present. On

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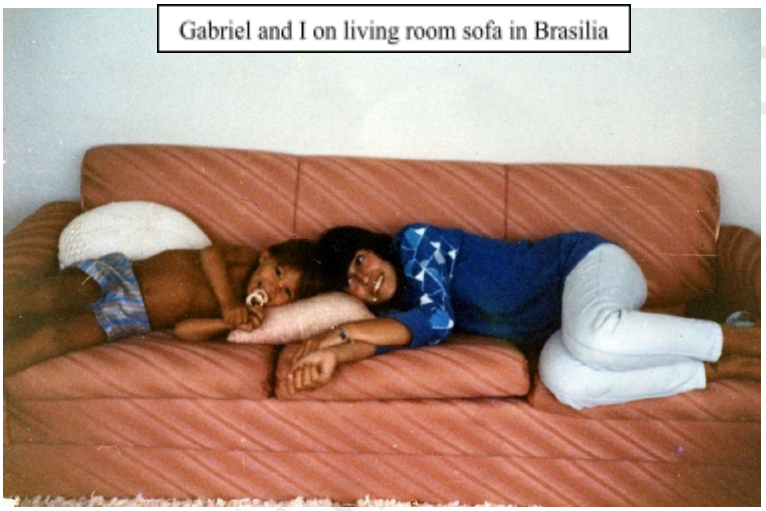
Friday afternoon he turned up at Maira's house and gave me an amazing photo of a drum kit, his address and a present I love so much: his two first drumsticks!!!! I couldn't believe it! The only reason I didn't give him a massive kiss was because Maira was there.

We were loving each other through looks. Joubert arrived, gave me a photo and my flip flop back (he had taken one of them). We started to play fight, for a change, for ages. Alexandre helped a bit. Then Joubert almost broke my arm. Alexandre came to comfort me and I said 'Go away, you're his accomplice!' – and he got really upset! He spent the rest of the afternoon picking on me and arguing… He didn't even say goodbye. I was upset and didn't understand why. Maira said he's like that, has a difficult temperament. I know I really wanted to kiss him and didn't… I miss him so much! I keep practising the drums on the sofa with his drumsticks all day long. But I couldn't understand his sudden anger. I thought he liked me (look at the gifts he gave me!) and then suddenly! Ah, never mind, nothing I can do about it.

The three of us came by bus on the 6th of Feb, when we arrived I ran to my bedroom and gave my new guitar a big hug. I start lessons on Thursday, the 19th. It's been raining since we got back and it only stopped today. Juliana and Renata came here every day since we got back and I've had two spliffs. Maira goes home on the 16th then everything will be back to normal. Never had such quick holidays!

Gabriel and I on living room sofa in Brasilia



BSB 20/02/1987 Friday - RIP Fabiane Bauer

School restarted on Weds. Today after school Lara came up to me and said: "Fabiane died!" I was in shock. I ran home and then went to the funeral with Lara, Celia and Patricia Figueredo. Lots of people from Caseb where there already. When we arrived everyone was crying… Karina was desperate. I ended up crying a lot too. I went to see her in the open casket and I couldn't believe it was her. How awful! You won't guess how she died: heart failure, on the way to hospital. Official reason: Ashma attack. Real reason: loló, chloroform. What a stupid death. She accidentally killed herself. It was awful and I don't like to talk about it, it makes me nervous, anxious. I cried for three hours, it's sad to remember it all. Fabiane should come back to us. There were so many flowers on the casket. Such a horrible death surrounded by so much beauty.

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Note: Later in the year we heard that Fabiane's brother had murdered his girlfriend, because he never got over her death. So much tragedy in one family. Then I found this article, recently. I'm going to c+p here in case it gets removed from the source. I'll translate fully when I get a chance.

But in summary, a theory as to why Marcelo Bauer Duarte killed his ex, Thaís Muniz Mendonça

A não aceitação do fim do namoro e a vingança pela morte da irmã sempre foram as linhas de investigação da polícia brasileira para o assassinato de Thaís. O clima entre o casal piorou com a morte da irmã de Marcelo, aos 15 anos, em 19 de fevereiro de 1987, pouco antes do fim definitivo da relação entre Thaís e Marcelo. Fabiane foi à casa de Thaís e passou mal após cheirar a droga conhecida como loló, feita de clorofórmio. No apartamento, estavam apenas Fabiane e Lavínia, irmã de Thaís, que chegou pouco depois. Ao entrar no imóvel, a professora Vera Cecília Mendonça, 46, mãe de Thaís, encontrou as adolescentes desmaiadas. Conseguiu acordar somente a filha.

The non acceptance of the end of the relationship and revenge for his sister's death have always been the main line of enquiry of Thais' murder. Tensions between the couple increased with Marcelo's sister's death, aged 15, on 19th February 1987, just before the couple finally split up.

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Fabiane went to Thaís' and fell ill after sniffing the drug known as loló, made of chloroform. Only Fabiane and Lavínia (Thaís sister) were at the apartment, Thaís arrived a while later. When Vera Cecília Mendonça, 46, Thaís' mother, arrived home, she found the teenagers unconscious. She only managed to wake up her daughter.

Vera chamou uma ambulância. Ao dar entrada no Hospital das Forças Armadas, médicos atestaram a morte de Fabiane por uma parada cardíaca fulminante. Os pais da menina estavam em Guarapari.
Vera called an ambulance. When Fabiane arrived in Hospital, doctors declared her dead from a cardiac arrest. Fabiane's parents were in Guarapari.

http://www.correiobraziliense.com.br/app/noticia/cidades/2011/11/13/interna_cidadesdf,278239/saiba-quem-e-e-como-marcelo-bauer-construiu-uma-nova-vida-na-europa.shtml

Brasília espera, há 24 anos, a punição do assassino de Thaís Muniz Mendonça, sequestrada e morta aos 19 anos com um tiro e 19 facadas. A polícia e o Ministério Público do Distrito Federal e Territórios (MPDFT) indiciaram Marcelo Bauer Duarte e convenceram a Justiça a levá-lo a júri popular pelo crime cometido contra a ex-namorada. Mas ele nunca sequer prestou depoimento no Brasil. O paradeiro dele foi descoberto apenas em 2000, na Dinamarca. Na época, passou oito meses detido. Livre, conseguiu abrigo na Alemanha. Nem a tentativa de julgá-lo à revelia vingou. A família constituiu advogado há duas semanas e, no dia do julgamento, quarta-feira passada, o defensor faltou e alegou estar doente. O juiz remarcou nova sessão para 7 de fevereiro.

Para reconstituir o crime e a fuga do acusado, o Correio esmiuçou as 1.796 páginas dos nove volumes do processo que trata da morte de Thaís. O jornal teve acesso a provas até então inéditas. Os mais de 40 depoimentos de testemunhas e 10 cartas escritas pela vítima mostram o histórico agressivo de Marcelo Bauer. Já relatórios da polícia dinamarquesa revelam os delitos praticados pelo acusado para deixar o Brasil e se esconder em terras estrangeiras. Ele falsificou documentos, criou nova identidade, enganou muita gente. Em desabafos a amigos e no interrogatório a agentes dinamarqueses, falou em vingança, da certeza da condenação caso voltasse ao país, apesar de negar o assassinato da ex-namorada.

O CRIME
A juventude da classe média brasiliense dança, embalada por Renato Russo e sua Legião Urbana, sucesso em todo o país com as letras de protesto. O Brasil ainda não sabe o que é eleger um presidente de forma direta após o fim do regime militar. No segundo ano, vivendo a ressaca do fracassado Plano Cruzado, o governo de José Sarney atravessa uma grave crise econômica, que evoluiu para um quadro de hiperinflação histórica e de moratória. Também são inúmeras as acusações de corrupção na esfera federal. Para piorar, militares desestabilizam o processo de redemocratização.

Por volta do meio-dia de 12 de julho de 1987, um domingo, durante a seca no Distrito Federal, bombeiros são acionados para apagar o fogo no cerrado da 415 Norte. Ainda pouco habitada, a região convive com lixões clandestinos, também usados para a desova de veículos roubados. No início do combate ao incêndio, os militares encontram o corpo de uma mulher, com cortes no pescoço, uma perfuração na cabeça e muito sangue no rosto.

O Boletim de Ocorrência nº 2856, registrado na 1ª Delegacia de Polícia (Asa Sul) dois dias antes pelo professor e assessor do Ministério da Educação Hamilton Muniz Mendonça, 48 anos, dá conta do desaparecimento da filha dele. Thaís Mendonça sumira logo após a aula matutina no câmpus da UnB, em 10 de julho. O pai a descreve como morena, magra, com 1,65m de altura, olhos e cabelos castanhos. Mesmas características do corpo localizado na 415 Norte, vestindo calça jeans azul Ellus, tênis brancos Nike, meias soquetes azuis, camiseta branca com um broche escrito "Sindicato já! Servidores públicos.", relógio Ferrari branco, brincos de plástico marrom, aliança de ouro e quatro anéis, um deles quebrado.

A confirmação do trágico fim da bela Thaís, aluna do 6º semestre de letras, vem em 14 de julho, com o laudo do Instituto de Criminalística. Ele traz o resultado do exame das impressões digitais da vítima. Àquela altura, os investigadores da 2ª Delegacia de Polícia (Asa Norte) já têm um suspeito. Aluno de sociologia da UnB, o gaúcho Marcelo Bauer, 21 anos, havia namorado Thaís de julho de 1984 a fevereiro de 1987. Parentes e colegas de faculdade e de trabalho da moça contaram aos policiais histórias de perseguição e de agressão dele à ex-namorada, durante e após o relacionamento. Ele costuma andar armado.

Jorge Cardoso/CB/D.A Press
Tenente-Coronel da PMDF, Ernesto Bauer, e pai do acusado de homícidio de Thaís Muniz Mendonça, durante entrevista sobre o caso em 1987

OS AVISOS
Thaís morava com a mãe e os dois irmãos, Davi, então com 20 anos, e Lavínia, 14, no Bloco A da 307 Sul. Os pais estavam separados. Marcelo ficou proibido de entrar no prédio após tentar sequestrar a garota na madrugada de 20 de junho de 1987. Ele a abordou no pilotis do edifício, após ela chegar de um encontro com o novo namorado, um jovem de 26 anos, mineiro de Manga, morador da 405 Norte. Marcelo ameaçou levá-la à força para Pirenópolis (GO), a 140km de Brasília. Mas ela reagiu com berros, o que fez o agressor soltá-la. Com medo, Thaís revelou aos pais as ameaças e as agressões. Marcelo fazia plantões nas salas de aula na UnB, no curso de inglês, no trabalho e na academia de ginástica dela.

A estudante conheceu aquele que viria a ser seu último namorado em 3 de fevereiro de 1987, primeiro dia de trabalho dela no INPS, o atual INSS. Eles trabalhavam na mesma seção e, após alguns encontros, começaram a namorar em maio, quando ele acabara de deixar o INPS para assumir a

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função de assistente de gerente em uma cervejaria. “Um dia, a Thaís me contou que o Marcelo a sequestraria e a mataria se arrumasse outro namorado. Eu o via diariamente atrás dela, no INPS, antes mesmo de nos tornarmos namorados. Por um tempo, ela escondeu o nosso relacionamento do Marcelo. Quando ele descobriu, disse que eu seria um homem morto”, contou, na 2ªDP, durante a investigação do crime.

O SUMIÇO

Marcelo Bauer não aparece na faculdade e no trabalho, desde a tarde em que Thaís foi vista com vida pela última vez, na UnB. O rapaz mora no Bloco C da 315 Sul com os pais — o tenente-coronel da Polícia Militar do DF Rudi Ernesto Bauer, 46 anos, e Míriam Conceição Duarte Bauer, diretora de uma escola pública — e o irmão, André, 19, estudante de engenharia elétrica da UnB. Marcelo estudas de manhã e trabalha à tarde como auxiliar de administração da Procuradoria-Geral de Justiça do Trabalho do DF. Ele tem um Passat modelo Surf, amarelo, ano 1978 e placa AQ-6218-DF, em nome do pai, de quem ganhou um revólver calibre .22, em 11 de abril de 1987, de aniversário. Rudi Bauer tem oito armas de fogo em casa.

Logo surge a desconfiança de o tenente-coronel ter ajudado o filho a fugir. A situação piora quando o secretário de Segurança Pública do DF apoia a atitude do colega. “Ele (Rudi) fez bem, porque inclusive a lei o protege. Agora, no que diz respeito a nós, tanto o moço, se ele for culpado, quanto outro criminoso — fosse até meu filho — deveria responder por isso. Mas, se o meu filho estiver envolvido, saio da secretaria e vou ajudá-lo”, diz, em entrevista coletiva, o coronel José Olavo de Castro.

Rudi Bauer telefona para a casa de Thaís na primeira hora do dia 11, dizendo procurar por Marcelo. O oficial nega a possibilidade, levantada pela família da garota, de o filho ter levado a ex-namorada para Guarapari (ES), onde os Bauer têm uma casa de veraneio. Diferentemente do pai da universitária, o PM não registra a ocorrência de desaparecimento do filho.

O oficial vai sozinho ao Cemitério Campo da Esperança, na tarde de 13 de julho de 1987, onde é velado o corpo de Thaís. Recebido com hostilidade, volta logo para casa. A vítima é enterrada à noite. Dois dias depois, policiais localizam Rudi, a mulher e o filho André em Porto Alegre (RS), na casa dos sogros dele. Ao telefone, o militar afirma desconhecer o paradeiro de Marcelo. Alega ter deixado Brasília, às 16h do dia 13, após a família saber da suspeita sobre o estudante, ao ver um telejornal do meio-dia.
Em 20 de julho, Rudi Bauer dá um depoimento oficial a policiais civis gaúchos, em Porto Alegre. Conta ter recebido uma ligação de Marcelo por volta das 8h40 de 11 de julho, dizendo estar em Uberlândia (MG), após ter deixado o carro estragado às margens da BR-050 — Brasília-Santos —, perto de Catalão (GO), a 310km da capital. Marcelo afirma desconhecer o destino de Thaís e pretender ir para o Peru “pensar um pouco na vida”. O chefe do Estado do Maior da PM concede uma licença a Rudi. O pai de Marcelo pega estrada com a mulher e o filho mais novo, mas deixa André perto do Catetinho para voltar de ônibus à sua casa e esperar um possível novo telefonema do irmão. Os pais não encontram Marcelo em Catalão e também voltam a Brasília. Marcelo nunca mais liga, segundo o PM. Em 31 de agosto, ao depor na 2ªDP, o oficial levanta as possibilidades de o filho ter morrido a caminho do Peru — em um assalto ou suicídio — e de Thaís ter sido usuária de droga e executada por traficantes.
Jorge Cardoso/CB/D.A Press
Enterro da estudante Thaís Muniz Mendonça em 1987

A CAÇADA

O delegado Gilberto Dantas de Araújo, chefe da 2ªDP, pede a prisão preventiva de Marcelo Bauer em 17 de julho de 1987. Na manhã seguinte, a Justiça expede o documento. “Não temos pressa. Se ele estiver mesmo fora do país, pedimos a extradição, pois se trata de crime comum”, afirma Araújo. Porém, acostumada aos mandos e desmandos dos poderosos de Brasília, os moradores da cidade demonstram pessimismo, “Ele (Marcelo) nem vai ser preso. Filho de coronel…”, comenta um vizinho de Thaís, no enterro dela, em entrevista ao Correio.

Agentes do DF vão ao Rio Grande do Sul. Eles desconfiam que Marcelo tente seguir para o Uruguai. Nascido e criado em Cachoeira do Sul (RS), o pai do foragido integra o Serviço de Inteligência da PMDF. Conta com apoio de colegas de corporação e do Exército para esconder o filho, segundo os investigadores brasilienses. A legislação permite tal artifício, menos o uso da estrutura do Estado. Sem sucesso, com o passar dos meses, a Polícia Civil do DF distribui cartazes de “Procurado” de Bauer, com uma fotografia dele e sua descrição: “Cabelos castanhos, olhos escuros, cabelos lisos, 1,80m”. Investigadores vão ao Uruguai e ao Chile, em meados de 1998, mas não encontram Marcelo.

Com o caso no ostracismo, a direção da instituição convoca a imprensa, em 7 de setembro de 2000, e afirma ter localizado o fugitivo. E mais: acionados pelos colegas do DF, agentes da Interpol — polícia internacional que reúne 181 países — prenderam Bauer.

AS PISTAS

Com mandados judiciais, agentes brasileiros colocaram escutas nos telefones de Rudi e Míriam Bauer, separados há seis anos. Investigadores foram a Natal (RN) e a Porto Alegre, onde moravam, respectivamente, o pai e a mãe do acusado. Os policiais descobriram que Míriam , então assessora da Secretaria de Educação do estado, costumava pegar uma van até o centro da capital gaúcha para usar um telefone público de uma mercearia e contatar parentes. Para instigar os pais de Bauer a conversar sobre o filho, a polícia divulgou um retrato do acusado. Por meio de um programa de computador, peritos envelheceram as fotografias do brasileiro quando jovem, na tentativa de chegar à fisionomia atual dele.

Com as imagens nos jornais e nas TVs brasilienses, o casal começou a trocar telefonemas. Num dos diálogos interceptados, ainda em 2000, a mãe deu o telefone do fugitivo. O número era de Aarhus, na Dinamarca. Escondidos em uma pizzaria em frente à residência de Bauer, dois policiais candangos filmaram o acusado ao chegar da faculdade onde cursava comércio exterior. Os investigadores descobriram o número do apartamento do

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foragido por meio da caixa de correspondências do prédio. Nela havia etiquetas com os nomes Marcelo Davi e Hellen Davi Nielsen, uma dinamarquesa com quem Bauer havia se casado em 1992 e se separado quatro anos depois. Calvo e magro, o foragido passou a ser acompanhado pelos policiais brasilienses.

AS FRAUDES

Já preso, em depoimento à polícia dinamarquesa, ao qual o Correio teve acesso com exclusividade, Bauer contou ter tido ajuda financeira do pai para fugir do Brasil. De Brasília, seguiu para o estado gaúcho. Ficou dois anos e meio no Chile, com três passaportes falsos, "comprados de um delegado brasileiro". Alegou não lembrar o nome, onde morava ou trabalhava tal policial. Voltou a Porto Alegre em 1990, onde, no Consulado da Alemanha, conseguiu um passaporte legítimo e a cidadania daquele país, por ser neto de alemão. No mesmo ano, deixou o Brasil, apresentando um passaporte contendo a sua foto, mas com o nome de Sinval Davi Mendes.

Antes da Dinamarca, ele morou na Espanha por alguns dias e na Inglaterra, por dois anos. Em Londres, onde trabalhava como garçom, conheceu a dinamarquesa com quem se casou. Bauer passou a morar com os pais dela, em Aarhus. Depois, o jovem casal alugou um apartamento, onde viveram seis anos. Divorciados, Bauer continuou no mesmo endereço, e Hellen se mudou para Copenhague. Em depressão, no Natal de 1996, ele escreveu uma carta de suicídio para Hellen. Mas, quando, desesperados, os ex-sogros chegaram à casa de Marcelo, descobriram que ele havia se internado em um hospital psiquiátrico, onde ficaria seis meses. O casal tentou convencê-lo a voltar ao Brasil para ficar com a família. Foi então que Marcelo, pela primeira vez, falou do passado.

Os pais de Hellen, em depoimento à polícia do país deles, contaram que Marcelo disse não poder retornar ao Brasil porque seria preso. Mas não falou da ex-namorada. Referiu-se apenas à morte da única irmã, Fabiane. "Ele (Marcelo) disse que enlouqueceu depois disso, falou que encontrou o responsável pela morte dela e passou a ser procurado pela polícia", declarou o pai de Hellen. Marcelo também falou da irmã aos interrogadores dinamarqueses. Disse ter batido em Thaís uma vez, mas negou participação no homicídio da universitária. Afirmou nem se lembrar se namoravam na época do crime.

Policiais dinamarqueses apreenderam 12 documentos em um cofre mantido por Marcelo em um banco no centro de Aarhus. Entre eles, carteira de motorista internacional e três passaportes brasileiros falsos com foto de Marcelo e em nome de Sinval Davi Mendes.

Arquivo CB/D.A Press
Thaís Muniz Mendonça

AS HIPÓTESES

A não aceitação do fim do namoro e a vingança pela morte da irmã sempre foram as linhas de investigação da polícia brasileira para o assassinato de Thaís. O clima entre o casal piorou com a morte da irmã de Marcelo, aos 15 anos, em 19 de fevereiro de 1987, pouco antes do fim definitivo da relação entre Thaís e Marcelo. Fabiane foi à casa de Thaís e passou mal após cheirar a droga conhecida como loló, feita de clorofórmio. No apartamento, estavam apenas Fabiane e Lavínia, irmã de Thaís, que chegou pouco depois. Ao entrar no imóvel, a professora Vera Cecília Mendonça, 46, mãe de Thaís, encontrou as adolescentes desmaiadas. Conseguiu acordar somente a filha.

Vera chamou uma ambulância. Ao dar entrada no Hospital das Forças Armadas, médicos atestaram a morte de Fabiane por uma parada cardíaca fulminante. Os pais da menina estavam em Guarapari. A relação das famílias ficou complicada. Em depoimentos na 2ªDP e entrevistas à imprensa, os pais de Thaís levantaram a hipótese de o assassinato da filha ter sido motivado por vingança.

A EXTRADIÇÃO

O Ministério da Justiça do Brasil pediu a extradição de Bauer, logo após a prisão na Dinamarca. Mas os advogados do acusado conseguiram, em março de 2001, a suspensão na Corte Federal dinamarquesa. O Ministério da Justiça recorreu à Corte Suprema da Dinamarca. Nesse período, Bauer ingressou com o pedido de cidadania ao governo alemão e conseguiu. Quando a última instância confirmou a extradição, ele havia deixado o território dinamarquês. A Interpol o localizou numa cidade alemã, em 2002. O Ministério da Justiça tentou a extradição, mas teve o pedido negado.

Aos 45 anos, casado com outra dinamarquesa chamada Helle e trabalhando como professor, Bauer mora em Flensburg, na Alemanha, desde março de 2002, segundo o advogado brasiliense dele, João Costa Ribeiro Filho. O defensor não quis dar entrevista. "Não falo sobre os meus casos", afirmou, por telefone. A reportagem pediu para conversar com os pais e o irmão do acusado. "Eles também não falam, mas vou transmitir o seu recado", garantiu. Não houve retorno.

O Correio apurou que Rudi Bauer mora em uma ampla casa à beira-mar, em Natal. Já a ex-mulher dele reside em Porto Alegre. André vive em Brasília. Foi o único parente de Marcelo a comparecer à audiência de quarta-feira passada. Deixou o Tribunal do Júri de Brasília após assinar um documento como testemunha de defesa, sem dar entrevista. Quatro pessoas abordadas pela reportagem, que se identificaram como parentes de Thaís mas não deram nomes e também se recusaram a dar entrevista, assinaram como testemunhas de acusação. Ao conferir a lista de presença, o Correio constatou que uma delas era Lavínia, a irmã da vítima. Ela também ainda reside na capital.

Nesses 24 anos, a polícia nunca encontrou o Passat de Marcelo nem o revólver e a faca que tiraram a vida de Thaís.

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"Duas ou três semanas antes de desaparecer, o Marcelo disse: 'Estou a um passo da loucura…'. Eu achava que era uma coisa de guri."
Tenente-coronel Rudi Ernesto Bauer, pai do acusado, em depoimento na 2a DP, em 20 de julho de 1987

"Aqui a barra está preta. Estou passando por uma situação muito traumatizante e constrangedora com o fim do meu namoro. O problema é que ele (Marcelo) não se conforma com o fim do nosso namoro. Já falou até em suicídio e o caramba. Eu não sei como agir. Estou há três meses nessa situação. Estou gostando de outro cara. E esse cara está sendo ameaçado pelo Marcelo também. Cada vez que o telefone toca, tenho a impressão que o mundo vai desabar. Não vejo a hora de acordar desse pesadelo."
Thaís Mendonça, em carta escrita a um amigo de São Paulo, em 15 de junho de 1987

"Depois da morte da Fabiane, os familiares dela passaram a me ameaçar, especialmente Marcelo e a mãe dele. Queriam que eu negasse, em depoimento, o uso de droga. Queriam que eu mudasse a versão, mas eu não fiz isso."
Vera Cecília Mendonça, mãe de Thaís, sobre a morte da irmã de Marcelo, em depoimento na 2a DP, em 14 de julho de 1987

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http://www.correiobraziliense.com.br/app/noticia/cidades/2016/03/11/interna_cidadesdf,521674/memoria-relembre-caso-da-aluna-thais-mendonca-morta-por-marcelo-baue.shtml Another article, from 2016

postado em 11/03/2016 16:54
Memória: relembre caso da aluna Thaís Mendonça, morta por Marcelo Bauer
Ela cursava o 6º semestre do curso de Letras na Universidade de Brasília (UnB)

[SAIBAMAIS]Outro caso assustador, ocorrido em 1987, chama a atenção pela semelhança com o de Louise Ribeiro. O assassinato da também estudante da Universidade de Brasília (UnB) Thaís Muniz Mendonça pelo ex-namorado, Marcelo Bauer, parou a cidade em julho de 1987. Thaís foi morta com um tiro na cabeça e 19 facadas, depois de ser asfixiada com clorofórmio. O crime foi motivado por ciúmes.

A jovem, que cursava letras, foi vista com vida pela última vez em 10 de julho de 1987, por volta das 12h. Dois dias depois, enquanto as buscas seguiam, o Corpo de Bombeiros foi chamado para conter um incêndio na 415 Norte. No local, os militares encontraram o corpo de uma mulher, com cortes no pescoço, o rosto ensanguentado e com uma perfuração na cabeça.

Em 14 de julho, com o laudo que analisou as impressões digitais da vítima, veio a confirmação: o corpo era de Thaís. A Polícia Militar apontou o então namorado, Marcelo Bauer Duarte, à época com 21 anos, como o autor do crime. O inquérito afirma que o crime ocorreu no carro dele. Julgado à revelia no mesmo ano pelo Tribunal do Júri do DF, ele foi condenado a 18 anos de prisão; pena que seria reduzida para 14 anos. Apesar disso, Bauer, que cursava sociologia na UnB, fugiu do país antes mesmo de ser julgado.
Em maio de 2014, o Supremo Tribunal Federal (STF) manteve a condenação do criminoso. O ministro Celso de Mello negou o pedido de anulação da ação penal que levou à condenação de Marcelo. Até 2014, quando a condenação foi mantida, Bauer vivia na Alemanha. Ele saiu da Dinamarca, país para onde foi depois de cometer o crime, para escapar do pedido de extradição.

Marcelo e Thaís namoraram por três anos e, segundo amigos e familiares, viviam um relacionamento conturbado, por conta do perfil agressivo de Bauer. Á época, colegas de trabalho da jovem contaram aos policiais que Thaís era perseguida durante e após o relacionamento. Ele não aceitava o fim da união.

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Marcelo Bauer was sentenced to 18 years in prison in 2012, but, age 45, in 2016 he is still living in Europe (Flensburg, Germany), married to a Danish woman and working as a teacher. He basically got away with murder.

13 de abril de 2012, 09:25h

Marcelo Bauer é condenado a 18 anos de prisão

Depois de 24 anos de espera e um longo dia de julgamento, o culpado pela morte de Thas Muniz Mendona, finalmente, recebe sua pena; a jovem foi assassinada com 19 facadas e um tiro na cabeça em julho de 1987; Bauer esta foragido

Marcelo Duarte Bauer, foi condenado nesta quinta-feira, dia 12 de abril de 2012, a 18 (dezoito) anos de reclusão em regime inicial fechado pelo assassinato e sequestro de Thais Muniz Mendonça, estudante de Letras da UNB e sua ex-namorada. O crime que comoveu Brasília ocorreu em julho de 1987 e vinte e cinco anos após, o assassino, apesar de foragido, está condenado.

O réu, que fugiu em seguida ao fato, continua foragido e foi julgado e condenado a revelia pela morte de Thais. Marcelo Bauer fugiu do país e foi encontrado 13 anos depois, pela Interpol, na Dinamarca. Na ocasião ele chegou a ser preso, permanecendo detido por oito meses. O Ministério da Justiça pediu sua extradição que foi aceita pelo governo dinamarquês, entretanto a defesa de Bauer recorreu à Corte de Justiça de Aarhus e a extradição foi suspensa e o brasileiro foi liberado.

O governo brasileiro apelou para a Suprema Corte da Dinamarca e a extradição foi autorizada, porém Marcelo não se encontrava mais em solo dinamarquês, neto de alemão, havia solicitado cidadania alemã e se refugiado naquele país. Na Alemanha foi localizado novamente pela Interpol, contudo o pedido de extradição formulado pelo Brasil foi negado pelo governo alemão devido a cidadania concedida a Bauer.

Após sequestrar a jovem, no campus da Universidade de Brasília, Marcelo asfixiou-a com substância tóxica e depois, de maneira cruel, desferiu 19 facadas no peito e no pescoço de Thais, na época com 19 anos de idade. Em seguida disparou um tiro de revólver em sua cabeça. Após o crime, Bauer abandonou o corpo no matagal existente nas proximidades da SQN 415, e fugiu, estando foragido até hoje.

Durante o julgamento, que começou às 9 horas desta quinta-feira, o Promotor sustentou integralmente a condenação nos termos da pronúncia e a defesa defendeu a absolvição por negativa de autoria. O Ministério Público requereu a leitura de peças, foi realizado o depoimento das testemunhas presentes, houve debates entre a acusação e defesa. Em seguida o Juiz do Júri consultou se os jurados estavam aptos a proferir a sua decisão e diante da resposta afirmativa todos foram recolhidos à sala secreta, onde o Magistrado leu novamente os quesitos e explicou o significado de cada um deles. Feita a votação dos mesmos. Ás 20h30 o Juiz Presidente do Júri, Sandoval Gomes de Oliveira, leu em voz alta a sentença que, de conformidade com a decisão dos Jurados, condenou Marcelo Duarte Bauer, hoje Marcelo Nielsen, pela morte da estudante Thaís Muniz Mendonça.

O julgamento de réus foragidos somente se tornou possível devido à alteração promovida pela Lei 11.689/2008, que mudou os ritos do júri e passou a possibilitar o julgamento à revelia dos acusados pronunciados mesmo ausentes à sessão no plenário do júri. O caso ficou alguns anos parado na Justiça, porque a legislação anterior do júri não permitia o julgamento dos acusados, sem que eles estivessem presentes à sessão.

Com informações do Tribunal de Justiça do Distrito Federal e Territórios.

BSB 23/02/1987 Monday

Three days without Fabiane… Before it was three months and I didn't miss her because I knew I could see her whenever I wanted. It's been three days since I last saw her and I miss her because I can only see her in photos. I spent the weekend at home. On Saturday whenever I stopped I cried. I had a really horrible dream from Weds/Thurs last week, I had even told Faiga about it on Thursday. I dreamt I was in the school's toilet and I was really high, because I had sniffed loló. I was feeling its effects: the ears buzzing, head flying. Suddenly I felt my head throbbing and an incredible sensation, I think it was real, such a pain in my cranium and I couldn't breathe, I really felt it. I was dying in my dream because I couldn't breathe, my heart was racing , head out of my body. It was a very real dream. In the dream, after being unconscious, I woke up, felt better and went back to the classroom. Last night I remembered the dream, I dreamt it the day before Fabiane died and I realised the connection between the two. I think I felt what she felt before she died, except with me it was all imaginary, with her it was real. I woke up, she died…

I'm going crazy, I can't stand my mum. Today, home was a battlefield. Simply because we don't have a maid. She says: clean your room, clean your dishes, and she does the same. What about the rest of the house? Because she's lazy and doesn't clean anything I end up doing it. Madam makes a mess, doesn't clean anything and then complains I don't do things exactly when she wants it… I feel like a frustrated housewife and I'm only 15 years old. I don't want to be like this after I marry, let alone before! I get really annoyed and I complain. She says: "I put money in here, I study a lot, I'm not doing domestic work." Nice! As if I didn't do anything, right? It takes me 40 minutes to clean the whole house, wash the dishes, mop the kitchen and utility area, dust and tidy up the wardrobe. And madam student/worker can't even do the kitchen or living room. It feels like she hates her home, she doesn't lift a finger. These daily things are so irritating. It's like she's the sexist husband and I'm the housewife and everything I do at home is a joke, a past time. I think I know exactly what marriage is like.

BSB 01/03/1987 Sunday

Gleria Goulart 1966-2023

It's carnival… Man, what a fucked up headache I have right now! I feel like vomiting. I'm grounded because I had an argument with my mum and I can't go out to see the parade (Pacotão) the only nice thing about this stupid, expensive carnival in Brasilia.

Yesterday afternoon, in our tedium carnivalis, Renata and I went to Junior's flat (H block) and I sniffed lots of loló (chloroform). Later we went to Gilberto, in the afternoon, to have some ice cream, which made me feel sick. Ah I had my first guitar lesson yesterday. In the evening me and Renata went to Junior's house and I sniffed more loló, this time with Benzine! I think I wanted to die… What a stupid thing to do! I'd have a sniff, sleep for a bit, wake up feeling really lethargic. I think I wanted to see why Fabiane died. Now I feel awful, I vomited twice. My mum can't even know I've been sniffing. I think she found an excuse to ground me so I'd stay at home and out of trouble. I'm accepting it because I'm feeling ill and wouldn't be able to go out anyway!

BSB 06/03/1987 Friday - Carnival trouble
I feel really cold because I have a 38c fever, a horrible headache. I woke up like this today and missed school. I only went to carnival on Tuesday. In the afternoon me, Renata, Gino, Junior, William and some other people from 405 went to AABB, everyone was getting in for free. At the end, around 6, I ended up snogging Gininho (now he's Ginão, he's 180cm tall) from my building. After that Renata and I went to Pacotão. I couldn't find Gino and sniffed loló until I couldn't anymore. I woke up feeling a bit bad on Weds but not as bad as Sunday.

Alexandra and Ivone got into some real trouble. They went out on Tuesday at 11pm and only came back on Weds at 3 in the afternoon and didn't tell anyone where they were. Her grandma was desperate (her mum wasn't too worried) so me, Renata and Cristina went to her house to wait for news. We found out they had gone to Marcelinho's & Alexandre's parent's cottage. The disgusting sexist arsehole Marcelo, before leaving with them, said he was going to have an orgy with a couple of sluts.

Alexandra had sex TWICE in her life and now she is biggest slut in the world. Everyone is judging her (Ivone doesn't matter in this story, she's vulgar and was never concerned about what happened to Alexandra when she got home). Too much machism! I think a person should have freedom to act how they want to. It's fucked up to have to deal with a sexist society. Everything related to sex has to be done in secret otherwise men AND women will disrespect you. Alexandra was really treating herself badly with drink, smoking and sniffing. The only good thing about this is that she's woken up and will hopefully spend less time with Ivone. Ivone doesn't give a shit and is already out drinking. I don't even know what to think…

BSB 15/03/1987 Sunday - Loló fall
Yesterday was my Friday 13th, so much back luck. After my guitar lesson I went to Ana Claudia's flat and we went to meet up with Faiga and Alessandra. We had arranged to sniff loló. We bought a bottle from the chemist and went to a block's roof and started sniffing. Except we were being really noisy and some guy on the 6th floor had seen us. I was so out of it that I turned the bottle of chloroform and drank it! I drank it! Madness. I felt myself burning from the inside. My mouth was a bit burned as if it had been burned with fire. This stuff is corrosive and destructive!

We ran out of the building and I dropped the bottle and it smashed, I lost the guitar string my teacher gave me. We bought another bottle and went into another building. Faiga fell down on the floor, I fell down some stairs, really hard. I hit my head and shoulder but landed on my rucksack. I didn't feel anything at the time. We then took Ana Claudia to the bus stop and me, Faiga and Ale sniffed some more under a building. Then I vomited the stuff I had drank. I got home and saw my glasses, they were in my rucksack, had smashed. I couldn't tell my mother what really happened and I said the bus on the way home had to brake really hard and there was a minor collision and that I fell and landed on my shoulder and on my rucksack. As my shoulder is really bruised she believed me. To explain my lateness I said I was waiting at Ale's house for a lift from her dad – Why didn't you tell me? – I said I phoned home but no one answered! (I knew she had gone out).

BSB 31/03/1987 Tuesday
It seems there's going to be a teacher's strike. There's already a bankers and doctors strike… Everyone wanted a 100% pay rise. The 'Plano Cruzado' has already died and been buried and everything has gone up in price. Brazil asked for a moratorium and there are rumours of an 'Economy of War'. What's fucked up about this strike is that we won't have lessons for ages and then we have to catch up. It's a mess! The government seems to be covering its ears and not listening to anyone. Everything is weird. Brazil is like a time bomb, it could explode at any moment, no one knows when.

I'm wearing contact lenses, at last! Free from glasses!

I've been very rebellious, never been so disruptive in class in my life. I talk through the whole class and don't even look at the board.

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I found out that Ginho, when he was young, and some other guys, raped a girl. Suddenly it's very odd to see that a friend can do something so horrible. Renata who is in love with him didn't even care… Forgave it all. Coxem was the one who told us.

BSB 13/04/1987 Monday
Schools are still on strike and no lessons… I'm in a terrible phase. Arguing with my mother every minute, over little things. She said she can't take it anymore and can't stand me. I either see a doctor or I leave the house. I don't know what it is, it's like the devil is inside me. I look at my mother and she represents everything I hate and everything I never want to be. I feel like smashing everything and I can't stand her voice. It feels like I'm going to explode and if I don't have an escape valve I will explode for real. To make things worse I'm fed up with Renata's two faces and she feels the same about me and she won't even call me (except for tonight). At times like these everyone vanishes.

Friends only to go to shows, cycle, all they think about is boyfriends and other friends (this one is for Renata, the person I thought was my friend). I am like this every day, full of anger or feeling like crying… Even feeling like killing myself. Because when your own mother wants you gone, your best friend hates you and ignores you, nothing seems to cheer you up, I feel like sleeping for a month. Now my mum is talking to my dad. As if him with two children and wife is going to take a 15 year old rebel in. The reason for this latest fight was because I didn't write down a message for her.

BSB 02/05/1987 Saturday
The strike is still on and it's been great. We got close to all the people in the area again and I fancy a boy, Gino. He lives on the same building as me, the one I got together with at Carnival. The average age here is 16. It's a big group: Gino, Wiliam, Renata (another one), Jorge, Ascle, Alcino, Zeca, Pollyanna, Nica, Luciana, Ranfre, Bolinha, Marcos, Andre, Sergio, Rodrigo, Rafinha, another Rodrigo, Negão, Ceara… and there's more! Yesterday we played hide and seek and later on mimes. The games finished at 1am when Gino and William arrived. Renata kept grabbing Gino pretending she's his girlfriend. She keeps grabbing him but whenever he gets a chance he comes say hi to me and gives me little pecks on the cheek.

It was Alexandra's birthday on Thursday and there was a little gathering in the party room of her building. After her family went home it was me, Juliana, Alexandra, Deka, Fernando, China, Ivone and Cristina. We played mime until two in the morning, I laughed so much! Some woman showed up saying she was going to call the police if we didn't shut up. She didn't call the police and we didn't shut up, but today there was a police van by the I block, which is not something I've seen before.

A while back when we (me, Renata, Alexandra) were at Ana Amelia's house, her brother, Junior, was having a wank (he's a bit retarded) either to me, or whoever was alone in the room. So last Monday we told Carlinhos, Rodrigo and the other Renata. They called him a pervert… Ok. Then Carlinhos asked him if it was true that he wanked in front of us. He confirmed it and rumours started flying. Yesterday he turned up asking who was gossiping about him and started ranting and left saying he was going to beat up a lot of people. I said 'Well, if hitting people made a difference…' and he got even angrier. Then tonight Rodrigo had a word with him and he apologised to me. I said 'OK' and left.

BSB 06/05/1987 Saturday
I've been going out with Gino since yesterday!

BSB 17/05/1987 Sunday
I've been seeing Gino for 12 days and I think I really like him. School restarted last Monday and I had Physics and History tests on Saturday. I didn't revise and obviously failed Physics. I think I passed History. I'm fucked, I got a red mark in Biology, Maths and now Physics. I'm fucked.

BSB 20/06/1987 Saturday
Wow, it's been a while! I have so much to tell. I've been suffering so much in the last five days or so! I will tell you about it from the start. I started to go out with Gino because he insisted so much and I wanted to kiss him. After three weeks of going out he came here to study. We didn't do a lot of studying, and I started to fall for him. On the 5th it was our first month anniversary and everything was going so well. On the 6th, Saturday, my mum went out and left me and Gino watching TV in the living room. She came back at midnight and went to sleep. Me and him stayed up until 4 in the morning, on the sofa. What happened was indescribable. We basically made love with clothes on. It was crazy and I don't know how to describe it. It was beautiful!

On Sunday Negão asked me why Gino was so in love, all he did was talk about me. I just smiled. The following week was awful. I think I felt insecure and everything was an excuse for an argument. I argued with him three times in a week. First time it was stupid, I was rude just because he was talking to someone and took too long to come and stay with me. This time I was an idiot. We got back

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together two days later. Next day, Valentine's day, I called him to come out, but he didn't for a reason that doesn't matter. I was fuming. Next day I went out and he was in the I block and, according to Carlinhos, he was afraid to come and talk to me. I was with Renata and asked her to come with me. She started chatting shit, saying that if he wanted he'd come and talk to me, that I shouldn't go after him, just putting stuff in my head. I felt like my pride, or I don't know what, was hurt and I went home. Then Renata called him and he came and called me, and begged me to come down and I refused to. Renata was already scheming…

On this night when I didn't come out, she was sat under my window with Gino, talking. I came down, fuming, walked past them, called Carlinhos and we smoked a joint, I went home and slept. Next day, Sunday, I called Gino to talk and sort things out. On Monday, I went out, I wasn't talking to Renata, and I saw her and him talking in the I block, on the bench. I was watching the pool game and they both called Marcos, then Marcos came back and told me that he wasn't coming over because of Renata, who asked him to stay with her, because we argued.

After half an hour Renata went home and he was walking to the I block, where I was, but I ran off and hid, and started thinking. I had a feeling Renata liked Gino and that she was putting ideas in his head, like she did with me. I went to talk to him. He said I had a bad attitude because of Renata and that he couldn't even talk to her. I told him to go and talk to her for the rest of his life. We stood there quietly, he said he was going home and started to walk away. I was calling him to come back but he just kept walking with his head hanging low. I cried, complained… and went home.

On Tuesday, the 16th I went out for a change, and went to the I block. Then I see Renata and Gino, they got together! Renata said she adored me but she liked Gino and given that I had dumped him… I went crazy. When they left I went to talk to Gino. I asked him to come downstairs, he said no, 'like you did the other time'. I asked him if he was going out with Renata, he said he wasn't. I asked him if it was over between us and he said yes, because I was always picking fights. I asked if he didn't like me anymore and he said he didn't… He asked if I didn't want to take a break. Of course not! I called him later… nothing!

On Wednesday I declared war against Renata. Everyone was against her and I realised how many people don't like her. Went for a smoke with Pedro and came back. Renata and Rodrigo were waiting for Gino until 10:30, then Renata went home. I was just watching. Then Gino zoomed past on his bike and went home. On Thursday we got on the same bus but he just ignored me. In the evening I made peace with Renata and started my plan. As far as everyone knows I don't like Gino anymore and I'm getting closer to William, who, by the way, is addicted to cocaine and I'm trying to help him. That's my excuse to get close to William and make Gino jealous. Gino is mad at everyone. Yesterday he was going to the I block and I was going to the shops to buy cigarettes. Alexandra said he was angry and rude to everyone. Today he walked past Renata four times and only spoke to her once. He's mad at me and doesn't even say hi. I just pretend I don't give a shit. And I don't, I might even get together with William or Carlinhos.

Note: I caught him looking at me twice… Don't tell anyone. I told Renata I never really liked Gino and started talking about Henrique. He must like me otherwise he wouldn't be so hateful. He thought I'd be moping around, but I'm quite (pretend) happy.

I convinced Renata that we should be friends with Ana Amelia again, she was a bit cold, but I hope things will improve with time.

I was really depressed from Saturday till Wednesday, I was only checking in to see Gino. I spent a lot of time in the I block with Ascle, the other Renata, Carlinhos, Negão… Last night me, Renata, Rodrigo, William and Ceara detonated one (had a joint) and Negão started talking. His biggest wish is for me and Gino to be together, this made Renata angry and she cried. I asked Negão to stop saying nonsense and he said Gino doesn't like Renata. Well, that much I know!

BSB 21/06/1987 Sunday
Last night me, Renata and Asclê went to Leonardo's (school) party. Renata was being a pain because of Gino, who barely spoke to her yesterday. I was drinking with Ana Claudia, Faiga and Luis. I drank a lot of wine and silly danced with Luis. Suddenly the lights went out and everyone was looking for their dancing partner. Renata wanted to go to 108 because Gino was there and I didn't want to go, so she got angry and I haven't seen her since. The lights came back on and Luis wanted more wine, it ran out, so we drank beer. We met a few more people from my class, I vomited and drank more beer. Luis stole some beers, I downed one and got sick immediately. Luis and I joined the forró competition and we were the worst couple, all he did was step on my toes. I drank more and kissed Luis.

When I drink to forget I end up remembering and I started to cry and told Luis my story. He told me to forget about it for a while and have some fun. But I think I had already had enough fun and hadn't even the strength left to smile. We went for a walk and there was

Claudia Gurney 1986-2023

hardly anyone left at the party… I ate popcorn and bbq for free. I came back with Faiga's parents and passed out. Woke up feeling awful with a horrible hangover. My head is swirling and I have diarrhoea, I'm finished. I never got drunk on wine and beer before… Oh me head!!!

BSB 16/07/1987 Thursday
Tomorrow I have my last exam and then I'm on holiday. Renata went away last Friday and Gino and I got back together on Tuesday, 14th. I'm so in love with him and I don't want to be, because I don't believe anything he says. I wanted to get back with him just to show everyone that he likes me and look what happened. While we were broken up I kissed Luis, William and most exciting: Orlando!

Saturday before last, Alessandra threw a party (Festa Junina) in a cottage and me, Ana and Faiga went to stay the night in a tent that was falling apart. Orlando knows Alessandra so he went. He only got there late and I was drunk already (he hadn't drunk), I felt unwell, got sick, slept for a bit in the tent, sobered up and joined everyone again, I was going to sleep in the car with Orlando but that didn't happen because Alessandra's mum stopped it. I got together with Orlando, Ana with Gil (he's a year younger) and Faiga like she was in a porn movie, with Marcio. Actually she was mad at herself because she only likes guys over 21 and Marcio is 16 years old! We went to sleep at 3 and got up at 6, but I didn't really sleep. The next day was comical. Gui didn't even look at Ana, Marcio ignored Faiga. When it was time to get they got three pecks on the cheek and I got a big kiss from Orlando!

Last Saturday Carlinhos and I got really drunk and he kept grabbing me and I kept pushing him away. Honestly, it was too much. Yesterday he saw me and Gino cuddled up, he made an ugly face and said really loudly 'Sorry to interrupt but have you seen William?' and then walked off in a huff!

My mum's grant to go to London came through and she's going there in September, maybe I'll stay at Faiga's until I finish the 2nd year and then finish the last year before university in Rio and then I go to London. Do I want to go? Of course not! I want to go to London, but not Rio.

BSB 01/08/1987 Saturday
So much to tell! Last Saturday Maira and her boyfriend came to visit. There's a Philosophy Congress in Goiania, so they came to Brasilia to say hi. I'm moving to Rio in September as I managed to convince everyone of my incompetence to stay here, alone. All this time I didn't write I stole my mother's car, Vivi and I forged two cheques which bounced and my mum found out. To make things worse, last Friday, I got so utterly drunk Ranfre and Rodrigo carried me home and I was so ill my mother had to take me to hospital.

Then I left home at eight last night and came back today at six in the morning. But now that I'm leaving I don't care. Every day I'm walking down the manholes and viaducts underground, it's so great. The only bad thing is that it's dirty and smells bad. I don't want to leave here, I'm having so much fun! We were all at 204 yesterday when 'the men' (police) showed up and took lots of people to the police station. I was with Gino, they just ignored us. I had drank San Remi and smoked one, but Gino didn't even notice and I had sobered up already. We stayed on the top floor's stairs from 2-6 in the morning. It was so crazy, I know the risk I'm running if he doesn't like me and is with me just for the sake of it. But I liked making him the happiest boy for four hours. No one can take that away from me. Maybe he doesn't like me, nor I him, but last night we loved each other. My God! And we haven't even gone the whole way yet! How can there exist something so good, so crazy, so furious! I can't stop thinking about it and I want more! If love was just sex we'd be perfect, but I know he doesn't like me as much as I like him. I always made a point of the guy liking me more, chasing after me, but with Gino this doesn't matter. He just needs to touch me for me to light up. I tried to hide it but I failed. I'm all his and I'm going to die when I go.

I LOVE YOU!!!!

I'm crying every day, I don't want to leave. I love this place so much! My God, I don't want to go. So many people hate this city so why do I have to go?

WHY?

BSB 05/08/1987 Wednesday
I went to Sigma college in the morning with Nica to see friends. What a nice college! Orlando, Riba, Rodrigo, Luis Antonio and people from the party at the cottage… Everyone. Apart from Henrique. What a shame! I think I'm going to call him… I want

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someone to talk to. Gino is driving me nuts. Sometimes he seems to like me and then he seems to hate me. There's no one to talk to in the neighbourhood. Well there's people but I don't feel inspired to talk to them.

Saturday night was crazy, me, Nica, Marco, Andre and Junior bought 5 litres of wine and 'detonated it' *(drank it*) in the park at 406. Everyone got really drunk… I was triple drunk. Then Negão and some more people arrived. It ended up with me and Negão crying for an hour because of life's cruelty. Like, really sobbing. I never cried so hard. I was sort of carried home, vomited four times on the way and only went home when I felt better. I woke up the next day feeling very weak, I could barely stand. As soon as I ate I felt better.

On Sunday we went to Gilberto: Luciana, Nica, Andre… It was great (a rare thing in that place). Gino and Negão had been drinking, so they were limping around. Gino passed out on my lap. Then Gino left (he had school next day) and I met Jamil (Lobão) from 208, I was seriously impressed by this guy, but then he left. Then I met Deka, I hadn't sniffed loló for ages, and he offered me some. Eugh, what a horrible thing. I can't stand it anymore. But I was feeling down and my stupid solution was to sniff it, but I only did a little. Deka and his friends gave me a lift home.

BSB 13/09/1987 Sunday
So much to tell again! Firstly, I broke up with Gino on the 9th of August. Our relationship had been a bit stale and we all went to Gilberto. Gino was talking to a friend of his and I wasn't happy about that. Then Jamil showed up and we kissed (on the cheek) in front of Gino. Gino then grabbed the girl he was with. Jamil is only 14 years old but seems to be 17. I spoke to Gino later and we split up. Next day he shows up all sad, and angry at me. I didn't even get a chance to talk to him as Renata was all over him. Then I turned to Jamil but that didn't go to plan because he got back with his girlfriend and he's crazy about her. Nica started going out with Marcos and Luciana with Andre. Andre and Faiga got together about three times. On a night not too distant I got really drunk and me, Marcos and Andre stayed out at the I block until 4:30 in the morning. Andre and I got together that night. But it was all wrong, we're just friends and fortunately that didn't change. Now Andre is seeing Patricia, Luciana's friend.

My mum goes to London around the 25th of September and I'm not sure where I'm staying yet, or at the flat with a friend of my mum's who's renting the flat, or a hostel, or at Carmen's place. I don't know and I don't want to know.

BSB 14/09/1987 Monday - Hello Capoeira!
Me, Andre, Renata, Ranfre, Zeco and Negão are doing Capoeira at INEI, with Divino, Tuesdays and Thursdays. I love it. There's a guy called Marcio, he's cute and so we go, if it happens it happens, if it doesn't it doesn't. If it doesn't work I'll be back to thinking about Gino and he doesn't deserve me thinking about him. There's not that much to say, everything is the same.

My life is more or less like this for the last two months: on Monday I wake up very tired, go to school, walk home and spend the whole afternoon outside (although in the last week I've stayed at home studying). At night everyone meets up outside and we just mess around, this means the old people in the I block want to call the police because of us, as we're always there. The rest of the week is the same thing. Saturday is 'national getting drunk day'. Having said that, I haven't drunk for the last two Saturdays. Sunday: Gilberto! I never liked it there but now I'm used to it. Yesterday I had Fanta and Velho Barreiro and I was switched on. Me, Nica, Marcos and Negão took the bus back and when we got off I was so desperate for a wee and while the three of them were talking I just felt the warmth down my leg. It was really funny. I peed myself. Everyone was laughing very hard, including myself.

Don't go thinking I'm ready to join the AA yet, it's just that I'm a little lost. But I think I still have self-control and well, the worst that can happen long term is get a beer belly and bags under my eyes. Short term I could get run over or do something stupid. But I'm saturated with drinking and I'm taking time off.

BSB 18/09/1987 Saturday
Thursday me and Alessandra skipped school and went to Sigma. But the doorman knew me (as I've been there twice before and was chatting to him) and wouldn't let us in. So we went around the back of the college, jumped the fence, walked across the PE courts and as we approached the main building some arsehole asked what we were doing there and asked us to go to the reception. I said I wasn't a student there and he said that was even worse. We talked to some people and as we had no money to go anywhere we said we wanted to borrow money and that we were going to ask Luciana. One of the guys was nice and he took us to her and we asked her to borrow some money.

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We left and waited outside until the break, when we stayed with Alessandra's gang. Speaking of which, Alessandra and Orlando are seeing each other. We got a lift back with Juca (Ale's friend). Last time I went to Sigma with Nica and Renata I saw Henrique but we didn't really talk, there were too many people and we arranged to call each other. So we did call each other a few times and he kept saying he was coming over for us to chat face to face, but he never did. Maybe he thinks I am still in love with him and because in the past he said that one day I would crawl at his feet, he keeps doing this. But I don't think he's that silly to do this. I think maybe he just doesn't want me as a friend anymore. A shame because I like talking to him a lot.
Many people think he's the love of my life – and I used to be confused and I thought that too – I still talk about him enthusiastically, but now it's to hide my feelings for Gino. This horrible world we live in taught me that no one, especially the ones we have feelings for, should know how we feel about them. Because people end up using those feelings as a weapon against us. It seems that to love is a crime and those who show their feelings end up being used… Why do humans like to have someone to humiliate? But let it be, the world will belong to those who love, those who know how to love and how to be loved.

BSB 21/09/1987 Monday
Saturday night me, Luciana, Nica, Ranfre, Negão, Erlon, Manuela, Paula, Marcus, Bocao, Andre and Patricia went to Psiu. What a bore! Everyone but me drank beer. I was feeling down because Gino is writing horrible things about me on the door to the lift. I pretend not to care but it made me sad because I adore, I adored him. Now I'm so angry with him! Manuela, Paula and Ranfre left and everyone else went to 406 to drink wine. I had a bit and cheered up. Then Luciana had an ugly face on, I'm not sure why. Then some arsehole told us to leave or he'd call the police, so we went to the T block at 405. Me and Negão were playing theatre, then everyone went home.

Yesterday afternoon me and Marcos went to 110/111 South to watch Rock in Brasilia, many bands played and it was packed. Nobody else wanted to go, they missed out! Marcos and I went on the same bike. Every minute a fight broke out (expected in Brasilia) and the police would arrest them, and then arrest people for smoking weed. Whenever the police got someone it rained cans and bottles on them. There were all kinds of people there: punk, hardkore, redneck, criminal, playboy, bourgeois, tramp, drug addicts, non-label. All the possible tribes attended. We stayed there from four till half seven. I didn't got to Gilberto at night, a miracle. It's been raining a lot today, after three months without rain. When the rain started people were letting fireworks out to celebrate!

BSB 26/09/1987 Saturday
It's 8:30 and I don't think I'm going out tonight, there's nothing good to do. I stayed with Renata all day and we talked a lot. Our friendship had been bad because of Gino. Gino is over but our friendship shouldn't be. We have always argued but I think that's what makes it strong, no matter what we do to each other we find it hard to stay apart. I swore I'd never trust her again, or be her friend. But I realised she does like me and cares about me. Our friendship shouldn't be destroyed by a boy.

Soon I'll be an adult and do what I like but this is really scary. I'm afraid of being alone. When I was 9 years old I was more or less alone, but it wasn't too scary because I was small and not aware and I knew someone would always help and my mum would be back eventually. Now I'm going to have to look after myself and maybe no one will help. Sometimes I panic at the idea that one day there will be no one to talk to, sometimes this idea seems awesome, this word: "Independent" rings true, it's how I want to be. After being independent alone, I want to be independently dependant on someone I trust and love..

Hey you, would you help me to carry the stone? Open your heart, I'm coming home. *[NOTE: My Pink Floyd phase, in very heavy rotation]*

I'm going to live in Rio next year. Can't wait to see what will happen. Hurry! I'm going to miss here terribly though.

BSB 28/09/1987 Monday
Yesterday I went out for lunch with Tania and my mum. Tania talked about life in Europe and it got me excited. Then I drove around the embassies. Later me, Renata, William and Reginaldo got in the car, went to 403 for Reginaldo to have a shower and then we drove and smoked. Got to Gilberto and smoked there too. I hadn't smoked for ages, took 5 drags and was high for about 40 minutes, the rest of the time I was just a bit slow. Then we went to Sky's. Gino, Fabiano and Negão were there. Renata and William stayed in the car, then when it was time to go I lost them and I came back with Gino.

When we arrived my mum was looking for me, I jumped out of the car and went to talk to her, Gino drove off somewhere. She went back up and I waited for Renata to give her the keys. She arrived and said they'd been at the door waiting for me, but I believed the boys who said they had left and came back with them. Renata went up and I don't know why I decided to wait for Gino to come back.

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I was waiting for an hour, I thought about going home a thousand times but I think it was the after effect of being stoned, I just sat there. Gino came back alone, without the car, then I said I was without a key and my mum wasn't answering the intercom and that Ranfre had my key. He was also without his key. So we were talking, trying to figure out what to do for 15 minutes. Then he decided to buzz his flat and we went to our homes. I'd have to be stoned to do what I did.

BSB 06/10/1987 Tuesday - Mother moved to London

My mum has gone to London on Friday and now I'm alone and defenceless in this world. I'm still in the flat with Irma and Jane (the maid, she's crazy) and Irma's 4 year old daughter arrives tomorrow. There's no one telling me what to do, I can do what I like and get home whenever I like. Except my mother left a list of recommendations and even though Irma says nothing my conscience keeps telling me how to behave and making me feel bad. Boring! My father came here yesterday, gave me money for the month and on Saturday I went to see his exhibition. We're getting on ok. But it's such a distant, formal relationship it's hard to get on, well or bad. My mum called from London yesterday and just thinking I won't see her for a year I miss her.

Gino wrote more offensive stuff on the lift door and I went to talk to him last Tuesday. We nearly had a physical fight… He swore he didn't write anything. Bullshit. I nearly spat on his face. Now I don't even talk to him, I feel disgust for him and everything we did. He transformed something amazing into something dirty. This makes me so angry. Sometimes I want to do it all again, because he seems innocent and good. Other times I feel like making him suffer everything I suffered, even knowing he was in a bad way when we split up, what he suffered doesn't come close with what I've been through. I don't think I'll ever forget him, there will have to be someone very special. In the same way Gino ripped Henrique off my mind one day someone will rip Gino off my mind (and body). But I wish this someone was just me, but it's hard to get over someone alone. People are accustomed to need other people like crutches, otherwise they become bitter and unhappy. Life without love makes no sense.

College is as shit as ever and I continue to dream about the explosion of all educational establishments and the creation of an educational system based on practical teaching… you know how this conversation goes. So, I study the minimum required to pass, except Physics, given up on that one as I have already failed.

Well, that's all for today!

BSB 13/10/1987 Tuesday

People say good and bad things happen when you least expect it. It's true! Saturday what I least expected happened. Me, William, Renata, Marcos, Paula, Marcela, Patricia, Cleiton, Rodrigo and Carlinhos went out. First to Gilbero, where we drank. Then to Pontão, where I kissed William. There was no one at the flat. Irma went away and Jane was with her family. So I was alone and defenceless. I invited everyone around. We drank, I was talking to William. I wasn't drunk, just happy.

Everyone left at 2:40 and then Rodrigo – who would have thought! – held my hand and said he wasn't leaving. I told him to go, he said no. Well, I always fancied him and he was offering it on a plate. I even believed when he said that he always liked me and some other things that make you so happy that I had no way of saying no. Rodrigo is 18 years old and we have smoked together so many times, but it never really went further than hi and bye. We did almost everything and he slept here. It was interesting. I was afraid of the day after. We woke up the next day and got some food at Sky's and then he went home. Later that day I went to Gilberto in the afternoon to see Rock Memories and only saw him in the evening.

I found out he got off with Renata in my bedroom before me and I was angry, I barely looked at him.

On Monday, a holiday, I decided to go talk to him. He said he was with Renata because I was with William. How would I know that he liked me? We talked for ages, mundane stuff, I didn't know then that I liked him. I realised it today. We were together with our group of friends, so we couldn't really talk. In the evening it was the same shit. He kept making conversation, he stayed around (he never stayed around for long). It felt like he wanted to be near me. But when we were about to be alone he left with Carlinhos and went home! I wonder if he has a girlfriend? Maybe he just wanted sex (the horror!)? I think we started things at the wrong end. I'll speak to him tomorrow or my name isn't Leticia.

BSB 19/10/1987 Monday

Leticia speaking. I spoke to Rodrigo, quite a lot. We spoke on Thursday, for a short while, because we were soon surrounded by the gang. I concluded he's a man and I'm a girl… On Friday he was near me but Renata was stuck to him (she likes him too, this woman just gets in the way of everything in my life! How is this possible???). Later she called me to go to a party at Sigma but I couldn't go,

Elena Golubov, 1968-2025

I had exam the next day. Alexandra is the only person who knows about this. We left, Cleiton, Negão, Renata, Rodrigo, William, Patricia, Charlinho, Marco, Luciana, Osorio, Reginaldo, Carlinhos, the other Rodrigo, I think that was it. We went to Gilberto and me, him, William, Renata and Carlinhos went for a smoke. So nice. At the bar, while everyone drank I was just tripping. From there went to Gilbertinho. I was talking to Rodrigo and he asked me what was Marco talking about. I asked him what had Marco told him, he said Marco had asked him what he had told me (what a confusing mess!) and why I was angry. I was stoned so everything came out wrong, I called Marco, it was all so confusing.

Rodrigo seemed mad because of the confusion, which I still don't know what it was about. I think he thought I told Marco what happened between us (which I didn't) and he said if I had it was my problem, he just wanted to 'protect my reputation'. I told him I hadn't said anything, but he seemed mad and we didn't look at each other after that. I was getting anxious, I was in his car and I was not stoned anymore, so I felt down and sleepy. To make things worse, Renata, Patricia and Luciana were all flirting with Rodrigo. Hard to resist. He's handsome, charming and clever!!! I kept myself to myself and we went to Velho Elite. People tried to cheer me up but it wasn't working. I was broken and wanted Rodrigo. I realised it was all messed up thinking I was an idiot and thinking he thought I was an idiot. We went back to 405 and he came up to me to ask what was wrong with me. I said I was fine. Most people left at 2 except me, Rodrigo, Carlinhos and Fabiano. I wanted to talk to him and wasn't going home yet. We drove around Gilberto, then we got back, Rodrigo dropped Fabiano off, Carlinhos left and finally: Alone!

We talked some more, he said what happened was just spontaneous and unexpected, a bit crazy, and I insisted on thinking everything he said that night was true, that we could get together again or even be a couple. But I woke up, we talked lots and I guess we can be good friends. And maybe when a cloud of spontaneity precipitates over us we may have another crazy night, so crazy I can't remember all of it.

Thanks Rodrigo, I almost thought you were the guy who was going to change everything. SHIT!!!!

BSB 02/11/1987 Monday

Time heals some wounds and opens new ones… Rodrigo has been going out with Patricia for a week and I almost went crazy when I found out. Last Tuesday I decided to go out with William but it only lasted 4 days, we weren't into it and everyone was against it, only Negão supported it. Everyone else was against it, throwing sand at it. It could have worked, I like him, but everyone was cursing it. Everyone thinks I should go out with Marco, but I don't fancy him! I feel so alone, realising that I can only trust myself.

BSB 09/11/1987 Monday

Last night William and I went to Pontão, we talked and kissed. But I think it was just yesterday. I don't know, he's a bit crazy. Renatinha, Renata, Aninha and Nica are flirting with him. And it's not a persecution complex; you can ask anyone. The passion I felt for Rodrigo came and went like smoke! So weird… After his sexist talks (a woman's place is by the cooker) and other reactionary talk it was like magic. Odd that with me he was quite delicate, understanding and soft in a way only men can be but when everyone else is around he's the opposite.

With William is different, he's psychedelic, bucolic, different vibe. He's distant, enigmatic and speaks in code all the time. He seems naughty but it's all mouth and no trousers. It's hard to figure him out, I need to know him better.

On Tuesday me, Nica and Renata skipped class and Alexandra and went to Marcos' to play truth or dare. Nica declared her love for Marcos and he said he liked me. Nica was not happy.

BSB 16/11/1987 Monday

My life feels like a film, soap opera or theatre, I don't know. What a joke!

There was a party at Marcos' on Saturday, to reveal the secret friend (*like secret santa*) and almost everyone was there. I downed three shots of liqueur and it hit me straight away. William was there and we kissed: but I just went mad (I think I'm really mad) and I was arguing with him and got jealous and I told him to go fuck himself, and he did, he left. It was ridiculous and it made no sense. How annoying! I cried, slammed doors. How embarrassing! At one point I went to talk to Rodrigo and I was whispering in his ear the idiot boys (Andre, Bocão and who knows who else) saw a little too much with their eyes and thought we kissed and they ran off to tell Patricia and I ran after them to tell her it was lies and intrigues (drunk people seeing too much) and it was fine.

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Then we left, I got back in Rodrigo's car, to talk to Negão. Rodrigo decided to go Gilberto, we got back to 405 first and I asked what he meant about a trap. He told Luciana that he had fallen into a trap. He said he would tell me. He delicately expelled Lu, Carlinhos and Negão from the car and I was about to get out when he drove off with me really fast… I was scared but tried to stay calm – I was sure Rodrigo wouldn't do anything – or did I know it would be the opposite and something would happen?

We ended up at Pontão and I'm not a robot and I was drunk, so it happened! We were there from 2:30 until just after 6 in the morning. Unbelievable! He said I was part of the trap; that he likes me and Patricia and lots of other things. I didn't say I liked him, just acted like I was there for no special reason. I think I was. I think I like him just to have fun with, to have sex, even though we didn't actually have sex. It was nice and at the time I loved it and didn't think of consequences, neither did he, he was out of it. He said he wanted to go out with me next Saturday, I said ok, I agreed to be the 'other', but only at the time… Read on and see what followed.

The next day (i.e. yesterday) there was a big commotion, the gossipers said I had kissed Rodrigo at the party, but because that wasn't true I didn't worry too much. Except people saw Rodrigo 'kidnapping' me later on, so we had to explain that. I said we went to eat something at Girafa's and went back home. But Rodrigo (Patricia's brother) and Marcos kept saying we got together and that Patricia was furious. I felt really guilty and I was desperate. I went to speak with Rodrigo, Renata came too (as witness) and asked him if we had kissed at the party, he said of course we didn't. To make things even worse he had a hickey on his neck. I did that to him to make him stop doing it to me as I didn't want one on my neck, except I went too far and he had two red marks on his neck and it was Renata who spotted it. I think I must have gone white and started laughing and he said:

- After we came back from Girafa's I went to see an old 'friend' and this happened.

We decided to cover them up with mak up because if anyone saw it they would think it was me. Well, it was me, but nobody could know. The makeup sort of covered it, but he went home and said he would do his best not to go out. I was afraid Patricia wouldn't accept our story. Rodrigo was saying he was going to tell her the truth and break up with her, but I said no way. I'd rather be without him than her and I don't want to deal with everyone judging me especially now I'm about to leave, I don't want any trouble. If it was something real and serious then yeah, but it's not. Maybe I'm a coward! But I just want to leave it, I've had enough trouble this year.

Patricia was understanding and swallowed the story. Do I want to lose the friendship of someone who trusts me? While Rodrigo and Marcos were angry at me, without even knowing what happened, she listened to me and believed me and Rodrigo. It hurts to know I lied to her. What a mess, my brother!!!

Oh, and to fuck this shit up even more, at the party, after arguing with William, I was crying on Carlinhos shoulder and I really don't know how, Carlinhos and I kissed and William found out. Now William hates me, doesn't want to see me even if I'm painted in gold, also he saw me crying and thinks it was because of him.

So much back luck for one person! I'm taking time out from men because it's one disaster after another. What a phase! I'm being a nun for a bit.

BSB 4/12/1987 Friday

My conscience weighed so heavily that I decided to kick Rodrigo out of my life forever. The weekend before last I didn't go out with the gang. I went out with Luciana, Carlos and Danda (Luciana's friend's) just so there was no temptation if I saw Rodrigo. So I escaped that time. I barely spoke to him for days.

Last weekend, Luciana, Rodrigo and Patricia's cousins were visiting from Goiania and I got off with Ronan, one of the radioactive cousins. Once again Marcos declared his love for me, he said he loved me! I told him to get lost. Then Negão said he liked me too. These boys are taking the piss.

On Sunday Marcus and Giuliane got together (she started being in our gang recently). William and Manuela are seeing each other, Luis Antonio with Tatiana; Paula and Renato, Aninha with Carlinhos. After Ronan left Andre said he wanted to be my boyfriend, on Tuesday, so I thought why not? 6 couples in 5 days! I'm with Andre just for the sake of it, because I feel absolutely NOTHING for him.

I'm already off school and went to Marcos' house in the morning every day this week, as his mother has gone away on holiday. Today Luis Antonio decided to join the club of the boys in love with me (what the fuck!?) and declared himself. He said he'd break up with Tatiana if I went out with him… I didn't believe him and said he was just taking the piss, except he got really mad and nearly

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cried and I think he wanted to punch me, I was speechless. He said he liked me for a long time. I asked him for a week to have a think about what to do with Andre. I don't like either of them… Then on Tues/Weds Rodrigo confused me even more, he said I stood him up on Saturday, that I went out with Carlos, that I seemed distant and strange. He said he's coming this Saturday at 3am to pick me. Can you believe it?

BSB 10/12/1987 Thursday
Unexpected news. I'm going out with Marcos, but it's not that simple. I broke up with Andre on Friday. On Saturday Rodrigo got home at 4am from his graduation party and didn't come to pick me up. On Sunday he started asking if I was mad at him because he stood me up. I was cold and said I had already come home from Marcos' and was sleeping – which is a LIE – I waited until 4:30 like an idiot. I even said I had forgotten all about it… I'm tired of thinking about him. If he wants me he can chase me.

Marcos. Marcos is going out with Giuliane. On Tuesday I was liking him a bit, we were talking and I saw how much he likes me. But there's an obstacle. Giu really likes Marcos and I don't want her to hate me, she's nice and I like her. Marcos feels sorry for her and cares about her. So we're together but nobody knows – except Alexandra, Renatinha and Reginaldo. It's hard because his house is full of people and we're never really alone together.

It seems my destiny is to have secret relationships – worse of all I always end up alone, but at least I know Marcos likes me. I feel so confused. I have other stuff to deal with but keep worrying about boys. I hope I can ease up this obsession with men next year in Rio. It would be a good thing!
BSB 13/12/1987 Sunday
I got lucky. I had arranged to go out with Marcos and Reginaldo last night but Giu and Andrea showed up and I ended up staying home. I was pissed off. Everyone went home and me, Ascle, Renatinha and Rodrigo got left behind. Patricia had gone to a party and Rodrigo didn't want to go, fortunately. Around half past midnight the four of us were at Renatinha/Rodrigo's place (their parents were out), eating, drinking, watching tv, listening to music. At some point I went to the kitchen and Rodrigo too, he looked at me and made a sign for me to wait. We'd been staring at each other for days. We went outside and to shit on things Cleiton, Marcos and Reginaldo turned up - begging me to go out. Rodrigo and I looked at each other in despair.

We decided I'd go home and when there was nobody out he'd come to mine. It was 3am already. I had already told Marcos I wasn't going anywhere and he was pissed off and left. I went home and 10 minutes later Rodrigo showed up. He didn't have his car so we were sat outside my block. We talked for a bit and then we kissed. I don't know how I feel about him, it's really confusing. Definitely a strong, uncontrollable attraction. It was the first time we spent three hours together but didn't get physical, even though I'd have loved to. We decided to get some money together and buy 2g of cocaine, he's going to introduce me to it. I'm doing this more because it's with Rodrigo then actually wanting to try cocaine.

BSB 21/12/1987 Monday
Hi! My time here is nearly over and lots happened this week. I finished with Marcos last Sunday, and after he gave me a lovely Garfield card. I soon wrote a letter saying I couldn't be with him. My excuse not to hurt him was I don't want to go out in secret. The truth is I don't like him. I don't even know who I like! Gino has been around this week and we talked a lot. He was going away on Friday and we were talking for ages before he went, he gave me his number in Cabo Frio and I gave him mine in Rio. But despite liking him I never want to see him again. It's better to let it go now.

In the evening me, Renatinha, Negão, Andre, Ascle, Manueal, Paula, William, Rodrigo, Carlinhos, Cleiton, Fabiano, Reco, Tuira went to Beb's. I got seriously drunk like I hadn't been for ages, in Gino's honour. I cried a little and vomited a lot. Rodrigo was looking after me and I said a lot of stupid things to him. He said he'd come to mine later but I was in no condition to do anything and he realised that, so he dropped me home and gave me a peck on the lips. The cocaine thing was supposed to happen that night but I was under Gino's spell that day and had no money (well, I did have money but didn't want to spend it on that). I'll try it when it's free.

Last night I was talking to William until two in the morning, and he said he's in love with me, the old bullshit chat. I told him to come and talk to me when he's sober.

BSB 28/12/1987 Monday
Continuing the last subject, William , sober and high spent 5 days hammering at me with the same talk, I only resisted for two days and started staying with him, him saying he liked me. It must be because I'm leaving. But then it all cooled off after Christmas and I

Cleiton Gomes 1986-2023

just left it. Then I found out he did the same thing with Nica and then he came to me saying I didn't really like him. Once Nica told me what he'd been saying to her I just thought, fuck that stoner.

I think he said all this to Nica because he knew she'd come running to tell me. He never went back to her. I don't understand this boy.

RODRIGO
Our crazy love story had an unhappy ending. His parents decided to spend Christmas in Patos, at the last minute, and they left on Thursday. On Weds evening everyone who was still in the city – Patricia and brother and sister, Andre, William, Carlinhos, Ascle, Renata, Junior – went to Beb's. Junior drank lots and was crying because of Luciana, Ana Amelia's brother is in love with her! I was a mess because Rodrigo was leaving the next day and I wouldn't be able to say goodbye properly, fortunately I was still with William on that day so at least I wasn't alone. We took Patricia, Bocao and Luciana home, they were also going away the next day. Renata stuck to Rodrigo and wouldn't let him go. I said goodbye to Rodrigo's sister, after much to and from Renata went home, I gave Rodrigo three pecks and I left feeling awful. Then Rodrigo comes running (everyone had left) and said:

- Did you think I'd leave like this?
- Yeah, I did!
- Well, you thought wrong, I may be a prick but I'm not that much of a prick.

I had so much to say but I couldn't because he had to go, he gave me a perfume bottle (Absynto) and I gave him a big kiss, it said everything that needed to be said, then he said lots of things and left… Forever!

The next day (24th) Renata kept talking about Rodrigo, nothing else, and because I wanted to talk about him I told her he gave me the perfume as a goodbye present. I wish I could say more about him to other people.

BSB 01/01/1988 Saturday - New Year at the farm
New Year, nothing new. On the 28th me, Nica, Patricia, Bocão, Luciana, aunt Jo and uncle Guilherme and went to uncle's farm. We stayed there until this afternoon. We spent new year there, I drank only a little but the bed was spinning when I went to sleep. It was low key, but nice, calm, different…

I rode a horse, it was awesome! I sunbathed, ate a lot. I had to put with Bocão trying to be my boyfriend for two days, he said he wanted to be with me until I left. I paid no attention and told him to get lost from the start. I heard this talk a lot in '87, especially at the end and already the year starts like this? I think it's my destiny to like boys who don't like me (do you really think Rodrigo liked me? I fucking doubt it!) and have to put up with fools who think I'm the ideal woman. I think the only one who really liked me and always will like me is Marcos, the rest (feel the list): William, Andre, Luis Antonio, Carlinhos, Bocao – it was just minor lust. Gino, Rodrigo and Henrique would never feel even half. All three once declared themselves. Henrique I tried to play hard to get and fucked it up, I cheated on Gino because I didn't think he liked me and Rodrigo only said things when he was high. I'm never going to find anyone. Great start to the year.

You should have seen me on the horse. We were galloping, me on the back of Nica, not really holding on to anything. Amazing fun!

As you like statistics, I smoked 32 spliffs in 1987, an average of 2.7 per month.

BSB 04/01/1988 Monday
Saturday night me, Luciana, Patricia and Marcos went to Espaço (a bar at 406) and Alberto, a guy I met ages ago, Dario and Luciano sat with us as they know Marcos. I drank way too much and was out of it. Around midnight we took Luciana and Patricia home and Alberto left. So it was me, Marcos, Dario and Luciano. We sat on a bench and suddenly I started vomiting and I couldn't even stand up and Dario took me to his place, Marcos came too. I drank water with sugar, vomited more. Dario gave me milk and I passed out until 5 in the morning! This guy was so nice and polite, he said whoever isMarcos' friend is his friend. Marcos woke me up at 5 so we could go home. Dario had passed out and we couldn't wake him up so we had to leave without saying goodbye.

Yesterday, Sunday, me, Nica, Luciana, Marcos and Bocão went to Espaço again. Alberto said he'd come back with Dario and Luciano, but Bocão and Luciana had to be home at 11 and we left there at 10 to go to Sky's. I was talking to Bocão for ages, he was going on about going out again. It's odd, we've always been friends but I always thought he was a bit of an arsehole. This nearly changed last night, we nearly got together, but… I'm too confused and complicated. I don't want to get involved with anyone. Today he wants a definite answer…

Cláudia Coutinho, 1986-2013

BSB 05/01/1988 Tuesday
Today I went out and had a fright! Rodrigo's car, his flat with open windows… He's back! To study for the vestibular and pick up some documents. I haven't seen him yet. I put an advert on the paper to sell my things and I need to find 30000 cruzados to pay for school, because there was some confusion with a dodgy lawyer, she took the money. I'm even going to have to sell my Encyclopaedia Britannica that I won as a prize just to pay for school. What a mess!

BSB 06/01/1988 Wednesday
Rodrigo really came back to study, I still haven't seen him and Patricia is always at his flat. Would have been better if he didn't come back at all! Onofre, a crazy stoner, got arrested yesterday. He's gone mad, he used to punch any random person that went past, for no reason. Yesterday some people were playing volleyball and he was watching, pacing nonstop, smoking a joint in full view, in daylight then chain smoking. It seems it was his mum who phoned the police.

BSB 08/01/1988 Friday
Life really is full of surprises. While staying at the farm I dreamt that Rodrigo was in crutches, fell on the floor and then ran off. I ran after him to help him and he disappeared. It was a vivid dream, like the one I had with Fabiane, before she died. The next day I told Patricia about this dream and asked her "I wonder if something happened?" and that was that.

Yesterday, by miracle, he came out to buy bread and me and Luciana went with him. He was almost crying when he told us, that on the way back to Brasilia a two year old girl ran towards the car and he ran her over. He tried to save her but she died. He was devastated, I wanted to hug him. I had to stop myself from crying. He went home and I was thinking about it the rest of the afternoon.

I was going home later that night and Henrique (Alexandra's cousin, not my ex-beloved) was playing guitar on the I block and I was nearly crying when I turned around and I saw Rodrigo with Floyd *(NOTE: their dog, named after Pink Floyd. Our mutual love of Pink Floyd was something that we had in common)*. We talked a little, he looked so sad, then he went home. I went home crying then came down later to buy cigarettes. I met Alexandra and told her everything. I went home again and couldn't stop crying. I decided to write him a letter as I can't talk to him, he doesn't come out. I wrote a long testament, saying how I feel. I decided to open up as he leaves next Sunday to do the exams in Uberlandia and won't be back for a while. He has to go through a process with the law but I think I'll be gone by then. I finished the letter and tried to sleep. It's awful seeing someone I love so sad.

I woke up today having second thoughts about giving him the letter. Someone came today and bought and took my bed away, bookshelf, table and a chair. After they left, I plucked up the courage and went out. I decided to finally admit that I like him for real. I went into his entrance and dropped the letter in his letter box. The envelope was blank. I was shaking and I rang his intercom and told him to come down and get the letter quickly! He kept asking who it was (I lost my voice), I said he'd better hurry, otherwise we'd be in trouble. I never shook so much! I ran to Alexandra's place and I prayed he came down and got the letter. If Renatinha opens that envelope I'm fucked.

BSB 10/01/1988 Sunday
I finally paid for school on Friday and a weight has lifted from my shoulders!

Last night there was a gathering at Reginaldo's place. It was me, Cazzo, Nica, Luciana, Marcos, Bocao, Gustavo… We watched a film then went to the basement and listened to music. Bocão and Gustavo were flirting with me and I was trying to decide what to do when Patricia and Rodrigo arrived. He's finally out! At that point any plans I had went down the drain. Rodrigo told me that he loved the letter and I asked if it helped him feel better and he said that it definitely did help. I said that was good news. We carried on talking but soon enough Patricia came to get him and Marcos came to get me. See how hard it is to talk?

I sat on a bar stool and put Rodrigo's jumper on; called Gustavo over. Rodrigo had to be home early, so we all left together, before leaving I gave Gustavo a few kisses. In the car, Rodrigo sat on the back next to me (it was me, him, Nica, Patricia, Lu and Cazzo). He was happy and devilish, he kept stroking my head and touching my leg with his. Whenever Pat looked in the mirror he'd stop it. It was funny. I had to coldly say goodbye to him, even though I might not see him again. I hoped he'd come back like the other time, but I gave up waiting, he seems to be getting on so well with Patricia! I feel so down, but not devastated. I don't regret anything I did, wish I'd done more. This destiny or whatever that gives Patricia all the weapons and I have to fight tooth and nail and I think I did ok in some battles, I just couldn't win the war. It was me alone against all of the 405, Rodrigo, the disputed territory, also had no choice.

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I had to beat a retreat (I'm leaving) and Rodrigo might go as well, if he passes the exams for the university in Uberlandia. I think they'll end up getting married and I'm too young to be fighting for a husband!

I didn't even cry, for the first time, despite losing, I feel like a winner. I can't even cry anymore. It's awful having to give up someone I wanted so badly.

BSB 22/01/1988 Friday - farewell virginity?

It's 7am and I just got back from Ginos' father's place. Yeah, jaw dropping! He came back from Cabo Frio on the 11th and we got back on the 20th. I'm leaving in about 10 days and decided not to waste time. So this is what happened last night… Nothing to do last night so we decided to watch a movie at his dad's, he's away. At first I did watch the film but then… I was determined we wouldn't do anything, but we talked for ages, sorted things out and I couldn't resist his body. When I saw him naked I nearly fainted, he's like a Greek God. Tall, not too strong, not too skinny, on point! Perfectly proportioned. He doesn't have skinny legs like Rodrigo. He's a dream. When Rodrigo talks, he's quiet, in the throes of passion. It all started when I went to smoke a cigarette on the veranda, I sat on the hammock and he joined me. He hugged me, kissed me, in no time (the chemistry of love!) we were on the sofa. He took all my clothes off, except my underwear, he was naked. I asked him if he was afraid of taking my virginity and he said no, why? We were playing at making love until four in the morning. When he was half asleep I remembered Rodrigo and cried. But I was with Gino and you know my passion I have for him (or had? I don't know) I had to make the best of the moment. I have all the time to think about Rodrigo, and I had to think about him at that time?

Gino was so tender, it really felt like he likes me, for real. He said after we split up he only got together with Joana, I told him all the people I got off with (William, Marcos, Andre, Gustavo, Ronan, Orlando, Luis, Jamil), but not Rodrigo, of course.

I woke up with Gino holding me and kissing me. He took my knickers off and we went to the bedroom. He decided he'd take my virginity and so did I. Rodrigo almost did it but I asked him to stop because it was hurting too much – to be truthful, on that day, I didn't want to lose my virginity with Rodrigo as I still liked Gino and that was our first time together. Gino is bigger he could barely get the tip in. I think it needs Vaseline, lots! I was tired and we decided to leave, and here I am!

What do I feel for Gino? Don't ask! I like being his girlfriend and I like being Rodrigo's lover. Shame the party is nearly over.

I can smell Gino on me.

BSB 24/01/1988 Sunday - definitely farewell virginity!

Gino and I decided to travel together to Rio on 12th of February (after his last summer exam), in truth I am supposed to leave on the 30th but I'll find a way to stay here.

Last night me, Giu, Marcos, Gino, Andreia, Bocao, Manuela, Paula, Reco, Gazzo, Taira, Reginaldo, etc went to Palm Tree Tavern. I was with Gino all afternoon and we were stuck to each other at the Tavern. Reginaldo dropped us home at 2am. The gang call Gino the Prince and me the Princess, taking the piss. The Prince invited me to his place, I said ok, but only for a bit. Imagine if I stayed a long time! We are getting to know each other more and more and things are moving faster. After only ½ an hour I was in my underwear, it took 3 hours last time, and I was naked half an hour later. Suddenly it was all new but I didn't feel scared because Gino made me feel safe. Then it happened (nearly) what we have been rehearsing for seven months, with Gino and Rodrigo. It happened to be Gino and it's for the best because things are very confusing with Rodrigo, even though the feelings are stronger. It's safe with Gino and he's gentle and calm. The first guy really leaves a mark especially if there are such pure, sincere feelings. It's not just sex, it's love, tenderness, care and patience.

I think Rodrigo was just a pause for me to get back to Gino stronger. The others were the others, but these two really left a mark. It's so much for my mind! I never thought I could like two people this much, at the same time, with such force. They are so different and complement each other.

Gino started to penetrate and it hurt a lot, especially when I tensed up, then I'd breath and try and relax and he'd get in a little more. Alexandra said she screamed a lot because it hurt so much, the pain I felt I could have screamed and screamed but it was all so nice I barely raised my voice louder than the radio. But at one point I started crying, quietly, not from pain but from emotion. He laid next to me, we talked a bit, 10 minutes later we started the ritual again. He got in further, past half way and it hurt more, then he started to increase the rhythm and going faster. It was all never seen before and in colour. Suddenly he came out and came on me. Everything I had felt until yesterday was little compared to what was happening. Still, it wasn't this time and I think there's a bit to go before I'm

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not a virgin. It was last rehearsal and the opening promises to be a hit. I was half asleep, half awake for about 40 minutes. I woke up at 6:30 with a bit of headache, not sure why. The sun was rising, we kissed a little, I put my clothes on and came home. I laid down and switched off. I woke up at 10, had a shower and slept till 3 in the afternoon.

BSB 26/01/1988 Monday
I was with Gino all day Sunday and at night me, him, Alcino, Luis and Tuira went to Gilberto. We played pinball and met William, Negão and Cleiton. I also met Jamil, Deka and Marco Aurelio. We left at 11 to eat at Sky's. We got back to 405 and Gino invited me to stay at his until 1:30, but I ended up staying until 3:30. He said I did lose my virginity last night and I was surprised as I thought it would hurt more and that I was still a virgin. Ok! Better this way, finally I am free. We are getting more and more loose in each other's company and talking more, less afraid to say the truth. He even got a little jealous of Marco Aurelio and said he really likes me. We talked a lot! Then he said he was going to prove I was no longer a virgin and we took our clothes off and he proved it, he put it all in and said "See?" and I said "Cool!", he came, we rested and went again. It was 3:30 and Gino had class today so I left. I was thinking "Is that it? Something is missing" and started thinking only Rodrigo could show me if this is it. I started even thinking if I really like Gino and went to sleep in a bad way, feeling very confused.

Woke up feeling better and I think the problem is not Gino or Rodrigo, but me. I'm still afraid and insecure and can't relax. I can't expect an orgasm so fast. I didn't really like these thoughts, what if I don't like Gino anymore?

BSB 28/01/1988 Thursday
Rodrigo got back on Monday and he passed the exams so he's moving to Uberlandia. I saw him from afar on Tuesday but I was with Gino so I didn't speak to him. Yesterday he showed up with a cap, they ruined his hair to celebrate him passing. He'll be studying Chemical Engineering.

Now I know exactly how Rodrigo feels about Patricia and I. I feel the same for him and Gino. If I could choose freely I'm not sure who I'd pick. They are so different. I don't know which I like the most. In the afternoon I went to Gino's and then he went to class. I looked for people but no one was out. I sat under the I block and was just thinking, suddenly I buzzed Rodrigo's intercom. He came out and we did some small talk, as the conversation was getting real Andre turns up, then Paula, Manuela, Nica, Reco, Tuira… When I wanted people no one was around, now this. I had to really work on hiding my frustration.

In the evening I sat on the bench with Gino and Rodrigo nearby, we kept staring at each other! I'm going to go mad.

I want them both! But at least now I know for sure I like Gino and he likes me. That's something concrete.

BSB 30/01/1988 Saturday
Friday night the gang went to Espaço, including Gino and Rodrigo. Me and Rodrigo were so close to kissing in front of everyone and confessing our secret romance. We couldn't stop staring at each other! Everything I picked up I was dropping. Gino was a bit suspicious, but thankfully he thought I was staring at Andre! I was at one end of the table and Rodrigo at the other end, face to face! We came back and kept staring when we were at the I block. When I left I pecked him 10 times to try and say to wait for me later but failed to communicate. Me, Negão and Gino went to Gino's. Marlene (his maid) tried to kick me out, Negão says she likes him. It was bad. Gino told her to take a look at herself and nearly hit her. Negão tried to calm her down and I asked Gino to come with me to buy cigarettes (it was late) and I wanted to see if Rodrigo was around. We bumped into Cleiton, he said Rodrigo and Carlinhos were out somewhere.

I thought he wouldn't be back anytime soon, nor would he go to my block. I was very wrong. Now comes the worst part. Thinking that Rodrigo wouldn't come I decided to stay at Gino's. Me and Gino slept in his mum's bedroom with the door locked as we didn't want the maid to know we were there… I was having a cigarette out the window and we saw Rodrigo under the block. I got back in and thought a little and was building up courage. Gino said "Rodrigo is going", I said I needed to talk to him and got dressed. Gino kept saying Rodrigo would know I was in his house and I said I'd say I'd seen him from my window then Gino said "But he's already gone". I said I would make sure, I needed to speak to him, I got down and nothing! I went crazy inside! I swallowed my anger, went back up, looked at Gino and thought life isn't so bad… I forgot about Rodrigo and only me and Gino existed until 5am. It's getting better and… I don't have everything I want but I want everything I have. I told Gino that Rodrigo likes Luciana and vice-versa, which is a little bit true, because he's been flirting with her. Poor Patricia, her boyfriend is even flirting with her sister.

BSB 01/02/1988 Monday

Cleiton Goldbeck 1986-2019

Irma moved out on Saturday to the F block, but me and my things stayed here, because it's small where she is. There's no more furniture here, only a mattress in my bedroom.

I slept with Gino on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, but next week we can't do anything as they are the dangerous days. *[NOTE: lucky I didn't get pregnant. Why didn't my mum got me on the pill before she left??? Abortion is illegal in Brazil but contraception isn't]*

This morning Marlene (Gino's maid) called me and threatened me. I was finding it all amusing, I calmed hert down and we started chatting. She said she likes Gino and worse, that she's pregnant by him. I find it hard to believe as she sleeps around with lots of people, but it could be true, so I was thinking about it. I don't want to believe that Gino slept with her, I'm going to have a very serious talk with him. This is all I needed.

But it can't be true, if it is, I will stay calm, I think I kinda understand… I might as well tell him about Rodrigo (joke!). Let's get the skeletons out, after all, nobody is perfect and pure. From what Gino said he never touched her but he would hardly admit it, of course not!

Either way I'm finding it all interesting, not taking it too seriously and I'm seeing life for real, in all senses… I honestly don't think the baby is his, my 6th sense says it's not. But we can be mistaken and I'll never know for sure, he would never admit it.

BSB 03/02/1988 Wednesday
I told Gino about the call from Marlene and concluded she's mad, that must be it. Gino said it's all lies, he nearly cried with anger. They asked her if she had called me and she denied everything, she said no way in hell she called me and that I am a liar!

After that I never heard from her again. Gino slept here last night, I can feel he's in love with me, it feels so good! I don't think I feel as strongly as before but I like him a lot… If I can I'll be back one day for us to get married.

BSB 05/02/1988 Friday
On Weds I had a close shave in the evening. On Tuesday afternoon I had arranged to meet Rodrigo for a smoke on Weds – Gino was staying at his aunt's that night.

On Weds afternoon I went shopping with Alexandra (I spent a lot of money!) and I got back at 8:30; luckily Rodrigo was in the I block. I left the shopping at home and we went to the 405's shops to speak to Loirinho. Suddenly all the lights went out and me and Rodrigo went to 205 to get a match box that was hidden on block D. Despite the darkness we found the matchbox straight away, with the spliff inside it and we came to my place. The lights came back on and we smoked in the utility area of the flat. Suddenly the bell rang, it could only be Gino. He couldn't see Rodrigo here, firstly because we had been smoking and then because people already have suspicions (rightly so!). I didn't answer and we came to my room, me cursing at myself and Rodrigo saying I had trapped him. It really felt like a trap, for me! The phone rang and Rodrigo kept laughing and calling Gino an imbecile, an idiot. I wasn't high anymore, because of the fear, and I answered, told Gino I was sleeping.

Rodrigo kept going on about it being a trap and I told him to fuck off. I was furious because everything had gone wrong then the bell rang... I nearly had a heart attack, Rodrigo told me to answer but I didn't. Rodrigo asked if there was a way he could hide in the wardrobe, or bathroom. It was a bit comical, to tell you the truth. I was about to shove Rodrigo in any hole I could find and open the door but the doorbell had stopped. We spent time thinking about how to get out of this one. I had forgotten all about it and just wanted to get off with Rodrigo, didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Us alone without being able to do anything. The phone rang and Rodrigo got really angry, said he was going and kicked the phone. I put it back on the hook quickly and told him to go and never come back. He went.

I cooled down a bit and called Gino. He came here but everything was spinning. I told him I was having a shower after I woke up that's why I didn't answer the door and phone. I started saying I thought I might be pregnant, as we had sex on a dangerous day. Gino left a bit confused and I went to sleep, having forgotten completely about Rodrigo.

Suddenly the phone rang, it wasn't Gino, it was Rodrigo. I started telling him off for kicking the phone and he apologised. We were on the phone for ages complaining about our bad timing, our failed meetings, lamenting the time we wasted and could have been together and now it was too late, he said these things. I said "Better late than never" and "Every moment counts, even if it's a second"

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and asking him to come to say goodbye. But he chose to be rational and put a final stop in everything. He said he was coming but didn't. I'm also tired of this and will keep only the good memories.

BSB 07/02/1988 Sunday
On Friday afternoon Gino got done at 709, driving the car. He went to the police station and the car was impounded, big trouble, he only showed up at night and barely looked at me. This upset me and I went out to Espaço with the gang , only Gino didn't go. We took over three tables, I drank four glasses of coke and Velho Barreiro and I was a bit high. Rodrigo started staring at me and I stared back. Everyone went home and the two of us came to mine and we smoked a spliff and we played truth or dare. He said he considered Patricia a great friend and that he had a girlfriend in Patos and another in Uberlandia. It took him an hour to tell me this, he said I'd be shocked, that I'd think he was a monster… When he told me I had a fit of laughter, I laughed so hard.. I thought the situation was comical. We talked until 3:30. Rodrigo has a screw missing, he's such a character, so lost. He doesn't know what to do with all these girlfriends and he wants to do the right thing… Poor sod! He implied I was the only one he really liked. He talked about running away, us getting married, but all jokey… Then the phone and bell rang at 1am, but I didn't answer. Rodrigo ordered me to visit him in Uberlandia. He said he was going to go and we just sat silently. I then went to slap him jokingly for him to answer a question, he grabbed my hand and kissed me. I asked him if he only liked me to have sex with. He got up and said he was leaving. I didn't let him go. He said I was mad and blind. I kissed him, we kissed for a while. It was 4am and he left saying he'd come Sunday at 2am. Ok, bye.

On Saturday I spent the whole day arguing with Gino, for little things, and we only reconciled at night, just before going to Gilberto. Everyone went. We got an extra hour today as it was the last day of Summer Time. Gino left early with William. I stayed in the I block for a bit watching Rodrigo kissing Patricia and went up to Gino's. Half one I heard some cars turn on, and came home at 2. I waited 15 minutes and nothing. So I went back to Gino's and slept there. I think the night was better this way.

We couldn't have full on sex as I have my period, but making love isn't just penetrating, we had a shower, ate, kissed lots… He said he'd buy condoms to see what it's like. Cumming outside is really annoying.

RJ 10/02/1988 Wednesday - Leaving Brasilia
I arrived in Rio today at 8am. The goodbyes were sad and emotional. The gang went to the bus station to say goodbye. I couldn't cry. Me and Gino travelled together and argued. Every time we argue I like him more. We argued because I burned a hole on his shorts. We made peace later. Now it's all in the past and I have to look ahead. It's hard when the past is so good. I might not write for a while, until I get used to this concrete jungle. I feel deflated.

RJ 14/02/1988 Sunday - Rain and flooding
Monday – smoked two, met Daniel
Tuesday – Nothing happened
Wednesday – Bought 24 Garfield cards, Luciana and Patricia called me!
Thursday – went to Daniel's house to see the kitten he found, went to Sergio's
Friday – Most horrifying day of my life. I went to visit Ana Claudia in Botafogo. We talked a lot as we hadn't seen each other for 8 months (she moved to Rio in July). At 5:15, while it rained, I got in the 433 bus, ready for the hour long journey from Botafogo to Vila Isabel – Carnival Champion 1988. Except the journey took nearly four hours. The way up until the centre was fine, but the rain got heavier and the traffic got really bad. Just before getting to Tijuca the water was high and covering cars' wheels and many were stuck. It was safer to stay on the bus, as it could drive through the water. I couldn't tell what was the road, pavement, river. I was alone and bus driver was thinking about stopping the bus in the Barao de Drummond Square, or at least until the 28 de Setembro, where I'd get off. If he stopped I had no idea how to get home. I prayed so much for him not to stop he kept on going. There were places when the was bus shaking because of the current, I thought I might die. I saw cars being carried by the water and people drowning in a sea of mud. But that business was the safest place to be… When we got to the final stop and I got off things got worse. The square looked like a lake. I tried calling home but the phone was engaged. My only choice was to face it and try to make it home.

With the water up to my knees I started walking, when I realised the water was up to my waist. A bus drove past and I had to hold on to a lamp post otherwise the water would carry me away. There was a car near me, sort of bopping up and down. The streets were full. People unblocking drains, people trying to get home, people inside flooded bars… I spent half an hour holding on to the lamppost building up the courage to cross the street (28 de Setembro) which had a strong current. A man said he'd help me cross, but he was so drunk I ended up helping him cross. The street leading to mine was VERY FULL but water was still and I just went for it. I had

CLARISSA Gorinov, 1986-2006

already cried, pissed on my pants and nothing else mattered. I just wanted to get home. I got into my road (Torres Homen) and it wasn't full of water, there was a lot of mud but in comparison with the rest it was fine… When my aunt opened the door she nearly fainted with relief. I had a shower for ages. Lots of people died and lost homes. We went to LBA to help out yesterday.

RJ 24/02/1988 Wednesday - Yoga and pregnancy relief

Apart from going to LBA to help out for three days, after nearly drowning on the way home, the only unusual thing I did happened yesterday. Maira does Yoga every day at Sergio/Lucia's house, as well as Daniel. I decided to see what it was about yesterday. We got up at 5am and went. We laid down on the floor and I started learning the breathing. You start feeling the abdomen up to the lungs when you inhale, then exhaling is the same process, empty the abdomen first and empty it all until there's no air left. I concentrated and did it too well. I got dizzy and had a headache. Daniel gave my head an amazing massage and it soothed the headache a bit.

Yoga seems very mystical and transcendental, maybe if I can demystify it a little I might take it up. I feel it might be good for me. Sergio and Lucia. I haven't talked about them, have I? They are married and have a bunch of children. Sergio has long hair and exudes peacefulness. Lucia, I don't know if it's her look, or the hair but to me she's like Jesus' mum, but not the myth or the saint, just the simplicity. She's so beautiful . They are the most beautiful, harmonious couple I've ever met. They are spiritualists and every night there's a meeting at their house for mediation and talks about everything. Maybe I'll start going regularly.

Today a weight has been lifted off my shoulders, my period arrived. I did some calculations and saw the last time Gino and I made love (10th of Feb) was exactly the 14th day in my cycle. It wasn't too dangerous as he'd been ejaculating outside since the 7th but as my periods are not regular, and I heard many stories, and I had nothing else to worry about… I started thinking I was pregnant.

Seriously. I was really worried until this morning. I was a bit irresponsible, despite some precautions. We went to the pot and drank eagerly from it, after all we were discovering so much. Gino had only had sex four times before and never made love. Me? Lots of kissing and groping with Fernando on the Bus, Rodrigo a couple of times nearly nearly but not quite, and Gino too. Oh there was also Paulista, but that arsehole doesn't count (remember Araruama last year?).

Renata and Alexandra sent me news from Brasilia! How I miss it, especially Gino and Alexandra. They say good things don't last forever. I sent lots of cards to Brasilia but only those two replied. I sent them news on tragic floody Friday. Wow, they actually replied very fast! I think I need to do something to occupy my time otherwise I'll die of nostalgia.

RJ 25/02/1988 Thursday

I decided to call Gino tonight in Cabo Frio, how I miss him. We had to be quick, my aunt says it's too expensive. I think I love you Gino, I miss you! The clown said he went out dressed up as a woman for Carnaval. I bet he looked gorgeous! I just hope he doesn't adopt the fantasy for the rest of the year. What a ridiculously prejudiced thought! I need to see Gino, it's such cruelty splitting people who love each other like this. What an injustice!

He said he'd been worried about me being pregnant. I reassured him I am not and he breathed a sigh of relief… Nothing compared to how relieved I felt yesterday, when I felt a cramp, cold sweat, bathroom… my period arrived!

RJ 27/02/1988 Saturday - Final days in Brasilia, Umbanda

I haven't written about my final moments with Rodrigo, or Brasilia. Me and Gino slept together until my final Wednesday. On Thursday/Friday Gino didn't stay at home and I only saw him during the day. On my last Friday we all went to Espaço, except Gino as we had argued. I was feeling angry at Espaço. We took over 5 tables!!! I drank a bit and cheered up. As we were leaving Rodrigo said he was going to Uberlandia on the same day as me but he's not telling anyone and is going at night, to avoid goodbyes (He really did this, he left without saying goodbye). Some of us came back to 405. I went with Luciana, Patricia, Giu, Andrea and Marcos to the S block. When I came back, alone, I saw Rodrigo alone, at the I block. I went to arrange for him to come over later (it was a bad idea to do it then because Marcos was going to walk past any minute). I went home, waited a bit and fell asleep.

I woke up the next day, the day we were leaving at 14:30 and went out for final goodbyes. Rodrigo had left a Pink Floyd sticker on my door as he had gone to the flat but I didn't hear the doorbell. Probably for the best. Him and Renata hosed me down with water, a pigeon shat on my head… Giu and Andrea brought a camera and we took photos. At 12:30 my father picked me up and I went with Lu, Renata, Manuela and Paula to the bus station. Alexandra, Ivone, Rodrigo, Junior and Cleiton also were there. It was so sad, but I didn't cry. I only cried when I got to Rio and I was alone. The trip back with Gino was also sad and that's how I departed from my beloved land.

Claudia Golubov, 1986-2023

Last night me, Maira and Gilberto went to a Umbanda Spiritual Centre, it was my first time… It was an important night, not because I discovered a fact, but for a confirmation of something. Before talking to the entity Joaquim we prayed and meditated. I entered a trance like estate – in my language, in spiritual terms it was the start of 'desdobramento' – i.e. I no longer felt my body, as if I had smoked a joint! Incredible! Me, Maira and Gilberto spoke together with Father Joaquim, but he spoke to me most of the time. He told me to think more, forgive more, take out the sadness from my heart and understand things more. That I should learn a lesson and grow up, given all I'm going through. He told me to get up again and think about the present and the future. He said he wants to see my heart smiling, not crying and hurt like it is now.

I got half of it myself, my uncle explained the other half. I'm suffering being where I don't want to be, away from people I love, everything I didn't want because of one person: My mother. The hurt in my heart is anger and hate for her. Deep down it feels she did all this to make me suffer. It hurt a lot to realise I hate her. I think of myself as understanding but I don't understand her acts and see her as selfish and bad. I never felt like showing her affection. Since I was little she made me suffer, always moving from one place to another and whenever I got used to the new place, we move again. I lived in Brasilia, Goiania, Brasilia, Mexico, Goiania, Brasilia and now Rio. This is horrible and why make me live like this?

Anyway, none of this is news to me, I knew it. She blocked my love. But she's my mother and loves me. Yesterday I realised I need to forgive her as she didn't do any of it to hurt me, I can't hate her like this as it's bad for me. I need to learn to love and accept her. It's so hard! I'm going to have to make an effort. I think this is my karma: to love and understand my mother. It's hard to forgive someone whose actions made me suffer and lose the people I love. She ripped me off my land. I kept this inside so long and now it's pouring out. I start crying when I think about it. I thought about this last night, at the beach, in the car. I want to forgive, but I can't, I have to! What a struggle. To look at my mum and only feel love and not anger, a knot in my throat.

I have to accept her how she is. Her materialistic and atheist way. Her way of loving me. I know I love her but the feeling of betrayal is so big. It's confusing and hard. How can I change a feeling that's always been there? I have to do it. It's imperative to my growth, happiness and freedom! It's been good, despite the pain, to open my eyes. No need for therapy, just a conversation… I found myself! I feel loose, light. I can't forgive that she's taken me out of Brasilia, I can't get over it. But I have to think about the future benefits. It's as if something is making me see only the bad side, it's embedded in me. I have to be conscious and rip it out. I have to believe I can do this.

RJ 07/03/1988 Monday

I might seem crazy but I don't really think about Gino, I think about Henrique… And Daniel. How does that make sense?

Gino hasn't written or called. It's as if everything he said was lies, a dream. How disappointing! It's like he's been erased from my memory. It's awful, I keep thinking of him as a mistake. I don't see what we did as good or bad. He always has the ability to destroy the love I feel for him. What a shame, I thought he was THE ONE. Strangest of all is that it doesn't really upset me, I'm not suffering. He just disappeared from my life like lightning, maybe because I seem to easily forget my love affairs. I think of Rodrigo more as a friend, and I don't forget friends. Gino was only a boyfriend, we weren't synched on any other level. And that's that.

Henrique, as always, disappearing then reappearing in my life. Renata said she talked to him one night at Gilberto and told him I'd gone, he asked for my number, cursed me for leaving… He told her he might call me, but he hasn't. But just hearing his name all the feelings came back, but there's nothing to be done. Leave it!

I think life is pure illusion. We delude ourselves because of moments with someone and then we wake up. I can never define what I feel for Gino, I want to, but 'love' doesn't sound right for our relationship. I look at photos of him and all I see is a face… nothing else. Sad, huh?

I met Daniel the day after I arrived here and it was love at first sight for me. As time passed I got confused. I don't know if it's a crush or friendship, do you understand? I don't. I think I'm a nymphomaniac because this isn't a diary, it's a love dossier. 99% of the stuff I write is about men. Give me patience! How about some variety, Lelé?!

I start school tomorrow, Martins, I bet the first thing I'll write about is some good looking guy that I fell for. Fuck it, that's how I am. If you don't like it don't read it, ok?

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RJ 13/03/1988 Sunday - New School
It's nearly a month since I got here… Feels like a year.

Gino finally called me last night. I missed our silly fights and our hot nights. Renata called me yesterday and I spent the day writing a big letter to Alexandra. I also wrote to Henrique and Paula. 29 letters in a month!

Martins (the new school) is really nice. For the 1st time I made friends really quickly. Memorise these names: Gisele and Keyla. They liked me and invited me to spend next weekend with them in Araras. Nice, huh? I talk through all the lessons. Sergio (that nice guy, Lucia's husband) is my Maths II teacher. The only problem here is you can't smoke and there's class on Saturday! I have to smoke in the toilets and can be suspended if I get caught. Exciting and ridiculous. I have P.E, Physics. and Chemistry Lab in the afternoon.

On Friday night the inevitable happened. After studying, talking about it and going in deep into Spiritualism I had an out of body experience (*desdobrar*). But I was very afraid because I didn't understand what was going on and it all went wrong. I was nearly asleep when I felt my body very heavy, I couldn't move. I made a massive effort to put my arm on my chest, when I managed that I relaxed. Then I started to hear a noise, like I hear when I have loló. Then I felt really hot and then my body felt really light, so light I thought I was going to levitate! When I opened my eyes both my legs were up in the air, as is suspended by a rope, with me making no effort to hold them up there. They were like that for a while, if I was using my own muscles I'd have only managed 30 seconds, but they were up there for three or four minutes! Then I felt scared and wished it would stop and go away and it did. I shivered really hard and it started again. I was really really scared and then it finally stopped. Do you know what I thought about to make it stop? I thought of me and Gino making love!

Later Sergio and Maira explained that was the beginning of desdobramento (*not sure how to translate this, dictionary says 'ramification, deployment' but it's basically supposed to be an out of body experience, of course reading it now, when I don't believe in any of this, seems just like a lucid dream*) and mediumship (*i.e. psychic powers*), so I calmed down!

I've become a mother. Maira found a kitten that's still breastfeeding. As I know the most about cats around here I feed Limbica. But my aunt Zezé said she has to go tomorrow and I already love her!

RJ 09/04/1988 Saturday
I feel emotional! Patricia and Luciana just called me. I love them! Rodrigo wrote to me but I'm not writing back, he's dead to me for two reasons:

- He told Renata we got together, showing he's an idiot.
- If Patricia was seeing Gino and he flirted with me I would ignore it. As she's Rodrigo's girlfriend and I love her too much I can't do this to her. He's not worthy even of friendship. Patricia is an angel and I hate that I did this to her, but I was so lost! Now my eyes are open.

They say real love is the one that comes and goes. So maybe I love Gino because I miss him so much. But in school I've been checking a few guys out.

I love Brasilia and I dream I'm there every night, sometimes good dreams, other times desperate dreams. In the bad ones I'm there but have nowhere to stay. In two dreams Gino was crying a lot asking for my forgiveness, being accused of something he didn't do…

But I like being here. I've finally found God, my faith and a meaning to life. It could have been any religion but it was Spiritualism, which isn't better or worse than any other religion but it seems the most truthful and broad. The most honest and real, with mysticisms or masks. Open, friendly and understanding, wise and eternal. Pure. The direct way to God. Long live eternal love! I'm an instrument of his work, his worker and available to him. Perhaps my life is about pilgrimaging around places, meeting and loving people. How I love the people I left behind!
RJ 03/05/1988 Tuesday
Long time huh? School is getting better and better. We have finished the first bimester (*i.e. term of two months*). I cheated in Physics and got 80%! I didn't do well in Organic Chemistry, I tried to cheat but the teacher saw me and nearly gave me 0. Either way, I got 0.

There was a big drama in Brasilia with Rodrigo, Patricia and Renata, but I think all is well now and I'm fed up with this topic, it makes me feel tense. I'm going to leave it and see what happens. It's hard here because Brasilia marked me so deeply and Rio frightens me. People are very friendly but not really friends. I feel a bit isolated, not on firm on ground, but I don't want to get too

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attached here anyway because soon I'll be going to London and I can't deal with feeling like I felt when I left Brasilia again. I still can't stand fully, my friends were my family. Gino really vanished, no calls or letters in 2 months. I like him but If I see him in July he's not touching me.

Patricia wants to finish with Rodrigo for the same reasons. These guys are kidding themselves if they think we're going to spend our lives pinning for them. I hope Gino is in Brasilia in July just so I can see him and tell him to get lost. I still have two months to forget about him.

RJ 06/05/1988 Friday - Life goals

This afternoon some of us went to Andrea's house to watch 'Dirty Dancing'. It was mostly girls and two guys from our class. They're ok but not great. Patience, I have to be content with this, it might be I'm just not used to them.

News from Brasilia: Bocão finished with Andrea to go out with Geovanna, not sure what to say as I like them both, but I think Andrea is more suited to him! And to think he started seeing her after I said I didn't want to go out with him… Marcos and Giu are not good, Giu is very controlling of Marcos and he can't take it anymore… Marcos also got together with Giu after I told him to get lost… I don't like such lovely couples that were formed because of me breaking up. I feel a bit responsible for them.

Nica moved to a shithole called Rondonopolis, she moved today, she must be feeling very sad.

I feel I'm changing, a lot. What I want is very simple and I will fight for it. I want what everyone wants but few get. A champion is being born! I'm going to graduate and excel at my career. I'm going to be completely independent, financially. I know I will get what I want! Nothing will deviate me from this path. I feel great strength and power. I'm going to meet a man and love him and he will love me. And my life will be excellent. Two children we will make, and I'm going to have to deal with their problems. Maybe this isn't my mission but if it's not then it'll be something else. When I'm 50 I want to look back and smile, and not feel ashamed of anything I've done. I want to be satisfied with myself!
[Note: I'm 51 now! I'm so glad I wrote and kept my diaries, and yes, I had good, fun, hard at times, healthy life]

RJ 13/05/1988 Friday

I'm listening to 'The Wall'… Boredom! If I was in Brasilia I'd be going out to do something instead of being home remembering the past. Someone told me cultivating sadness isn't a good thing but there's nothing else to do but feel sad. Sometimes I'm surprised by my mind. I'm a young person, irresponsible and selfish, but I see people living their lives and they are so unconscious! I observe everything, eagerly, I'm very alert and I just see people being lost, without love, dignity or self-respect, killing each other because they haven't found meaning in life. What a world!

Here I am, wanting to cry, and wanting to live. I'm anxious to live but everything that goes on is depressing! I'm just taking part in Maira and my aunt's lives, but what about my life? I know, my time will come and I'm not very mature yet, it's just I haven't yet had many chances to make my mistakes and it shocks me when other people make their mistakes. When people are astonished by my silence and quietness they don't know what's going on inside me. They think I'm alienated, silly, simple but they can't see the complexity of my thoughts. They simply can't read me while I know them well; because they reveal too much, showing off. I'm my best companion, I know myself very well. I understand myself so why do other people want to understand me and why do they take offence when I don't confide in them? I'm not so pretentious to think I'm enough, but I like to keep myself to myself. Why do people get bothered when I don't want to talk? I'll talk when I'm ready! And when I decide to speak everyone will be shocked to hear what I have to say. So why say anything, why hurt people? I'd rather stay quiet. "Don't leave me now, when you know how I need you… Don't say it's the end of road!"

Her name is Noemia. 25 years old. Single. Lost. Needy like all the lost people. She's Maira's friend. I have nothing to do with their relationship, which seems too crazy for me, I won't even talk about it… Noemia called now and because Maira wasn't here I got 15 minutes on the phone of her saying "I sniffed, smoked, drank, I adore you, I'm going to Friburgo with you". We're going there tomorrow. 25 years old. A brain tumour. She's completely alone, no one can help her carry this cross. Me… A 16 year old girl analysing a 25 year-old. It really disturbed me hearing her so out of it on the phone, it sounded like she was in a bar… and there was nothing I could do! I get attached to people but I feel she will disappear like she appeared. Suddenly. Forever. I feel sorry for her and feeling sorry for someone isn't good, it means I feel superior. She doesn't believe in anything anymore and life is worthless to her! What can I do? Maira keeps getting into complicated situations!

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Hello, is there anybody in there?

Who am I, why has my life changed so much? Why do I always have to cry? I keep on going, head held up high, but inside… A dissatisfaction I can't make sense of. I'm so contradictory! I just said I understand myself. I think everything happened to open my eyes. There is a FORCE inside me, and it's up to me to be a great person or a pile of rubbish. I have to clarify that being great isn't having money; it's something else; like exuding love from every pore. It's easier to be rich than it is to love.

RJ 27/05/1988 Saturday
What a terrible day! I never felt such anguish. I'm lost and impotent to act. They poked my deepest wound. When I think about it I feel betrayed. Today I discovered that when they say the 1st love is forever it's not a lie. It's true!

Last night I called Renata (it had to be her!). I've received letters since last week from Lu, Bocão, Alexandra, Renata, all saying they met Henrique one of those Saturdays at Marina (a bar), saying that Henrique likes me a lot and that I am special to him… But Renata asked me to call her on the letter. I rang with a tight heart, thinking the worst. She's seeing Henrique! I can't even describe how I feel. She knew better than anyone else how I felt about him! I nearly lost my voice but I pretended not to care. When I put the phone down I burst into tears! Today I cried even more. No matter who shows up, Henrique will be eternal, the first love. We only kissed one night but the feeling is as strong as what I feel towards Gino, but it also involves friendship. I was really shaken and I dreamt about him, and I felt disgust. As ever, Renata making me feel like shit. I must have done something awful to her on a previous life and now I'm paying for it.

Joubert came here tonight (it's 1:50 am Sunday). My aunt and uncle went to Friburgo; Gabi is with his dad so it was just me and Maira left. Joubert and I detonated a bottle of grapes and cachaça. I'd been drinking since the afternoon, drowning my sorrows. Definitely, I don't know if it's the people of the city of Brasilia, there's a magnet connecting me to the Planalto Central and this will never change or go away. I won't feel peace until I return. I'm so anxious for July to arrive and if I don't go there I'll go mad. Then I will talk to Henrique; he told Renata I was his platonic love. If he'd allowed it I would have been much more.

My head hurts! They say that real love comes and goes… But I never stopped loving Henrique.

Maira has gone to Campos de Jordão to see Chileno (her boyfriend) and I'm home alone this Sunday, but everyone will be back tomorrow.

What depresses me the most is the lack of money. Well, I don't miss it so much but my aunt and uncle are about to close their business (Cofabra) and I can't call Brasilia as I don't like to see them worried about money. I feel deflated, there's too much going on. I can't speak too much but my heart feels tight. What is going to happen to me?

RJ 02/06/1988 Saturday
Hello! I'm off to Brasilia on the 5th and as I won't risk taking you with me this is the last time I'll write for a while… I have a bad feeling about this trip, something is going to go wrong, but I have to go. The only thing there's no solution for is death and sometimes death is the solution, and for that reason I'm not afraid of dying. I'm afraid of life and what lies ahead.

I'm really liking it here, maybe too much! The people from school are great and I even went away with them. I just hope not to get too attached; for now friendships aren't too strong, but they are promising. In terms of boyfriends, two guys showed up: Rodrigo (not another one!) and Claudio, but it led nowhere! I've been suspended from school twice! Once for being disruptive and another for smoking during the break. I'm almost on holiday and because of my lack of commitment my grades have been awful.

Last weekend, me, Kiko, Gisele, Ana, Barbosao, Andre, Ellen and Luis went to Kiko's house in Miguel Pereira, without any adults! Imagine the chaos! Why does time fly? I got very drunk on wine and jumped in the pool with my clothes on, it was really cold. What a great weekend!

It's nearly 5 months since I kissed someone. I'm not saving myself for Gino, quite the opposite. If he's in Brasilia he's not coming near me. He just didn't get in touch. As far as I'm concerned it's over! I'm thinking Brasilia will be a disappointment because I've changed and am already missing here! My God, how the world spins… I'm really liking it here as I've met so many good people!

RJ 18/08/1988 Thursday

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I've been back from Brasilia for nearly three weeks…
I stayed at Renata's for 26 days. Everything was a bit different, but I wasn't shocked or disappointed. I thought it was going to be horrible but it was so nice to see everyone again! I got mega drunk, on the first weekend, then I took it easy after that. I saw Gino for 6 days, he went to Cabo Frio. I really wasn't going to spend time with him, but he came after me, saying he hadn't forgotten me… How could I resist? Coincidentally he also didn't get together with anyone, even though he said he got off with three hundred girls.

Henrique was away, Rodrigo didn't go to Brasilia, so the holidays were calm: seeing friends and resting. But now I got used to Rio I feel conflicted, but I will go back again one day!

I barely got back from Brasilia on the 31st and Maira started talking about pregnancy (hers). Last Thursday she had it confirmed. She knew she was pregnant since the 9th of July. My aunt was told yesterday and her world fell apart. Claudio is the father. This is the panorama of the situation:
My aunt (despite her religious beliefs), Claudio and D. Nina want Maira to have an abortion; my uncle doesn't know. Maira won't do it as it's against her principles. A very dignified attitude, no? But having a baby is easy, raising a child isn't. Who's going to support it financially? Zezé and Gil. Cofabra is going from bad to worse. Can you feel the horror?

The people who give Maira the strength not to have an abortion are in Sergio's house. They say too much religion will drive you mad!

I felt like the most naïve person in the world yesterday, I didn't think my aunt would agree with an abortion but she was the first one to agree it should be the course of action.

RJ 23/10/1988 Sunday Bloody Sunday
Don't be surprised, it's really me! I haven't written due to lack of time, subject and patience. Looking at my organiser it's easy to see how tedious my life has been. I've had fun but romance is lacking in my life. I sort of liked three guys but nothing happened. The most recent one is Vinicius from apt. 311. He's gorgeous! Very shy, but I think he likes me, he looks at me too. There's nothing better than the start of passion, when no one suffers and you feel light. But I don't think this is my year, something always goes wrong, or it goes cold and puff, it's gone.

I went to Araras with Gisele and Keyla last weekend. It's a small town near Petropolis. I drank a lot and got off with a guy called George. Cute! Why don't I like ugly guys? I've always thought it shallow only to go out with someone because of looks. I'm not even good looking. If I was a guy I wouldn't go out with me. Sometimes I think of myself as if I was someone else and trying to see something attractive about me, then I talk to myself to see if I have some inner charm, but I just talk nonsense. George liked me (he's 20 years old) but he lives in Araras and I don't know when or if I'm going back and because I like Vinicius I don't care. I just wanted a bit of fun and I was a clown all night. Maybe that's why he liked me.

Maira is moving to Friburgo with her two kids in December. Home is at peace again now a decision has been made!

My father called me yesterday and said he didn't think I should go to London, as he had a feeling things might not work out. That shook me up. My father hurt me without meaning to. This made me miss my mother. She's coming in February 89 to do her research work for her PhD and we go back to London in July. I can't wait to see my mum in the flesh. I felt scared and apprehensive after the call. I dreamt my mum was drowning (all being shown on TV). She had a different name, and she was on a boat, it crashed and she drowned; but managed to escape. She had become a rich woman who spent her time having fun. Weird huh? At least she was in good health.

RJ 25/10/1988 Tuesday
I was telling the family I missed my mum and that I was worried when the phone rang. It was her! I nearly cried. I never said, Henrique wrote to me last week. He hadn't contacted me since I moved and he wasn't in Brasilia when I was there, and suddenly, he writes… How nice!

I'm not doing well. I think my future romance with Vinicius isn't going to happen. Since yesterday he no longer looks at me. Ah, never mind, I won't worry, I won't flirt with anyone. I'm going to study and if someone turns up, great, but I'm not looking anymore. Why is everything so difficult? I must be very ugly.

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RJ 20/11/1988 Sunday

I want to write more but I got out of the habit!
Remember George, from Araras? Last weekend I went there with Keyla, on the 12th. We came back on the 15th. I got drunk on the first night and we got together, as soon as he saw me he took over me! But next day I looked at him and the magic was gone! On Sunday I smoked a spliff, after 5 months. I was tripping the whole weekend after that, without smoking or drinking. Maybe the air in Araras is very pure. On the last night George was trying it on and I had to do a lot of manoeuvring to avoid him, then he finally took a hint.

On the 5th of November, after class, me, Silvana, Jo, Barbosa, Alan, Luis, Mauro, Orsay went to a barbeque at Indio's house. I drank a lot! I went to the toilet and Orsay opened the door (I'd forgotten to lock it) and he had a fright! I was so drunk, I pushed him out, pulled my bikini up and came out crying, saying that Orsay had seen my arse. So funny! Then I carried on crying because I missed Brasilia. Barbosa was with me all the time, consoling me. I wanted to get off with Alan but he has a girlfriend. I slept until it was time to go, and then I got off with Barbosa. Indio gave me and Alan a lift because we were both in a bad way. In the car, not sure how or why, Alan and I were hugging and we were about to kiss when he let go of me and stopped it from happening. I felt a bit weird about it…

On Monday, the 7th, Ana told him I liked him. I had heard rumours he'd split up with his girlfriend, except it wasn't true. I stopped looking at him after that. To make things worse, Indio thought Alan and I kissed in the car and told everyone at school. How awkward! Off we went denying it all. I forgot all about Alan after a week. My passions haven't lasted for longer than a week this year…

On the 28th I got off with Rodrigo, a guy who lives in the school's street. He's gorgeous but what an idiot! I only stayed with him because he was pestering me.

Of the three guys I kissed (George, Barbosa and Rodrigo) the least bad is Barbosa, but we are friends. The tale of Orsay seeing my backside was told all over school and some guy called Gustavo, from another class, started getting friendly. We got really close in two weeks and now we're always together. He's doing that because he likes Gisele but we get on and we're always grabbing each other. Lusty friendship. He's blond, skinny and he's 16 years old. He surfs in Saquarema, a little playboy… (*this was a derogatory term in Rio*) but he's a nice guy. We're always play fighting, I love it. What a fun brat!

Luciana called last night and I also talked to Marcos. He said he finished with Giu, she must be devastated. Marcos is coming to Rio in December. I wonder if he still thinks about me.

Gino called yesterday afternoon (miracle!), I like him so much! My mum also called from London, she's got no money as her grant hasn't been renewed. I gave her moral support. I love my mum. When I went to Araras my grandfather nearly died but thankfully he's better now.

I have (nervous) gastritis, it must be because of school, I think I might fail. It hurts like fuck!

I can't believe 88 is nearly over, it was such an empty year in terms of external events, but so much happened inside me… Sometimes I don't recognise myself, have I changed so much? Sometimes I want to go back to Brasilia so badly and other times I don't miss it at all and don't miss anyone. I am a bit cold because I moved so many times, I learned not to get too attached; or I just suppress it. I'm a lot less shy, more open, however I'm a colder person, without showing my true feelings. How crap! I feel tense because exams start tomorrow and I wish I could cry to feel better but I can't make it happen.

RJ 25/11/1988 Saturday

My 4th bimester exams are over, now only final exams and retakes. After the exam yesterday Gustavo and I went to the Andarai favela to buy weed. I don't know why I went. When we got there Gustavo took the uniform shirt off and went up. I sat on a bar's doorway, waiting, he thought it would be better if I didn't go with him. I wanted to see what it's like! He took 20 minutes and I was chatting with a bus driver union rep. Gustavo came down and called me. He went to a side street separately and after 50m we walked together. Everything went to plan!

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He said there were six guys with machine guns patrolling the area, one of them approached him and asked: "Black or white?" It's cheaper to buy from up the favela than on street level. We went to his place, he rolled my spliff up, gave me my change and got me a lift home with a friend of his.

I smoked it while the cleaner was cleaning the bathroom, I only had half as it was strong. I was tripping when Gustavo called me inviting me to go smoke with him, but I had already smoked… How stupid! I could have smoked with him! I smoked the other half in the evening, everyone had gone out, except Maira. It's so nice to trip every now and then!
Last Saturday something really weird happened. I was having a nice dream, I was having sex with someone. I had a very real feeling, like it was really happening. There was no one in the dream, it was like I was having sex with the invisible man, I opened my eyes and I could still feel it! I told everyone at home and they concluded when I sleep my physical mind doesn't switch off, while this happens for most people. In this case the person I was having sex with was in the same dimension as my perispirit (*what the fuck does that even mean? What a bunch of ignorant fools. Had my uncle been touching me up in my sleep more than the one time when I woke up???*) but my physical mind was on this dimension that's why I couldn't see but I could feel. At least that's what I understood; it's complicated.

RJ 30/11/1988 Wednesday
Monday… Gustavo kept insisting on smoking the rest of my weed with me, he pestered me so much I gave in. We came to the flat after class. Maira, Claudio and the woman who does the washing & ironing were here. We had lunch, Maira and Claudio went out. We went to the bedroom and smoked. Gustavo lied on the bed, I lied next to him and he cuddled me. He started touching me up, I wasn't really into it, but let it happen. He started to get over excited and I pushed him away, and we started arguing. He grabbed me and I kicked him, he called me names, I said he was rushing too much… It was funny. I told him I was disappointed with his attitude and left the room. The woman left and we were talking. I didn't feel right and couldn't relax. We talked and talked and finally we kissed. We were both a bit calmer. I wanted to be with him for the last 2 weeks, so we started groping each other, but I felt guilty, and I didn't trust him to take it further than kissing. I just don't think I like him enough and that's what I told him. He wasn't happy, but I also don't dislike him. I feel something but I don't know what. We got ourselves back together just in time, my aunt arrived. I went to pick Gabriel up, Gustavo came too. I told him I didn't want anyone to know about us and he agreed.

The problem is Keyla called that afternoon and we had told her (she usually calls me). But on Tuesday we said it was joke. But Keyla had already told Gisele. I don't like lying, but I feel so unsure about this!

RJ 05/12/1988 Monday
I told Ana about Gustavo! I had to tell someone!

Went to Araras with Keyla and Gisele, with Gisele's parents. We arrived and sunbathed for a bit, then went to Fernando's house (Keyla loves him). Some other people were there, then we watched the boys play football. Later we went back to Gisele's to shower and got a lift with Luis Olympio and picked Fernando up. It was a beautiful night so we went to a dark spot (me, Jaque, Keyla, Fernando and Luis). Fernando rolled a spliff and me, him and Keyla smoked. It was such a beautiful night, no moon, only stars. Suddenly the sky brightened up, it was a huge shooting star. Unbelievable! That alone was worth the trip. The rest of the night was fun. The best thing was drunk Fernando. He's amazing, my soulmate, we are so similar. But it's only friendship even though he has everything I want in a guy. I've known him for 2 months and I liked him straight away. But Keyla is mad about him and I don't want trouble. Why did I have to meet him? Enough of this.

We spent eight hours at Fernando's on Sunday, talking and listening to Pink Floyd. At night I drank two shots of pinga and honey and Fernando and I smoked. I tripped so much. I vomited when I got back and tripped all night. I was delirious! I'm never going near Fernando…

This morning we came back to Rio. Went to the beach with Keyla and her family, stayed there for ages. Tomorrow there's a barbeque at Barbosa's house with the Martins gang. IT'S GOING TO BE AMAZING!?

RJ 14/12/1988 Wednesday
The barbeque was amazing indeed. I went, Keyla.. Gustavo… I spent most of the time arguing with Gustavo. I was afraid we'd get together again, we were both keeping some distance.

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On Friday, the 9th, me, Barbosa, Ana, Luis, Marcelo H., Mauro, Marcos, Silvana and the rest of the gang went to celebrate Ana's birthday at a bar. I was talking to Barbosa most of the night. Later on we went up to a party and Alan was there. He had told Indio he wouldn't swap me for his girlfriend, about two weeks ago… What an awful thing to say. I got off with Barbosa in front of him out of spite. Worst of all, now he's really split up with his girlfriend. But he can get lost now. I've been going to Martins since Monday only in the afternoons, just to do exams. I didn't realise I'd miss the place!

Now hot news. How the flesh is weak! Gustavo came here yesterday. We got together at school on Monday. Want to know why? I hadn't seen him in five days and when I saw him my heart started beating really fast! We started arguing as soon as we saw each other. I couldn't get away from him or stop arguing. We were going to the classroom but he called me for a chat in another empty classroom, and apologised for what happened at my place. We talked for half an hour (he's impatient but I cooked him slowly) we kissed. Then we argued! I went home totally confused.

I was watching a film when he called saying he had weed and invited himself. I said ok… He arrived yesterday at 10am, we smoked and he behaved. And then we had sex… It felt simple and natural. It was great. After, while he was still here, Marcos called! He's staying at Barra and we arranged to see each other on Friday, but I missed him so much I decided to surprise him after my exam. As I don't know Rio very well, I struggled to find the place but got there eventually. When he saw me it was amazing! What a hug… I had to stay the night because I got there late and didn't know how to get back home. His sister, Ana, has been here for a month so she knows a few people, we smoked a spliff and I talked a lot with Marcos, about Brasilia and Rio, until 2 in the morning.

Today we woke up and came to my place. We talked for a bit and then I went to do my exam. I took Marcos to Saens Peña and as he was leaving he gave me a peck on the lips. Eh? Does he still like me?

RJ 15/12/1988 Thursday
I did my final Chemistry exam and I fucked up. I needed 80% and I think I got 0. But most people failed anyway…

After the exam the traditional chatting on the bar's doorway. Me and Gustavo sat alone talking. When Gustavo called yesterday Marcos was there and we couldn't really talk. I'm afraid of liking him. He wanted to know if I want to be his girlfriend, just fool around or forget it. As I don't know what I want I couldn't answer and he walked me home and I kissed him. I went up to get some cash to buy some things at the chemist and we waited by the building's gates for Maira. We decided we'll get together whenever, without it being serious. I'm tired of casual though, I want to love someone.

RJ 02/01/1989 Monday
Happy New Year! It started so well. I hope the rest of the year is this good (I'm sure it will be!).

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A big group of friends went to Araras to spend NYE at Gisele's house. Me, Silvana, Gisele, Homero, Marcelinho, Eugeno and Claudia went together by bus, Keyla was there already. I had a bad cold (I need to stop smoking). There were about 40 people there. I drank a lot and some guy called Paul tried to get off with me but I was buzzing too much for kissing. I wanted to have fun. I didn't stop drinking for a moment, except to eat, but I was only a bit dizzy and my cold felt less bad. Keyla was snogging Guilherme, Marcelo with Silvia. Simone with Paul (the same Paul who tried it on with me)… Imagine the madness: when me, Gisele, Silvana and Claudia were showering Silvana took a photo of us! Me and Gisele were butt naked! The party finished and whoever wasn't sleeping there left. Me, Silvana, Keyla, Claudia, Homero, Marcelinho, Eugenio, Jaque and Marcelo slept all squashed up on four beds, the rest spread out around the house.

Homero got off with Claudia (which upset Silvana) and his trousers were visibly full of cum – this was before the party finished – so at bed time we ripped the piss out of him. How I laughed. We joked until 5:30 when it rained really hard and there was a power cut and everyone passed out. Everyone was up by 9:30 and we heard about the yacht that sank in Rio and a lot of people died. We went to ACM to play volleyball and go to the sauna. As we were leaving it started raining a lot. We got to Gisele's soaked and my period arrived. We ate, I smoked a spliff and laid down. I had some crazy auditory hallucinations. I heard very clearly, everyone talking about me, badly, Keyla crying, Andrea fighting with Antonio, Antonio fighting with Guilherme… Some crazy stuff. After I asked people if those things had happened and they laughed at me. I never tripped so hard. In the evening I was back to normal and started drinking, the house was less busy.

We talked and went to lie down at midnight, laughed until 1:30 and slept. We woke up today, cleaned the house up and went back down to Rio. On the bus from Araras-Petropolis me, Silvana, Gisele, Homero, Renato, Eugenio, 2 Marcelos (everyone else went by car) finished 2 litres of wine in 15 minutes. Everyone on an empty stomach. I felt really dizzy, more than yesterday and the day before. We ate and then got the bus to Rio. I passed out and when I woke up we were at the bus station. Everyone went to the beach and I had to come home as I didn't have any tampax.

What a good time! It was worth it! Roger Rabbit… It was the best New Year's of my life!

Today I had my first resit Chemistry class. How dull! Ana said Gustavo told her we had sex. I'll kill him if I see him! Luckily Ana is not a gossip. Speaking of sex my aunt and cousin had a big argument because of my sex life. It's because Gino arrives on the 9th and they know we've done it. My aunt wants me to go on the pill, without seeing a doctor (I can't go until the 17th) because she's terrified I'll get pregnant (she says it's enough having Maira with two kids), Maira prefers we use a condom because I smoke, and the pill is bad anyway, and taking it for only a month is pointless. Those two, discussing what I SHOULD DO! Then they moved on to their own problems… Families are crazy. They finally concluded it had nothing to do with them and it's my problem. What the hell?

RJ 04/01/1989 Wednesday

Gustavo called me early this morning. I missed him! But we argued, for a change. He apologised for telling Ana and said he told Indio as well. I just put the phone down on him. What a stupid thing to do!!!

I went to Ana's to revise Organic Chemistry as we have an exam on Friday. We revised hard then had lunch. Ana said that Gustavo wanted to be my boyfriend, but I tried to act like a post-modern woman and said I just wanted 'Sex, drugs and rock&roll" and that frightened him off. I stayed at Ana's until 5:30.

RJ 05/01/1989 Thursday
I woke up and Gisele and Keyla were here. Gisele really failed the whole year and came here to get some of her things. Gisele and Marcelo are planning on buying diplomas for 250,000crz. If I was them I'd redo the 3rd year, what's the point of having a diploma but knowing nothing?

I taught Keyla some Chemistry and Ana arrived. We revised a bit and started talking. We cooked lunch: rice, egg and chips. Elfio turned up here, he's so cute! And he's also really nice… We just hang around till four. No one thought about Chemistry while Elfio was there! Everyone left at 5 and I slept till 8!

Maira, Gabi and D. Nina went up to Friburgo today. They had been here since Friday.

Asclê stayed in Rio for 3 weeks but I didn't see him. He called me saying he wanted to have a serious talk about rumours about me (Rodrigo, Patricia…) but we never saw each other and I'm dying to know what he was going to say! To this day I don't know what they found out about me and Rodrigo, or who said what.

RJ 06/01/1989 Friday
Marco called from Brasilia (he went back on 26/12/88) and you won't believe this! He's going out with Luciana! Crazy world!

I went to Keyla's early this morning and we revised for Chemistry until 2 in the afternoon and then played buraco with her mum and then went to Martins at 4:30 to do the damned exam in Organic Chemistry. The bitch teacher made the exam really hard and I think I fucked up. Can't she see the reason we are retaking is because we know fuck all? Instead of helping she's fucked us up! I'm so mad at her!

RJ 09/01/1989 Monday - Vestibular
On Sunday I did the UFF exam, 2nd phase. Portuguese, Literature and Spanish and it went well (I wonder if I'll pass) I got 83 points in the 1st phase… Marco phoned me again, he might come back here, I hope so!

Monica gave us a horrible assessment! I don't think I'm going to pass the resit…

Today was the 1st phase exam for UERJ/UFRJ/CEFET (more exams tomorrow at UFF, this is intense!). Today the exam was Portuguese, Spanish, History and Geography. Everyone was there. Barbosa called me while I was out and I called him back. I miss Osa!

[NOTE: Vestibular is the stressful series of exams for people who want to go to University in Brazil. FOR EACH university you might want to go to you need to do a half or full day of tests. You have to try to get into multiple universities as competition can be very high for vacancies, especially in the free universities. There's often a 1st phase of multiple choice exams, followed by a more specialised essay format exam in the area you're applying for. Nobody enjoys this process, it's just horrible. This is what the last 3 years in school are mostly about, getting ready for these exams]

RJ 10/01/1989 Tuesday - Vestibular
Got up at 5:30, met up with Ana and we got the ferry to Niteroi. Silvana and Renata were on the same ferry. The History exam was fucked up hard! I checked the answers of the UERJ exams in the newspapers and I got more than 5 in all the 4 exams (the average is 4). UERJ is my university of choice, it's free and it's near Zezé). Took the ferry back with Silvana and met Daniela and Alan. Silvana and I went to Ipanema straight from Praça XV. The beach was filthy because of yesterday's rain and we couldn't swim. As it's impossible to bear the heat without swimming we went back home, but before leaving we laughed a lot at the tourists. They are very exotic! If I was a tourist I wouldn't spend a penny in Rio, it's very ugly and uncared for.

Got home at 13:30, rested, showered and went to school, this time for inorganic chemistry. We had an exam today and it was so so. I got 58 on Monica's exame. I need 80% to pass…

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On the 'barca' (ferry) from Niteroi with Deo

Gino should have arrived yesterday and called me but I heard nothing! I wonder what happened?

RJ 11/01/1989 Wednesday
I'm getting mad at Gino, why hasn't he called for fuck's sake? Hasn't he arrived? Either way he should have called me. How inconsiderate! Stupid Gustavo hasn't called for a week. Is he fucking sulking? (what a dirty mouth I have, fucking hell!)

Today I was reading my diary from when I was in the 8th year. All I talked about was Henrique! I miss him. Fabiane, Daniele. I changed so much since then! Those days were good, I knew everything in theory, nothing in practice. It was in that year that I started to really like Henrique. And to this day I still like him a lot. I don't get why I got scared and said no to him. Of course it was insecurity. No point in crying over spilt milk. When will we see each other again?

Indio came here at 5:30 to photocopy my organic chemistry work and I went with him to bring it back. I threw up the idea of him having a barbeque after the 15th and asked him what Gustavo had told him. Firstly he pretended he didn't know anything; then he said Gustavo told him we got together, during the final exam week (we hadn't had sex back then). But I wouldn't mind so much if he told Indio everything. I know how itchy the tongue can get!

Later I went to Keyla's to return Valeria's clothes I had borrowed. How Valeria pestered me about this outfit! Did she think I was going to steal it? It was at the dry cleaners!!! I helped Keyla out a bit with the Chemistry assignment. I was so rude to her yesterday I felt bad and wanted to make amends. It's not her fault she's struggling with it. Although, if I can do it, why can't she? She's not retarded. Why does she have to depend on people for everything? She always copies everything from other people, so yesterday I got mad and started questioning why can't she do the work on her own? I did this for her own good but I was too harsh. I find it hard to accept someone as nice as her depending on other people and showing no initiative. That's her mother's fault. I hope she gets over this because it's not good. But I felt bad so I helped her out. And I don't like feeling sorry for people. But I was too rude to her yesterday. For me, that's my worst defect, I'm so rude sometimes that I feel disgusted with myself. Good night my people!

RJ 12/01/1989 Thursday
It's my mum's birthday today (44 years old). I've been missing her!

Last night after I wrote here, I called Gustavo but it was engaged. When I finally got through I gave up before he answered. He must have read my thoughts and called me today at lunchtime. He was mad at me because I didn't call him on his birthday. As I knew he'd gone out at night (Ana told me) I made up that I called on Sunday but he was out. He believed me and was happy. He's going to Cabo Frio tomorrow and gets back on Tuesday. I'm missing him too!

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I went to inorganic chemistry class at 1:30. I got 72% on Tuesday's exam. I was tearing my hairs out today as I needed 88%, but today's exam was easy peasy and I think I got 90%. Monica is going to allow everyone who got more than 50% and handed completed the assignment pass, therefore: I HAVE FINISHED SECONDARY SCHOOL! I'M FREE! THANK GOD! I WANT EVERYTHING TO GO TO FUCK! What a relief, man! I really thought I might fail… The official results aren't out until the 18th.

I got home at 6 and Cazzo, who had vanished, called me to go out, with Manuela. I went to Manuela's at Rua Uruguay. She hasn't changed much. Shame Paula has already gone back to Brasilia. Her parents dropped us off at Erva Doce. Cazzo and his gang were there. We went home early because Manuela's parents are full of shit. For Cazzo and his gang the night was still young.

RJ 13/01/1989 Friday
Gustavo called in the morning and said he was coming to see me. I went out to buy meat, called him when I got back (he left a message asking me to call him) and he said he couldn't come as he was waiting for a call from a friend he's going to Cabo Frio with and asked me to go over to his place. I was feeling lazy and didn't want to go. Then he arranged to meet me in school at 5, I said I wasn't going but then decided to go, but I fell asleep and never made it. He's going today at 19:30. He knows Gino should have called me and hasn't, and he keeps saying Gino is dead… I hate him! If Gino hurts as much as a little finger I'll kill Gustavo because he keeps cursing him, saying bad stuff happened to him, all the time.

Maira and Gabi arrived today from Friburgo, she's 6 months pregnant already, with a big belly!

RJ 15/01/1989 Sunday - Vestibular
Hi! The day rose after Sarney announced the New Cruzado plan and everyone had nightmares about it. Everyone is wondering will it work? No one understands what's going to change and how, economist's jargon is Greek to the Brazilians. This crazy economy is so confusing. I think it's ok for us to suffer temporarily and then for things to improve and we get out of this shit. But it never gets better and wages never have a real value. Damned Adam Smith for starting all this!
Barbosa came here on Saturday night and we went to Keyla to see if she wanted to join us. Kiko and Alan were at her place! As well as Gabi, Silvana and Marcelinha. It rained a lot, we didn't have a car and we just stayed there chatting, really bored. Alan is great, shame about his girlfriend. He treats me normally as if Ana never said anything to him, how kind! We stayed there till 23:30.

Yesterday I did UERJ's exams (Physics, Chemistry, Maths and Biology). It went well and I might even pass. If I get into UERJ! I'll kill myself with joy! I bumped into Alan on the way out and we talked for an hour, waiting for Evly and Keyla. Evly finished and no sign of Keyla and I got tired of waiting and went home. Keyla had already left15 minutes before I got out, and left without me!

I got home, had a shower and went to Keyla's for us to go out. We were waiting for Barbosa and Marcelo, I went to the toilet and… I broke the whole thing. The toilet just collapsed and fell on the floor. It was hilarious! Off we went to clean it up. This one is going down in history.

We went to Silvana's and finally we managed to go out at midnight: me, Keyla, Barbosa, Marcelo, Silvana, Gisele, Gabi, Marcelinho and Renata. There were enough cars to fit everyone in and we went to Barra, then Botafogo, where we spent ages looking for a bar. I drank one caipivodca and I was drunk! Kadu Moliterno (actor) showed up in a pickup with 4 girls. What a playboy!

I got back home at 3:40, everything was spinning. Barbosa flirted with everyone and then tried to get off with me, no chance, I beat him up (mulhermacho!) I woke up at 8 am with a hangover from hell.

RJ 17/01/1989 Tuesday
I went to the gynaecologist with Maira and Claudio in the morning. I have a small sore in my uterus and I need to put some cream on it. I'm going to go on the pill for my periods to become regular. After the doctor, me and Maira went to buy me some clothes at C&A, I was in dire need. I went to the post office and school in the afternoon. I called Luciana in the evening, it's her birthday.

RJ 18/01/1989 Wednesday
I woke up at 10:30. It wasn't sunny so our plans to go to the beach went down the drain. Elfio (oh my god!) called me at 11 to come here tomorrow and record some music. Keyla already invited herself. He's so gorgeous, like someone out of an advert. I don't fancy him that much though, just a bit, he'd never give me a second glance anyway. After lunch I went to Keyla and we went to school to get our official results. Of course I passed! I needed 7.8 and I got 8 average. Keyla failed the resit.

Cláudia Gonçalves 1986-2023

The last cigarette I smoked today was at 14:30. I'd like to stop, at least buying them. I've been smoking a packet religiously, every day, for 2.5 years. I tried to stop last April. But now I have to smoke a lot less, cigarettes are too expensive.

RJ 19/01/1989 Thursday
Today I got majorly dumped! Gustavo came here to see me and we talked. He wanted to have sex but I didn't want to, I just wanted to talk. Then he said he was seeing a girl, from Cabo Frio, and that he was starting to like her, and that he came to see me just to see how he felt about me. He said he was tired, it was always a battle for him to get together with me, that I'm stupid, that he's never getting together with me again, that I don't like him… I was speechless. When he said he was starting to like this girl called Luciana I felt really jealous (why?). I also hurled lots of insults at him. He ate something, borrowed some books and left. He said to call him when I became more delicate. What a slap with silk gloves. It really got to me, I cried. He said so many hurtful, truthful things. I was starting to like him, he made me think he was into me and now this. And still, nothing from Gino, for fucks sake!

Elfio and Keyla spent the afternoon here, at least I wasn't alone feeling sorry for myself. I told them about my sorrows and felt better. They advised me to call him. No way! He treats me like this and I go running after him? Even if it was all lies, he really hurt me. And if this Luciana is real I hope he dies with her.

RJ 20/01/1989 Friday
I called Gino in Cabo Frio last night as I concluded he wasn't coming to Rio and I wanted to talk to him. He was there! He said that the house phone can only receive calls and the call centre in town gets really busy, it only empties out at 1:30, 2am and that he wanted to call but never managed to do it. He said he'd been ill and only made it to the beach today. I had to swallow it because one major argument with Gustavo yesterday was enough. Gino's father had to stay in Brasilia so he has nowhere to stay in Rio. I said he could stay here but there's no way my aunt would let him stay. He's calling me tomorrow at 1:30, so I can let him know he can't stay here. Time to forget him I think, 1 year and 8 months of this, but I really think we do like each other for real…

The sun was amazing today and it was a holiday so the family went to the beach. Just before we left Reinaldo called me asking to go to the beach, I arranged to meet him there. Reinaldo is a distant cousin, he's 23 years old. We went to Vincentina's house the other day (she's his mum) but Reinaldo wasn't there. Vicentina was selling him to me and must have done the same to him. On that very same day he called me later, asking me to go out but I was already going out with my friends. We talked another time on the phone but I thought he was a bit silly and he talked too much. The last time I saw him he was 12 or 13 years old! I didn't even remember what he looked like.

Reinaldo showed up, I was sunbathing lying on my front. He said hi to Zezé, Marisa, Ju, Chico. My uncle came and got me and we met. It was a small disappointment, I expected worse. He's not ugly or unfriendly but he's not my type. We might go out one night, if I'm really bored. Marisa and Marvio (more cousins) are here on holiday and were there too. Marvio is 10 years old but he'll grow up into a hot guy! The beach was beautiful and clean! We left at 4pm. I burnt myself, it had been a while since I had sunbathed properly. Beaches are the best thing in the world, you know?

Tomorrow is Martin's graduation party, but I'm not sure I'm going to go.

RJ 22/01/1989 Sunday - Graduation party
It's 16:30 and I'm exhausted. I only haven't slept because I'm waiting for food and it's taking a long time. I went to Martins' party yesterday and got home at 5:30 but only managed to sleep at 7, only to wake up at 8:30 to go to the beach and I'm like a zombie right now.

Orsay and Barbosa picked me up at 10:30 last night, we went past Deo's house and went to the party at the Municipal. As soon as I got there I bumped into Gustavo, which was the last thing I wanted. As soon as we saw each other we started to argue. How unbearable! Most of the time he'd provoke me and I'd ignore him but it was also the other way around, but really I just wanted to get together with him, but there's no way I was going to show it. I had lots of fun the rest of the time, whenever Gustavo moved away. Me and Silvana kept going up and down the venue. It was packed full. I danced the waltz with Barbosa, Mauro and Naval. Gustavo was going to dance with me and then made a point of NOT dancing with me. Wanker!

Silvana took lots of photos, it was so much fun! Shame Keyla, Ana, Gisele, Bill, Indio, etc, didn't go as it would have been even better. The only horrible thing were the shoes I was wearing, hurting and destroying my feet. How I suffered! I'm going to miss school! I was totally awake when I got home and when I finally drifted off the phone rang, it was Orsay, his car documents were with

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me. Who calls at 6:30 am? I nearly killed him. We met at the beach and I gave them back to him. When I went to sleep everyone woke up and I only managed to snooze until 8:30. Me, Zezé, Gil, Marisa and Marvio went to Barra at 10 and came back at 3. The sun was amazing. If I'm ever rich I'm living on a beach!

Gustavo, Silvana, Barbosa and I

I'm going to eat and sleep until tomorrow!

RJ 23/01/1989 Monday
I went to Martins at lunch time to request my grades/certificate and Sherlock, Oza and Flavio were there. I got back home at 1, Maira and Claudio were here and suddenly Gina, Bianca and Marcio turned up!
[leaving this out, not translating as it's about someone else's mental health]

I went to the back in the afternoon and had to queue for an hour! Then back to Martins, queuing for another hour! I'm going back again tomorrow.

RJ 24/01/1989 Tuesday
I woke up and went to Martins to hand in some paperwork and meet Silvana. We got to Arpoador beach at 10:30. The only two beaches you can swim without catching a skin disease or hepatitis are Barra and Arpoador. Arpoador seemed cleaner than Barra, at least there were no dead jellyfish and the waves were enormous.

We left at 2 because I was feeling sick with hunger. Then I went to see Keyla at 6, she's back from Araras. I adore Keyla! I got back home at 7:30.

I called Gennaro (my grandad) to ask for money for my contraceptive pill, but I said I needed money for blood tests otherwise he'd have a heart attack. Later he asked my aunt if I was behaving… My aunt told him I had gone to the doctors and he thought I might be a bit anaemic and asked for the blood tests. Talk to make grandad's sleep! What really happened was I saw a gynaecologist and I'm going on the pill.

Gino called later saying he'll be staying at Marcelo's place in Rio. So he's coming after Carnival. He didn't even invite me to go there! What the hell, I hate him! I hope he blows up! Nothing can excuse his lack of consideration.*[NOTE: maybe he'd heard all the rumours about me and Rodrigo? How am I not realising that?]*

RJ 25/01/1989 Wednesday
Me, Keyla and Luciana went to Ipanema. I was fuming because that beach is filthy and I wouldn't be able to go for a swim. Elfio met us and I convinced everyone to go to Arpoador instead. Elfio went to get some food and walked from Posto 10 until past Posto 8. Keyla kept complaining about the sort of people who were there but at least the water was amazing! But the sea was intense and I nearly drowned. I saw death from close up… Elfio turned up at 1 and we stayed until 3:30. I was dead when I got home because I'd been swimming so much.

I received letters from Patricia, Luciana and Alexandra. Patricia is still cold towards me but at least she's written to me.

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RJ 26/01/1989 Thursday
Went to Leblon to meet Elfio but the wanker didn't go. We decided not to go to Barra (I tried any way I could to convince everyone to go there, but they wouldn't, because everyone would be going to Leblon). We ended up at shitty, dirty posto 11. I probably caught leprosy from the sea! We left the beach at 4 (me, Keyla and Lu) and went by Martins to talk to Mauro.

When I was going up to my flat so was Wagner, he had gone to Barrabella, there was a Morey championship (*no idea what this is, have no memory of it*). I'm so mad! I said we should have gone there! I hate Leblon!

RJ 27/01/1989 Friday
What's up duck?

Today we FINALLY went to Barra, me, Keyla, Lu. We arranged to meet Barbosa at midday, in front of Caça e Pesca. Barbosa arrived and I begged everyone to go to Barrabella. Off we went, Barrabella is very near Caça e Pesca. I wanted to see Wagner or Gustavo but neither were there. The water was freezing and the sun was boiling! I couldn't stand staying in the water or the sun for very long. We stayed on the beach till 5. The bus back, 234, was packed, for a change. A cute guy with blue eyes kept staring all the way, so nice! He looked 15/16 years old, but it's ok for bus flirting. Swoon!

It's a fucking nightmare going to Barra by bus. The boys from my street (Wagner's friends) are always cat calling me. Today Flavio walked past and called me tasty, actually he screamed. I was really embarrassed, everyone was out and heard it. What a bunch of dickheads, instead of getting to know me, becoming friends, they do this stupid shit!

Today I dreamt with Gino and Gustavo in Brasilia. But they were the same person, I mean, sometimes it was Gino's face, then it was Gustavo's. It was crazy! When I was about to tell Gustavo I wanted to be with him, he'd become Gino, when I was going to kiss Gino he turned into Gustavo. I was a bit paranoid after that!

RJ 30/01/1989 Monday
Went to Barra with Zezé and Gil yesterday. I don't know why they ended the Summer Time! Feel the excuse: The Government didn't want soldiers and children to go to work/school in the dark. They didn't give a shit about that in October and now kids are on holiday! They could at least keep it until after Carnaval. But I think they ended it so that the samba schools would have more night time in which to parade. Now, that's what I call a serious country! We went to Regina's parent's house after the beach. Gina was there (she's not well, mentally). It makes me mad seeing her like this. One day I'll go into details as to what happened to her. We got home at 8pm and Luciana called me at 10. I miss her!!!!

RJ 31/01/1989 Tuesday
There was nobody to go to the beach with so I didn't go. Ana Claudia rang me yesterday. Gustavo had a bruise at the graduation party, near the eye and Ana said it was because he got hit by his surfboard (little playboy that he is!) He had to have stitches. I thought he had hit a lamp post. I ripped the piss out of him at the party because of it.

In two days I wrote to Rodrigo, Bocão, Patricia, Luciana and Alexandra. It had been a while since I last did a marathon writing session. Rodrigo hasn't written for ages and I told him off in my letter. Luciana said he was in Brasilia with a girlfriend from Uberlandia. I can only imagine how devastated Patricia must have felt. She bumped into him but fortunately the girlfriend wasn't with him and they had a talk. I'm hoping Patricia will tell me all about it in the next letter.

I keep dreaming I'm with my people in Brasilia and my friends from Rio at the same time. They are crazy dreams.

I started on the pill. I worked out really hard this afternoon! I'm going to hurt a lot tomorrow.

Maira came down to Rio unexpectedly, the boredom should decrease a little, but she's already gone to Claudio's home.

RJ 01/02/1989 Wednesday
I cleaned the flat up in the morning and exercised from 9-11. I never sweated this much and I ache all over. I'm too eager. I'll do the same tomorrow. I went to see Keyla in the afternoon (she's back from Araras), Lu and Carla were there. Carla finished with her boyfriend of 18 months, Ruy, because he gave her a really nasty venereal disease. Carla can't even go to the beach, she spends the

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whole day putting medication on herself. What a son of a bitch! If he was having sex with Carla why did he have to fuck other people? Disgusting! Now he's chasing after her but she's not interested and even found another boyfriend. You go Carla!

Keyla, Carla and Val are going to Caxambu. We were going to Cabo Frio and I was going to surprise Gino, but that isn't going to happen. Gisele and Silvana went South. Barbosa is already locked up at EFOMM (Escola de Formação de Oficiais da Marinha Mercante). He's made, he gets lots of cash to study with the Mercantil Marine. Ana came back from Muriqui and I'm going to visit her tomorrow.

I'm spending carnival in Friburgo. Keyla invited me to Caxambu, but I only wanted to go to Cabo Frio, so I'm staying with family instead, watching the fun on TV. Another pointless, lost carnival. Remember 88? This is so fucked up.

I dreamt I was in Martins and I hugged Gustavo really hard in front of the whole school.

Gina called here, I feel so attuned with her, wish I could hold her and help her, but I can only pray for her. She asked me if I had stopped crying already (?) as she knew I was sad(?), and if I wanted to talk to my mum to give her a call. She's not making any sense in conversation. She's too sensitive, maybe that's why she lost it. I wish I could understand how she lost the equilibrium. It seems so complicated!

Friburgo 03/02/1989 Friday
Carnival is going to be great here… I don't even want to think about it!

Yesterday afternoon I went to Ana's house and we might take swimming together (in a pool, not the sea). Some guy showed up selling some amazing bikinis and Ana lent me money to buy one. Me, her and Mauro (her boyfriend) were chatting all afternoon.

As I was leaving Ana's neighbour, Mauro's friend, turned up. He's not handsome in any way… His name is Antonio. But Mauro started scheming for the four of us to go out. I went home and decided to go out with them. They picked me up at 21:00, we bought 2L of wine and went to Barra. Antonio was talking non stop in the car on the way there, about politics, he's in PT, highly political and in favour of armed guerrilla. Incredibly rare to find a guy like this, especially in Grajau! We hit it off straight away and talked about politics all the way, and about me too.

We drank wine and talked in Barra. Then Ana and Mauro went to the car and Antonio started trying it on with me. As I don't like anything moving too fast I asked him if he was there just to get off with me. And he said 'yes!' Then I said he'd have to wait for me to want it too. Then we started some serious arguing, him to convince me to get off with him and me telling him I like to get to know people first, and my argument was that the harder it is and the longer it takes, the better it is.

But as I liked him and his revolutionary ideals (I wish I'd been 17 in 1969/1970) I agreed to kiss him. I was already over the fact that he's not Gino/Rodrigo/Henrique (in terms of looks) and I was finding him quite attractive, charming, interesting, affectionate. Anyway, we kissed and I was disappointed! Why is it that such a nice guy has a kissing style so different from mine? It's not bad, it's just different. We were romancing for a bit and went home early.

Antonio called me this morning (he's 21 years old) begging me not to go to Friburgo and to spend Carnival with him, Ana and Mauro. I was afraid I'd have sex with him too soon and lots of other paranoia and said my aunt wouldn't let me do it. He asked to speak to her and I said no. What a struggle! I also thought about Gino, he's coming here after carnival and I don't want to be seeing anyone. It would be worse if I spent carnival with Antonio then kicked him to the curb to be with Gino. But I think it's because there was no chemistry. If it was Gustavo I might be tempted, as it's only carnival and not serious. But with Antonio I'd not want it to be light, he's special.

Friburgo 05/02/1989 Sunday
Oh, the boredom! The thing I do the most is sleep… As nothing happens here I've been following the news and the Stroessener and General Rodriguez conflict. https://www.hrw.org/reports/1989/WR89/Paraguay.htm

General Alfredo Stroessner was overthrown on February 3, 1989, in a violent coup that abruptly ended his 34-year rule. He was replaced by General Andrés Rodríguez. It is notable that in Paraguay, a long-time U.S. ally governed until the coup by a right-wing dictatorship, the Reagan administration had a strong record of criticizing Stroessner's abysmal human rights practices. In 1989, a

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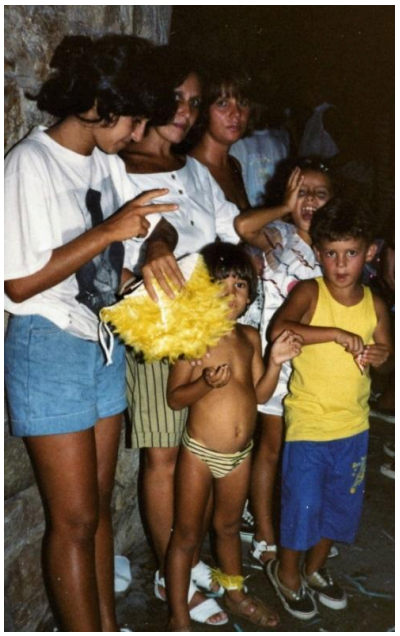
year that saw a dramatic improvement in the human rights situation in Paraguay, the Bush administration showed continued interest in human rights in that country.

Looks like the evil Stroessner is going to try and get exile in Brazil! People watched it and did NOTHING! The 3rd world will not come out of this shit for a long as its people have no conscience; i.e. a decent education system. It looks like Stroessner is going to live in a farm in Uberaba. How can we give this man exile???

As I've been hibernating a lot I keep meeting Gino in my dreams, I'm like a proper Romantic, only happy in my dreams. I took the chance to study a bit in case I get the chance to do the 2nd phase of exams at UERJ. It seems the results are out on the 9th. There's lots of people in the house: me, Zezé, Maira, Gabi, Nina, Beth, Paulinho, Marcelle, Gil, Eliza, Felipe… Elmo disappeared.

RJ 09/02/1989 Thursday - Vestibular
We just got back from Friburgo (it's 21:00). I watched lots of samba schools on TV and on Tuesday, me, Maira, Zezé, Eliza and the kids (Marcelo, Gabi and Felipe) went to the Country club, matinee, for the kids to jump about. It was as close as I got to carnival this year.



Vila Izabel came in 4th place and Imperatriz won the carnival in Rio. Antonio called me (he must have sensed my arrival) asking me out tomorrow. As he lives next door to Ana I asked to speak to her and she said the result for UFF came out on Sunday (it wasn't meant to be out until the 16th, she checked my number and I PASSED! I'm fucking amazing! But I don't want to study there as it's in Niteroi and it's only at night. If I don't get in UERJ I'll just do nothing until I go to London.

CONGRATULATIONS! I got into a federal university. I'm so happy!

RJ 11/02/1989 (early) Saturday
I couldn't go out last night because everyone went to the Centre (Umbanda Centre, not city centre) for the year's opening and I had to babysit Gabriel. Antonio called, we were on the phone for ages, but I don't think his intentions are very 'good', and if mine weren't either, then fine. But I barely know the guy and he's rushing, I hate people who rush. In truth he wants what everyone wants . I'm still very naive!

I called UERJ and the results of the 1st phase will come out on the 13th. I can't wait to see them!

I've been in a very bad mood: my father hasn't sent money, Gino never calls, family expects a certain behaviour from me, I'm always missing people (seems to be my fate). I'm fed up and would vanish if I could.

RJ 12/02/1989 Sunday

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Went to the beach with Zezé, Gil and Gabi but the sun was really crap but at least it didn't rain. There's been no sun for two weeks! My mum called in the evening and we talked for half an hour. She's seeing a 35 year old german, 2m tall. But she's got some weird prejudices and some ridiculous and shallow opinions. Two weeks with me and this nonsense will be gone. I'll give her some lack of manners so she can see how Brazilian her daughter really is. She was right about one thing regarding me being in a bad mood, she said it was PMT and she was right. My period arrived. She's coming to Rio end of March.

The fucking UERJ vestibular result still hasn't come out. I'm getting really angry.

Gino said he was coming after Carnival but didn't call again. I'm not bothered. He can fuck off. I'm not ringing him again.

RJ 18/02/1989 Saturday - Vestibular
I passed the 1st phase at UERJ. I saw it in the newspaper today. To pass I needed a global average of 4 and I got 4.78. What a relief!!!

I went to Ana's yesterday afternoon. The results were out yesterday afternoon, but you had to go to UERJ. When I was leaving Antonio, who had arrived from work, went with me, from newsagent to newsagent to see if the 'Folha Dirigida' had been delivered but no! He then walked with me halfway home and asked me out tonight, I made up an excuse and said I couldn't. I hate it when a guy likes me and I don't like him back. It's a pain in the arse! Everything he does to please me just seems ridiculous. How I wish I liked him!
Before getting to Ana's I went to the bank to collect the money my father sent me and paid the last of what I owed school. My official results certificate will be ready on the 20th.

Renata called me in the evening! The one whose place I stayed last July. She vanished and now she's back. How nice. Best of all was Marcos, he's in Rio again and arrived the day before yesterday. Gabi went to Fortaleza with Jeison for a week now and Carla is back with Ruy (WHY? I can't believe it.)

RJ 19/02/1989 Sunday - Vestibular
Silvana called me last night and told me I came in 13th place in Portuguese/Literature. There were 30 places, I got 5397 points. That's really good, sometimes I surprise myself!

Me, Zezé and Maira went to visit grandad yesterday late afternoon. He had taken some medication to help him sleep the night before because he simply hadn't slept a wink since carnival!. He was very slow yesterday. They gave him a horse dosage. He shouldn't depend on these medications. He looked like he smoked one and was tripping.

This morning me, Gil, Zezé and Maira Humongous Belly went to Barra. On the way back Maira and Gil started arguing. They only talk to each other to fight. The almighty macho concluded because Maira depends on him she has to do what he says. He thinks Gabriel shouldn't have gone to Fortaleza with Jeison. How could Maira deny a father's right? And a son? They adore each other. No, Zezé and Gil think they are the only ones who love and have rights over Gabriel. How can someone who reads so much and claims to be spiritually enlightened be so ignorant? Maira also does a lot of stupid things. It's like they are enemies. Gil is a disgusting sexist and Maira is a radicalist. What a crazy family! It's fucked up being financially dependent having to hear everything Maira has to hear, if I was her I couldn't cope. But she has no way of supporting two kids, so she has to put up with it.

When I got home from the beach Luciana called. Then Marcos. I wanted to see him but I felt so lazy. Marcos was a bit upset but what could I do? It's his fault for staying in the arse end of the world.

RJ 20/02/1989 Monday
I went to Martins in the morning to pick some of my certificates, the rest will be done by Wednesday then I went to the Post Office.

Went to Keyla's in the afternoon. She picked up the negatives from the photos from our school trip to Petropolis/Teresopolis last July, the one I nearly got off with Claudio. I got some of them developed.

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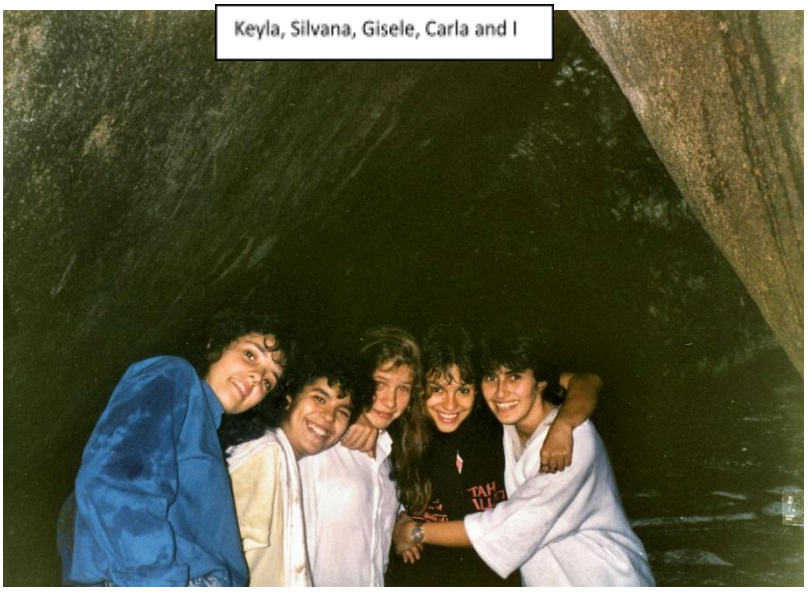

I bought some birthday cards, went to the dentist with Keyla and then went to UERJ. Whoever got an average 3-4 goes to the second phase. Keyla got 2.75 so she didn't make it, neither did Gisele with 2.09. Alan got through with 3.5 as did Sherlock.

My grades: Foreign Language 8.50, Portuguese 5.5, Maths 2.00, Physics 3.25, Biology 5.5, Chemistry 5.0, History 6.0 Geo 2.5! This Geography grade isn't right but the deadline to ask for remarking is gone. Damn!

Marcos called but when we were about to arrange a time to meet the line went dead. When he called back he left a message with all the details except a time in the morning. The morning has 6 hours!

RJ 22/02/1989 Wednesday

Marcos called me Monday and arranged to meet in front of Barra Shopping, near the Bradesco cash machine at 16:00. I got a lift with Eliana and my aunt, they were going to Freeway, but I only got there at 17:00, thankfully Marcos was still waiting and Zezé met him. We had a drink, walked around, played pinball, we couldn't stop gossiping and catching up and then went to Barra Sul. Aninha and Zelia (his sister and mum) are going to move there but Marcos is staying with his aunt in Brasilia, on the 206, as that's what he wants to do.

We had nothing to do, we had dinner and went to another apt. to pick up a radio and then he took me to the rooftop and we could see the landscape from the 20th floor. Amazing. We got back down and met Aninha, she went out with friends, it started raining and we went home. As soon as we got out of the lift, on the 18th floor, the lights went out. It rained and it was so windy! I can only imagine now many shacks collapsed on the favelas. Me, Marco and aunt Zelia talked until 2:30am when Aninha arrived screaming. She woke everyone up. She asked for a candle, and because she wasn't coming up Marcos and I went down 18 floors so she wouldn't walk up alone. I nearly died on the way up.

Today we went to the beach, the four of us. Ana went off for a smoke, aunt Zelia couldn't cope with the sun. Me and Marcos were just catching the waves. Then Marcos asked why didn't we get together without anyone knowing as we are in Rio. I wanted to a bit but I asked if him and Luciana are good together and like each other. He said he really does like her but said when I'm near the feelings he has for me come back. Marcos will never stop liking me, like I like Henrique. I said I didn't want to go behind Luciana's back, never, if we got together I'd never feel comfortable around her, it was bad enough what I did to Patricia, not doing that again to her sister! So no matter how much I wanted to get off with him I wouldn't, I learned my lesson. I'm never getting off with my friend's boyfriends, never ever again! [*NOTE: I actually stuck to that promise for the rest of my life*]

Marcos said he didn't understand but he accepted it. I came back home at 18:00 because if I stayed there again I might not resist him. I feel lonely and having someone so keen on me, I might not resist and do something silly! Temptation got bigger after lunch so I decided to leave. I CAN'T GET TOGETHER WITH HIM!

RJ 24/02/1989 Friday

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I went to Martins yesterday to meet Silvana to go to UERJ to pick up the confirmation card for the 2nd phase. We bumped into Alan. He's so nice, shame nothing ever happened (He didn't want to it to!).

We met Kiko at UERJ and I went home talking to him. When I got home Rita (Wagner's mum) was here. She's 38 years old and she's pregnant and she's all happy as she decided to keep the baby, her 4th child. Gisele, the youngest, is 7 years old.

RJ 26/02/1989 Sunday
Me and Maira went to Saens Peña yesterday morning. We bought lots of things for Julia. She'll be born at the beginning of April.

I revised a bit for Literature in the afternoon for today's exam at UERJ. I went to bed early last night and the phone rang at 2am. My aunt got me up, fuming. It was Rodrigo, calling from Uberlandia. I couldn't really speak, I was short because I had to be up early. I didn't even let him declare his love for me. He has another girlfriend and then calls me at 2am to say he hasn't forgotten me!?

He must have been really high. He's so sentimental when he's high. At least he's still a little mad, just the way I like! Ana came here in the morning, her leg is in a cast and Mauro drove us to UERJ. Today I did Portuguese, Literature and Creative Writing. I did badly on Creative Writing, I couldn't develop the theme fully. When I got home at 10:00 everyone was going to the beach but I didn't want to go. Something horrible happened with my uncle (this guy isn't my uncle!) but it's best not to talk about it. I just stopped talking to him and will never talk to him again, but nobody knows anything. Filthy pig!

This afternoon I called Rodrigo so we could talk properly. He told me he has a plan but didn't expand. Maybe he wants to go to England with me. That would be amazing! He said the girlfriend thing is complicated but didn't go into details. I wonder what his plans are?

RJ 28/02/1989 Tuesday - Vestibular
This morning I went to UERJ to do the History and Spanish exams. I finished it all by 10, maybe I'll pass. I hope so. After I finished I met Kiko and we stayed together until 11:30, waiting for Alan. He never turned up and I went to Itau bank to pay a bill then came home. I slept all afternoon because I had slept badly the night before, it's too hot to sleep.

Went to Martins with Keyla yesterday to pick up the last of my certificates and she had to pay for the resit. Mrs. Ina is making Keyla's life hell because she didn't pass any of the exams to any of the universities. Awful! She's going to go insane with all the nagging.

I got a letter from Luciana and she's in a family crisis. I haven't had to deal with those since my mother left …

RJ 01/03/1989 Wednesday
I got up and went to buy O Globo newspaper to check the exam answers and I fucked up! Can you believe what I did??? The History exam had 7 questions… And I only saw 4! What a fucking imbecil. Worst of all, I knew the answer to the other 3 questions. I cried with anger. Why didn't I turn the page, why??? It can only be tension, nerves. I've been feeling tense but I never thought I'd get to this point. FUCK!

I called Luciana in the evening. She said she cheated on Marcos with a guy from 305, I know him but can't remember his name. What's his fucking name? I'm really going insane… Ah, it's Joca.

RJ 02/03/1989 Thursday
I tried not to think about the History exam, but failed. People kept reminding me of it by asking how I'd done. I finally got my Secondary School Certificate. It looks good. I went to Keyla's and she insisted I stay there all day , but, not sure why, I came home. As I opened the door the phone rang. I ran to pick it up but it was Antonio. Meh! I thought he'd never call again after I was rude to him. Last week he called me asking me to call him at work to give him an excuse to leave early. I said no and was rude to see if he'd take the hint. He didn't call for 8 days but now he's called again and said he's coming to see me tomorrow. If he shows up I'm going to ask someone to say I'm not here. This is getting annoying!

I'm really missing friends from Martins. Keyla and I were reliving the good times.

RJ 03/03/1989 Friday - Stalking & Spirituality

Cláudia Golubov, 1988-2023

Today was funny…

At 11 in the morning the bell rings. I could see someone tall through the door glass, it could only be Antonio, I jumped and ran to the bedroom and asked Mrs Nina to say I wasn't in. I could hear the dialog from the kitchen:

- Mrs Nina: She's gone out, give me a minute to check where she went.
- Zezé (who came out of the shower and had no clue what was going on) Oh, I thought she just went to take the rubbish out.

Then I show up in the corridor, making signals…

Zezé: Ah, I'm not sure, where could she be? I have no idea.
Mrs. Nina: Oh, now I remember, she went to the beach
Zezé: how naughty, she never told me…

I was pissing myself laughing. They were speaking really loudly to make sure he heard, it was so obvious it was bullshit.

Mrs Nina went back to the door, to Antonio: Look, son, she went to the beach and I only just remembered.
Antonio: Did she go on her own?
Mrs Nina: I don't know. Bye!

Of course he realised I was home. But the doorman always rings the intercom to let us know someone is coming up, due to bad luck the intercom broke today so I had no time to tell them what to say to him. I hope he did realise I was in and never contacts me again. After he left the three of us laughed a lot.

I was going to the Spiritual Centre today but I decided against it. It seems there's an inner battle on whether I should take spiritualism seriously or not. Sometimes I believe it, others I don't.

My mum called (glad I didn't go out). She's totally atheist and everyone here is spiritualist. It's hard to have a religion like this! My mum was making fun of them. 'Yo no creo en las brujas pero que las hay, las hay' Get it? Even with all the atheist influence from my mother I've always felt a pull towards spiritualism, maybe just to contradict my mother, as I've always had this rebellious disease. But so far I haven't been disappointed in anything I read, but on the other side I don't believe any of it strongly enough, I hate my uncle's fanaticism and his false morals.

I have too many doubts and I'm not entirely convinced any of it is true. Sometimes it's like my head is on fire because of the doubts. But if you don't question you don't think… It's much easier to be ignorant.

RJ 06/03/1989 Monday

I think Antonio finally took the hint and hasn't called since Friday. I hope he never calls again!

On Saturday we went to visit grandad. He's a bit better but still tripping a bit… Maira and Mrs. Nina went up to Friburgo in the evening. Gabriel comes back from Salvador on 11th or 12th. Then Maira and Mrs. Nina come back down, then up again on the 20th for Julia's birth. Once she's born I'm going to be in Friburgo a lot!

I started writing yesterday. I wanted to talk about something different but ended up in Brasilia and all the characters I met. But with a lot of fantasy. My dreams came true, I go out with Henrique, Loirinho and anyone I want. Malu is a better version of me, how I want to be! But I've only started and who knows what could happen to me. In these writings it's not me who leaves, it's other people.

RJ 07/03/1989 Tuesday

Madness! Everything happens when I least expect it. This afternoon none other than Gustavo called! He said he was popping over to return some books he borrowed. I felt so happy as I've been meaning to call him for a long time but I couldn't do it, I didn't want to take the first step. I couldn't believe it!

He arrived at 16:30, I gave him two pecks on the cheek but I felt like really kissing him, but I held myself back. He sat down and we did some small talk and caught up. He spent a month in Saquarema, Cabo Frio, Porto Seguro, Guarapari, he's been back for a week. We started talking about the graduation party and about the day we fought. He said he only talked about Luciana because I was always talking about Gino.

Then a letter got pushed under the door, from Renata. I was reading it aloud and it said "As for Gino, he's still there, I think he's back in Easter week, his sister, Alexandra, told me". I was fuming but pretended not to care. Gino is a wanker! Gustavo took the piss saying Gino kicked me to the curb. I wanted to kill Gino. He's here and hasn't called since Carnival. Well, I'm going to forget him

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and be with Gustavo (if he wants me!) We ended up getting it together, he's so yummy! As things were heating up I told him to go as my aunt was about to arrive home. He should have come after me a long time ago, but I guess he was travelling. He said things with Luciana didn't work out (GOOD). I think I'm in love as I'm in a trance. I want to see him again soon!

Keyla called and said she got together with Fernando in Araras. We were both ecstatic!

RJ 08/03/1989 Wednesday - Vestibular UERJ results
Gustavo was here at 8am. I smoked the second spliff of the year and we listened to Pink Floyd. We had sex (made love, I don't know which phrase to use). Was it good? Of course. There's hardly anything better than sex. And because he missed each other it was even better. I had a shower and we sat in the living room, and then back to the bedroom. FIRE!

I washed the dishes and Master Chef Gustavo cooked eggs and sausage. I decided to check the Vestibular result. It was out today but I wasn't worried at all… It was Gustavo who checked the newspaper for me at the supermarket. Despite my fuck up with History I passed with an average 5.43! Gustavo couldn't believe I passed and kept asking if that was really my number.

We checked the results at CB, as I needed to buy something, and I was jumping like popcorn with happiness. The queues there were huge and I was just buying a sponge. So, Gustavo walked to the front of a long queue, with a straight face, and asked if he could just pay for the sponge. People in the queue looked pissed off, but Gustavo asked with an angel face if anyone minded, and everyone sort of fake smiled. The funniest thing is that Gustavo is so cheeky without meaning to be! He left and I came home.

I called Maira, Zezé, Ana and Silvana to let them know I passed. I was so happy when Silvana said her average was 4.0, she had to do Maths and Physics and I would have failed. We were just laughing like idiots for ages. Ana also passed! AMAZING!

I hope Gino explodes. Gustavo, NOW!

Silvana called me later to tell me my grades (she went to UERJ). I thought I fucked up the writing essay, but I did extremely well! I got 8,0. I nearly fainted. I got 7,0 in Spanish, 5, 0 in Portuguese/Literature and 1,75 in History… If only I hadn't missed those 3 questions. I can't get over it! I could have easily had a 6.0 average. But I passed, that's the main thing.

RJ 10/03/1989 Friday
Gustavo called me asking me to go to the beach, but I'm sick of the sun, haven't sunbathed in 2 weeks, so I didn't go. Of course Mr. surfer went.

Silvana came here yesterday afternoon and we went to Martins (I miss that place!) and we came back to mine. We called Keyla and went to hers then got on a bus to Saens Peña and watched Fright Night 2. I was more disgusted than scared. The film finished and we waited for Silvana's 426 until 10pm, it just didn't show up at all, then it rained! Silvana decided to sleep at Keyla's and we came back. There's no escape, when women get together they just talk nonsense!

Also yesterday -> can you believe Antonio called? Yesterday, to congratulate me on getting into UERJ. He just doesn't get the message.

RJ 11/03/1989 Saturday
Marcos called yesterday, he's still in Rio, and he asked if I was going to see A-ha. We were on the phone for ages. Gabriel arrives back from Fortaleza tomorrow. Antonio called at 19:00 asking me out to the cinema, I said I didn't know and he asked me to call back in an hour with an answer. I called Gustavo, he said he did himself in at the A-ha show: he drank, smoked and sniffed too much loló. He lost everyone, went home alone, got on the wrong bus… He said he just one stupid shit after another. He said he was still feeling shit today and couldn't go out.

I didn't call Antonio, so he called me back and I said I didn't want to go out.

I'm so bored!

RJ 12/03/1989 Sunday

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Me, Zezé, Emilia and Gil went to the beach. I couldn't resist. The sea was fierce! I've never seen the waves so big in Barra. Even the surfers didn't dare go near them, they were too powerful. I barely sunbathed and I only went in the water once and it was really pulling you in. Too dangerous.

My mum called in the evening and said something disheartening. She said there are two ways of me getting into England:
1st as a tourist, having to leave every 6 months, being unable to study or work.
2nd as a student. But this costs money, 4000 dollars a year, all paid upfront. Where will I get this kind of money? Nowhere, is where.

This is because I'm going to be 18 and considered independent and won't be able to enter as my mother's dependent. Now I'm totally worried that I won't be able to go to London… For fucks sake!

RJ 13/03/1989 Monday
Gabriel came back yesterday…
The final and official vestibular results were out today, last Wednesday it was just the average scores.
I have to call the British Embassy, the British Council and a legal translator. I have to translate all my school documents, CV, diplomas to English and send to my mother, I am not sure what for! It's not like she has money to enrol me. And now with the general strike everything will take ages and my mum is in a hurry.

I joined my aunt's academy today, to exercise, Deyse's Academy at Saens Peña. The class was intense, I'm so out of shape. Zezé was even worse, she stopped halfway through the class! We finished at 18:00 and it was raining hard, the bus was packed, the windows were shut. I was soaking wet when I got home…

RJ 15/03/1989 Wednesday
2nd and final day of the general strike. There are no buses anywhere, but some shops opened.

I feel so down… Gustavo didn't call me again. I never felt so rejected! Just as I decided to be with him, make it public, he does this. I feel used and discarded. I'm not calling him but if he calls me he'll get a piece of my mind.

What have I done wrong?

I'm fed up with worrying about dickheads. I fall in love so easily and until someone else shows up I suffer, thinking I'm rubbish and unable to make anyone like me. I hate it.

RJ 17/03/1989 Friday - University enrolment
Yesterday and today were a marathon! It was pre-enrollment at UERF/UFRJ/CEFET. Me, Ana and Silvana were there at 10am. Ana is doing Law, Silvana is doing Graphic Design and I'm doing Language Studies & Literature. Their enrollment time was morning and mine was afternoon. Ana left with her dad and Silvana stayed with me. To kill time we took a bus ride around the Fundão and got to know the whole campus. We ate and at around 1 they started enrolling for Medicine, Physics, IT, Maths, Psychology, Pedagogy, Languages, etc. I got home at 15:30 and went out again to get my Electoral Title. I went to the street on the address, walked up and down and I couldn't find the fucking place. I had walked there so I ended up walking 6km, or something like that, I walked nonstop for 1.5 hours. I was shattered when I got home.

This morning Maira and I went to the centre of town. We went to the certified translator to have my documents translated and it cost 128 new cruzados! As I didn't have the money we had to leave. My mum just costs me money!

We met Zezé at Banerj and went to Saens Peña, where I got the protocol for my electoral title *[NOTE: so much bureaucracy!]*. On the bus – just me and Maira, Zezé had gone earlier – someone threw a bottle at the window where we were sitting. It smashed against the window and we got soaked in liquid. My heart nearly exploded! Imagine if one of the shards of glass hit Maira???

Kiko called me to invite me to a party tomorrow! YES! It seems everyone is going. He asked me to invite Ana and I called Gustavo, as he lives near her, asked him to tell her. He said he called me once and the phone was engaged all the time… I was cold and he was all tender, and we left it at that.

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This night was crazy. First I dreamt that everyone from school was in Araras, and I was with Gustavo. So nice! I then woke up, went to toilet and slept again. Then I dreamt I was in Brasilia and everyone was watching me and Gino arguing, then he started crying and I felt sorry for him and we had sex, in my house. I woke up with a strong feeling we had been together.

RJ 19/03/1989 Sunday
Man, I haven't had a hangover this fucked up for months! No wonder: I drank beer and wine and cachaça. I can't think straight. Last night Kiko and Barbosa picked me up to go to the party at Kiko's place, which is near my place. When I got there Leo, Sherlock, Deo, Wilson, Orsay, Allan, Mario, Cecilia were there. Keyla, Ana, Gustavo, Vinicius, Claudio didn't go. Sherlock, Deo and Leo made me go back home to get the photos I had developed (excursion, bbq, graduation party). We got back to the party and I attacked the beer. Soon after Silvana, Gisele and Renatinha arrived. No one else from the gang went. Gustavo didn't go, I called his house and he had gone out. Where to?

So, we had a laugh, drinking and talking. I went up to Allan and asked how was his girlfriend. He said they were finished, but I just left it at that.

The beer finished and almost everyone went. It was me, Deo, Sherlock, Barbosa, Orsay, Gisele, Silvana, Renatinha, Kiko and Allan. There were four cars and we ended up at the Alto, in a hidden bar, in the middle of the jungle with an amazing view of Barra beach, the place is called Chantyvalle.

I downed three drinks but I didn't feel too drunk, or paranoid, or out of control. We stayed there only for 1.5 hours and came home at 3am. In the car it was me, Barbosa, Allan and Kiko. Kiko took ages getting in the car, trying to make me go in the back with Allan, but I wasn't having it and went in the front. I got home at 3:30 and slept until 9. I dreamt me, Gustavo and some other people were doing some amazing surfing on huge waves. I also dreamt Ayrton Senna and Xuxa were here at home… What a trip! I woke up because of the heat, noise and drank a lot of water, but everything is spinning, my head hurts, I feel nauseous…

RJ 20/03/1989 Monday
Maira and Gabi went to Friburgo in the morning. Gustavo finally called me at 2. I called him all the names under the sun and he said he didn't go because he went to watch some Reggae show god knows where. Wanker. I didn't even pretend I didn't care (like I usually do), I really told him how I felt. He said he might come here tomorrow. As I have nothing better to do I'll let him touch me… haha!

I think about him all day and I dream about him. Is this love or lust? I don't want to know what it is but I really like spending time with him!

I went to the academy at 14:30 to meet Zezé, then went to Itau bank and my arsehole of a father didn't put the money in, still! I hate him! How inconsiderate… I'm fuming. I don't give a shit that he doesn't call or worries about me, but I want my money in my hand. I never felt such hatred. He plays this game every month to force me to call him, it's really stressful.

I did the class, seething, even Daisy asked if I was feeling nervous, as she was only teaching me (no one else went) we ended up chatting. She's really nice!

Rodrigo wrote me a letter. I don't think we'll ever lose the intimacy and friendship we have, we are so compatible! *[NOTE: I had a box with all the letters, I think I either left them in Rio or I brought them to London and have lost them, I really can't remember. I still have the original diaries, I managed to bring those with me everywhere I went]*

Dina Sfat died today. I was shocked. I couldn't believe it. She had cancer. It made me sad.

Friburgo 25/03/1989 Saturday
I got here yesterday afternoon. Zezé and Gil came up on Thursday by car and brought the rest of Maira's things. I came by bus the next day. As soon as my aunt and uncle left I called Gustavo and asked him to come over. He was going to Saquarema. He said he doesn't want to see anyone and wants to keep it casual… Great, I bet there's another girl in the picture. Well, what can I do? I'll just let it unfold. If I get clingy he'll run off. These post-modern relationships are very odd. How can you make love with someone then treat them like nothing happened the next day? As if having sex was a past time. I can't do sex without love, so you can see I have

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feelings for him and feel insecure. I know he likes me but he's even more insecure than I am. He's afraid to admit he likes me and me dumping him, so he tries to project this image of being all strong, open, free…

My classes start on Monday at UERJ, in the evening.

RJ 26/03/1989 Sunday - Gabriel rescue & Seeing a dead body!
It's 22:30, we just arrived back. On Saturday me, Emilia, Maira, Gabi and Gil went for a day trip in Lumiar. I was watching everyone swimming in a bit of river, I didn't have a bikini so I wasn't swimming. Gabriel was suddenly away from everyone and Gil was calling him from a bit of land (a rock). Gabriel was walking towards him but suddenly the water got deep and he went under, drowning; I was nearest and didn't bat an eyelid, just jumped in with my clothes on and pulled him out… After that I made the most of it and kept on swimming. I haven't swam in a good river for ages. So clean.

We visited a few rivers until 15:00. I arrived back, tired but went out with Zezé, Maira and Emilia for a walk around town. Friburgo was busy, there was a rock show in the centre of town. The house was full today, Elmo, Elminho, Felipe and Eliza came over and we watched the F1 race. We (me, Zezé, Gil and Emilia, she's a friend from the spiritualist centre) left at 17:30 and took the Rio-Teresopolis to avoid traffic. The road via Itaborai is faster, but the cars from the Região dos Lagos drive past that way, meaning at least 6 hours travelling. Even on the 'faster' other route, it took 3.5 hours instead of the usual 2 hours.

During one of the traffic jams we drove past a guy who had been run over, when we drove right next to his body, almost everyone looked away. My uncle faints at the sight of blood. Emilia and Zezé turned their heads, and me, well, I kept staring… Fucking hell, what a horrible sight. There was blood everywhere, on his face, on his head. I was gobsmacked, I've never seen anything like it. It makes your chest tighten and hurt seeing a real dead person. Reality is ten times worse than any horror film.

Julia will be born next week!

I ate too much chocolate and I feel nauseated. It's been a month since I stopped drinking coke and eating sugar and I've drastically cut down on meat, I've been eating lots of fruit and vegetables, but I hate vegetables, rice and beans. I just need to stop smoking. But while in Friburgo I ate sugar, chocolate, meat… I felt a bit shit.

RJ 27/03/1989 Monday - First day at university
I woke up full of energy and did some sit ups. I could barely do 100 a month ago and today I did 250, but my belly is still there, big and full of fat. I'm never going to stop exercising again.

I went to the academy at 14:30 and did the 3 to 4 class, I still can't do the whole class, some exercises kill me! Zezé gave me a new bag as my old one is falling apart.

I was on my way home and bumped into Marcelo, when I was on the Silva Pinto street. I had to shout, whistle, jump for him to look back. We gossiped for fifteen minutes, he's not doing anything, not even repeating the final year again, just bumming around. I wish I could make him study. Mind you if I was in the same state of mind as him (like I was when I left Brasilia) I'd be the same. But a bit of responsibility never hurt anyone.

I got on the 222 at 17:30, outside my building and went to my first class at UERJ. I knew which floor to go to, but I was more lost than a blind person in a shooting, looking for a classroom. I went back down to the reception to get the timetable. Look at the subjects I'm taking: Latin, Portuguese, Literature, Oral and Written composition techniques and Linguistics. I bumped into Ana Lucia, she was in Martins and we are studying the same subject. Our 1st lesson was Linguistics, we went looking for it and there was no one there! We went back to reception again and were told only two of the subjects have a teacher (Latin and Literature) the other three won't happen until they find teachers. I knew university would be a disappointment but this was a bit too far! Until they find someone I'm only having 8 classes a week. Can you believe it? So, no Monday class until then.

Julia will be born tomorrow night and I can't be there because I don't want to miss class, but Zezé is going tomorrow. The operation was moved because the umbilical cord is around her neck and because Maira's dilation isn't great, and no contractions, she's having a caesarean. I wish I could be there.

RJ 28/03/1989 Wednesday

Cristina Golubov, 1986-2023

Julia is born! Zezé said she's beautiful! I can't wait to meet her. There was a bus strike yesterday but even so I went to UERJ. What a waste of time. Because of the bus strike there was no class. I met Valeria on the way back and went to her house to see Keyla. She came back from Caxambu on Monday. I didn't go because I had no money. She said it was great and is now in love with Homero (from Brasilia).

I went to Saens Peña early today and bought some clothes as I needed it (2 shirts, 2 leotards for exercising and shoes). The money didn't go very far! In the old days the money my dad gave me bought lots of things, but now it buys so much less. I did my exercise class and went home.

I finally had my first class at UERJ: Latin. The class is full of characters. Unfortunately they found a Linguistics teacher, at least it was quick. Only Portuguese and TECOE to go. On the way out a Physics freshman asked me for money. They have to give money to the veterans or have their hair cut. I whispered in his ear I'm also starting, and to keep it quiet and gave him some change. Then the veterans started clapping and saying 'ha, well, done, you got money from a veteran', good job I don't look like a child, even if I did they only pick on guys. The atmosphere in there is good!

I had a crazy dream last night. Someone cut off my foot, in some street commotion. I felt like I lost my leg, it hurt a lot. In my desperation I stuck my food to my ankle and spent the whole dream in terrible pain with the foot hanging off my ankle. It was so real I woke up from the dream and my foot was still attached to my ankle after being cut off. When I finally woke up I put my hand on my foot to make sure it was there. I was totally disturbed by the dream for ages.

Gustavo abandoned me…

RJ 30/03/1989 Thursday
I exercised in the morning. Alexandra and Luciana wrote to me.

Gustavo called asking why hadn't I called him. Are you serious? Why is it up to me to call? He's going to buy a spliff but wants some money this time. He said he always pays for everything and now it's my turn. I'm getting a bit fed up with this casual thing and I'm getting attached to this surfer. I think he's only with me because he has no one else right now. Ok, I was the same at first but I'm going to end up really liking him. It was the same with Gino, actually, this is generally the way it goes with everyone.

I went to UERJ at 15:30 for my Literature Theory class. I liked the teacher and the subject. This subject is more fascinating than I thought it would be. Thankfully I'm capable of enjoying what I do. I only did this subject because I couldn't find something with less competition to get into, but it's turning out to be interesting. But this is only the 1st week. It would have been very hard to get directly into Journalism, which is what I am aiming to work in, but it was 30 people per vacancy! This course was only 6 people per vacancy.

RJ 31/03/1989 Friday
I'm shaking! My aunt went to Friburgo, and me and my uncle will go tomorrow. Gustavo came here around 16:00, we were about to have sex when I heard the door open! It was my uncle. I froze… I put my clothes on and asked Gustavo to be very quiet. I went to the kitchen to make my uncle something to eat, and he was recording a tape. He couldn't see the corridor from where he was standing. I kept going to the kitchen to assess the situation then back to the bedroom to calm Gustavo and myself down. I gave Gustavo a book "Our Sexual Life" (A nossa vida sexual) to read, subtle huh? We were in this nervous conundrum for half an hour until my uncle sat down to eat, it's as if he knew, he sat near the window where you can't inside the flat. I grabbed Gustavo and made him leave by the back door – while pretending I was taking out the rubbish. We laughed so much when we got out, and he left. I sat on the bed and started reading this and Gil came in to ask if he could tape over a tape. If I had waited any longer it would have been very awkward. So much adrenalin!

To complicate things, Gino called me today, at lunch time. I couldn't believe it. First he said he was in Rio and was winding me up. Then he said he got back to Brasilia on Sunday and he can only come back during Easter week, he said he called me lots of times but no one ever answered. Was I supposed to wait by the phone? He said he was coming after carnival and disappeared… We talked for a while and he said I'm his girlfriend, without even asking me. I am no longer his girlfriend, I never was, and now I have another boyfriend. But I behaved like a good girlfriend – I even said I got off with some guys, but nothing serious. I like him but he's there, I'm here and if he didn't get off with anyone it's because no one turned up (I don't even believe it's true). But why not tell me? I told him! I cried a lot when we finished the call… I felt so sad, could it be remorse? I cheated so much on him! Rodrigo, Andre, George,

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other Rodrigo, Gustavo, Barbosa, Antonio… But why should I have behaved like a nun when I didn't know what he was up to? If I had been sure and I knew everything happening in his life I wouldn't have stayed with anyone, except maybe Rodrigo and Gustavo! I've been thinking so many bad things about Gino since he disappeared, I didn't think he was going to call ever again.

My mother called me just now. She will arrive in April 13. Oba!

Friburgo 01/04/1989 Saturday - Meeting baby Julia

Well, yesterday really was eventful: Gino, Gustavo, my mum. On the way back from UERJ in the evening I bumped into Kiko and we were talking for ages. I like him so much, shame we don't see each other more often. He's such a sweetheart!

My uncle woke me up at 6:30 in the morning to go to Friburgo. As we got the lift Claudio was on his way out. My uncle doesn't like him so there was a bad atmosphere! The first thing I did was hold Julia and I spent ages with her. She's amazingly cute! And I don't even like newborns! I spent the whole day admiring her. Maira is exhausted and broken, in pain, her nipples already cracked. It's much better to give birth naturally than to have a caesarean!

RJ 04/04/1989 Tuesday

We got back from Friburgo yesterday, I missed exercise class and Linguistics. We got back at 16:30 but we went to Cofabra. I got lots of stationary but we only got home at 18:00.

I called Gustavo at 20:00ish, he was so depressed he brought me down. I told him to come over and talk to me. He's feeling very alone… It's awful feeling alone. My heart tightened. I wish I could solve all his issues with a kiss. I'll try and see if he comes today. Will he come? I don't think so. It's 11am. My God, I really like him!

My grandad Gennaro gets more depressed every day and now a hernia in his digestive system has been found. He operated once about 5 years ago, but he was younger and stronger. The Dr. wants him to do the tests quickly and go under the knife. I don't know, not sure he'll make it. He's lost all interest in life lately. He didn't want my mum to stay with him so as not to create 'disorder' and interfere with the routine… Zezé berated him. Where the hell was my mum going to stay if not at her father's place? She can't stay here because her and my uncle hate each other (I'm on my mother's side on this one, I hate him too). I think Gennaro has given all he had to give…

RJ 05/04/1989 Wednesday

Countdown starts. My mum will be back in eight days!

Gustavo showed up yesterday, around 15:00. He was really down, a big existential crisis and we talked. Poor guy, he's gone to the wrong person to get advice as I don't have a crisis: I AM A CRISIS!

We talked, he wanted to have sex and I wasn't going to say no… We went to the bedroom and we were nearly there when the shitting phone rang. It killed it; I answered and it was the wrong number! I went back in the room but Gustavo couldn't do it anymore, so we just cuddled and talked. He was really troubled and I kept telling him it's normal to feel this way. Then I felt troubled thinking it was something to do with me, then he tried to convince me it wasn't me, it was his fault. He says I make him feel shy and uncomfortable and he doesn't understand why, then to really fuck with me, he said there's no chemistry between us (all this to justify the fact he couldn't get it up anymore?). The thing is we've had sex lots of times and there's always been chemistry. But he's got a point, it's not passionate (like with Gino). But I like him! And you're not born knowing how to have sex, you need to practice. We both felt like shit, I cried… It was messed up! But it was also good, we are good friends and things can only get better, or end, once and for all! He left here to go and see his counsellor, his dad's friend. Gustavo is too anxious, tense… This was the first time he couldn't get it up, well, he came too quickly first and then couldn't get it up later. He said he wouldn't see me until he felt better as it made him feel worse. My head is spinning!

I went to UERJ, they found a Portuguese teacher so I had six lessons today. The new teacher (Amoury) gave us a hard assignment to complete in 2 weeks. I can see I'll be drinking library tea!

I feel better today, after all I have a clear plan for the future while Gustavo is lost and doesn't know what to do next. But I think about him and I worry.

RJ 07/04/1989 Friday

CLARICE Goluboy 1986-2023

Gustavo called me at noon and we talked for ages. My aunt has already gone to Friburgo, so I asked him to stay the night. He said he wasn't sure! I said he's afraid to see me and not to get it up again. I said we could just watch tv and eat popcorn, but he's on a real downer. It feels like he's afraid to face me. But why? I'm on his side, I just want what's good for him. My god, why do men feel so bad when they fail? He thinks he's going mad! He kept saying he doesn't know if he's coming… But he needs to face me…

Soon after Ana Claudia called and I went to see her. I told her about my psychological drama (she's my Gustavo confidant). We went to Martins to talk to Paulão about the barbeque and came here to call everyone and let them know. Barbosa told me he knew I was seeing Gustavo! News spread fast, and incorrectly too. I called Kiko, Indio, Keyla, Silvana, Sherlock… The barbeque is tomorrow in the afternoon. I walked Ana to the bus stop then went to class. UERJ was deserted! It's like everyone decided to miss Friday class. I left earlier than usual and got home at 21:00. I finished typing the first part of the Portuguese assignment. The first part alone was 3 pages of typing.

RJ 09/04/1989 Sunday
Ana came here and we went to Martins at noon, but no one had arrived. At 14:30 everyone was there: Barbosa, Kiko, Sherlock, Flavio, Allan, Gisele, Silvana, Indio… Paula, Mauro and Monica were the adults. There were lots of people from the other classes, about thirty people. I played volleyball, football, ate, talked to people, but I was really bored. Almost everyone had gone by 17:00 and Keyla showed up. I was desperate to leave at 18:00 and Sherlock drove me home, I don't know why, as I live nearby, but he insiste

Gustavo called at 18:30 saying he decided to sleep over and was arriving at 22:30. Then Marcos called (he's still in Rio) saying Aninha is pregnant but will have an abortion… Then Keyla rang saying me, her, Silvana, Allan, Kiko and Barbosa were going to go to Canja to have a few drinks. I asked her to call me later, then Gustavo called saying he didn't want to go out, Keyla called back and I said I wasn't going out and they ended up not going out either.

Gustavo arrived with lots of weed, to give and sell. He was in great spirits. How easy for him to get out of a crisis! I preferred him sad, now he's the usual arrogant playboy. We smoked a lot! We always argue when we smoke, it's shit! We smoked and made love three times, it was great. But we are so different. Me and Gino too but the differences aren't an issue. I don't know much but one thing is for sure: it would never work if we went out together properly. This is a bad case of physical attraction!

RJ 10/04/1989 Monday
I went to watch Rain Man with Silvana and Keyla yesterday afternoon. They ended up going out with the boys later on (Allan, Kiko, Barbosa and Marcelo) and went to Mamma Africa and met Deo. I nearly regret not going, nearly!

Gustavo called me first thing in the morning, he missed class and said he wanted to talk to me. I told him to come over then! He got here very quickly but during this time I was guessing what he wanted to talk about…

He just wasn't ok again. We talked for ages. I was worried my family would be back soon from Friburgo, so we sat outside. He told me so much! And I told him things I never told anyone before, some hidden things. The issues with my mum, my craziness, my beliefs.

He completes me so much as he's the opposite, but at the same time we are similar. What crazy ambiguity! But that's love for you, multilingual!

Soon after he went (half noon) Maira, Gabi, Julia, Zezé and Gil arrived. Things with the family are very tense, crazy… Gustavo's family madness doesn't come close to mine. Mrs. Nina fell ill and she's fed up with Maira, Julia, nappies. She hates cleaning and was in a foul mood… So she got really ill, a subconscious escape. Claudio was in Friburgo, on Saturday, when my uncle arrived, when my uncle saw Claudio he just left and only came back when his 'servants' (he's a spoiled brat) asked Claudio to give up his right to be with his daughter and come back to Rio… Claudio was so humiliated he couldn't even face Gil and demand his rights. My uncle is a petulant child. Zezé and Mrs Nina do everything he wants. He's a disgusting child… I don't know why he's so devoted to spiritualism, just to use up his cornea, because he acts like a psycho madman. I can't stand him.

My grandad Gennaro is still limp and grumpy. He doesn't want my mum to stay with him. What a shitty, demented father. Why doesn't he just die? He's given all he had to give now he's just a pain. Why do old people become so annoying? Why can't they be understanding and young at heart?... pfffffffffff (frustrated blowing sound).

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Now Maira and kids are making everything chaotic, my aunt is going to go crazy and I feel sad watching everyone sucking her energy. Zezé doesn't have a moment's peace. Everyone is always demanding something from her all the time (grandad, uncle, cousin, my mum) . If I was her I'd tell everyone to fuck off. I haven't seen her calm and relaxed for a while. I tried to help but sometimes I find myself exploiting her. Zezé has to say ENOUGH! But she's comfortable and thinks no one can live without her (in a good way). She needs to be needed, I think that's what it is, but even she has a limit!

In the middle of my exercise class at the academy Maira called me, saying she had a fever asking me to go home (Zezé was out). I ran home, but when I got there Zezé was back. I missed 15 minutes of class for nothing. Maira had a fever (40c), maybe the stitches are infected or her breasts. Maira was so ill. She shouldn't have come to Rio.

RJ 12/04/1989 Wednesday
She arrives tomorrow! In the morning. So I said Zezé had to say enough, because everything falls on her. Well, she decided to take it out on me. Yesterday I was typing my Portuguese coursework so I didn't tidy up the flat very well. When she got back she started complaining and I answered back. I couldn't understand why all the fuss over nothing. I told her I'm not her punch bag and I'm the only person who tries to help her out. I was upset because we never argued like this and I cried. As for her? Nothing, she didn't even care. This is Maira's fault! I've always tried to not feel stressed in this family and this disturbing atmosphere but I couldn't escape this time.
I went to UERJ sobbing. Half way through Linguistics class some people came in calling the class to do a sit-in and demand Ivo (the Head) to keep the promises he made during the election. No one moved but I was already out the door! A bit later more people came out but only because the teacher stopped the class. We got 100 people together, not a lot, but many people didn't want to go. We got down to the office and there were 200 people already there. It was packed, lots of people couldn't get in. Then we realised it was a waste of time and went up to the next lesson. In truth I wanted to stay downstairs but everyone I knew was leaving and I didn't want to be there on my own! But I loved the protest.

RJ 13/04/1989 Thursday
We went to the airport to pick my mum up in the morning. It was crazy when we saw each other, we hugged for ages. Then Zezé went to work, we dropped my mum's bags at Gennaro's and came to Zezé's place. Maira, Claudio and Julia were here. My mum brought After Eight chocolates and I stuffed my face. We already argued because of cigarettes.

Gustavo called at 15:00, in a bad way, nearly crying and I ordered him to come over. He said he'd come, then that he wouldn't, then that he'd come, then he put the phone down. Then he called saying he wasn't coming and I told him to come. Gustavo is afraid of life! He came but didn't want to go upstairs so we sat at the entrance. I tried to talk about different subjects and he laughed a bit and relaxed and he even wanted to go up and meet Julia (my mum was sleeping). We stayed upstairs until my aunt arrived and went downstairs again for a bit then he went home. He's becoming too dependent on me, and me on him…

My mum started saying that I keep helping him and I get nothing back… Jesus, she really is an idiot. I adore him and seeing him again is all I need in exchange for my help!

I missed class yesterday due to laziness but when I got there today I found out it had been cancelled anyway. Lucky! I almost fell asleep in Literature class…

My grandad is being a pain, I don't even want to talk to him. *[NOTE: this was probably the start of his dementia? He declined over the next few years and died on Christmas day, 1996 on my aunt's lap on the way to hospital]*

Ah, yes, today was one of the best days I've had in ages!

RJ 14/04/1989 Saturday
Yesterday I went to meet up with my mum and we went shopping, clothes and food. We had lunch then I went to pay for the Academy but I didn't do the class as my stomach was still very full. Me and my mum came home and aunt Italy was here. She's 70 years old and is very beautiful. I hope I'm like her when I get old! We talked and talked and I missed class. Everyone went home and me and Maira stayed here.

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I called Gustavo and he said he was going to a party and that he'd call me today, but he didn't call… Every time he does this I tell myself I don't care, he has his life and I have mine and that there's nothing serious between us. I have to be cold and rational but I keep thinking about him all the time.

I had a complicated dream with Gino and Gustavo last night, but the essence of it was that I had to choose between them. First I chose Gino, but I saw Gustavo and he was in bed, sick and I chose him, but later I was with Gino. There were lots of people, it was a party, even Henrique was there. Then I dreamt there was a penis growing on me, it was shocking… What a trip!

My aunt and uncle are going to spend the holiday at Rio das Ostras, and my mum will stay here.

Today I washed dishes all day and Julia didn't stop crying.

RJ 17/04/1989 Monday
Yesterday my mum and I woke up and went to grandad's. Then we went to have lunch in Copacabana, pick somethings up from Reynaldo's and went for a spin. I can't help it, I try to control myself but me and my mum argued all the time! About every little thing…

Maira went to spend the night at Claudio's and my mum didn't want to sleep here because of the noise from the bus garage. So, what did I do? I called Gustavo but his mum said he had gone to Ilha do Governador and she'd let him know I called. Soon after he called me and I invited him over, just out of habit as I knew he wouldn't come. But he got a lift and arrived at 22:00. This is crazy, I can't have a relationship like this! At first, fine, we had sex then watched TV, then we went to have sex again, but had an argument. He has some fits of rudeness that drive me mad! Trying to act like he owns me! Anyway, back to the second act (watching TV was the intermission), but… He expects too much from me and wants me to do things I don't want to do! We argued, he said I was spoiled and I told him to go find someone who'll do whatever he wants to him… Then he got all tender and apologised and I started crying.

Then we shared the blame and watched TV until 4 in the morning, we made something to eat and lied down on the sofa. I spent ages caressing him but he didn't even move… I gave up and went to sleep and then he started to want to do something. He kissed me, took my clothes off and so on! It was amazing! I was dazed, half asleep, half awake until 8:30. He woke up and rushed to the beach. I think I need some time out because everything is muddled up in my mind. I like him, I feel insecure, I'm afraid, so afraid of getting hurt. We are very different, this is causing issues.
I feel like I'm going mad! I'm so in love and I can't sleep. And I can hear Maira and Claudio arguing like crazy. I want Gustavo! Their relationship is done in… There's no respect from his part. It all started when Claudio and I went to Boulevard to get some money (the three of them arrived here at 10:30) and on the way there he started talking about sensitive subjects. Result: a big argument, Claudio left and Maira was crying… Maira said she'll end up registering Julia's birth in her name only.

I slept all afternoon. Zezé and Gil arrived back around 18:00. Zezé said Eliza and Elmo had a massive, ugly argument when they were there!

RJ 19/04/1989 Wednesday
Went to the city centre with my mum yesterday afternoon to exchange some dollars and to go to the certified translator. My mum went to the National Library and I went home but got on the wrong bus and ended up in Engenho de Dentro! I was in the bus for 2.5 hours, totally lost, but I thought it was funny, what could I do? I went to the final stop (the bus was the 239) and carried on as I imagined it would eventually go past somewhere familiar. I went past UERJ and it was nearly time for class but I didn't have my stuff on me…

I got home and called Keyla. She was in a car accident in Araras and cut her head, hand, eyebrow. The car was decimated but no one was seriously hurt (Marcelo, Kurtz, Silvia and Simone). I went to see her and she said she saw Gustavo in college (they are both studying to retake the vestibular in the same place) talking to a girl and playing with her hair… Ah, that's why he doesn't want anything serious! She thinks they've been together for a while. At first I was really jealous but then I just felt really disappointed with him! I won't ask anything of him, as we have an open relationship but I'm going to step away slowly, because I can see myself getting even more hurt. I feel empty… I don't want to just mess around. I'd rather he never calls me again!

RJ 21/04/1989 Friday – Brasilia's birthday, 29 years old!

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He still hasn't called. It all seems so distant, everything that happened between us. I feel numb and lost. Gustavo, I'm not that in love that you can make a fool of me! Not even Gino could do that. Gustavo thinks I'm eating off the palm of his hand, available. But I'm turning this around, or end it for good!

I went to the gynaecologist yesterday, my sore is almost healed and to finish the healing process I have to put an ovum and not have sex for 12 days. Now I definitely don't want to see Gustavo as that's all he's good for and not even that good (Gino is better). Wow, I'm really mad at him! So much poison dripping off me. Everything is going well at university.

I forgot to say on Wednesday I went to Brasas to do a test for the English Intensive Course. I did verbal and written tests with Fred, the teacher. He's handsome! I didn't do well and I'm on basic level, 2nd book. The classes start around the 28th on Mon/Weds/Fri from 7:30 to 9:00, but I haven't enrolled yet. I liked it there.

RJ 22/04/1989 Saturday
Gustavo called yesterday noon but I'm tired of talking about him all the time, so I'm changing.

Just now (21:42) I called Gino. I love chatting to him on the phone. He screamed when he realised it was me, so funny. He says he can barely walk past doors because of all the horns he has *[NOTE: when you are cheated on, in Brazil, you get a horn: chifre]*. I felt happy after talking to him. He invited me to stay at his place, to let him know when I'll be in Brasilia so we can spend as much time as possible together! Then he sent me a kiss on the lips… How sweet!

Gustavo said if he didn't go to Cabo Frio he'd call me today, but as he didn't call…

Zezé, Gil, Maira, Gabriel and Julia went to Friburgo and my mum is at grandad's (now I speak to him nearly every day). I called Gino because I was feeling lonely. I can't wait to go back THERE!

RJ 26/04/1989 Wednesday
I went to the cinema with my mum on Sunday, to watch Dangerous Liaisons, what an incredible film!

Gustavo called yesterday saying he hadn't gone away and spent the weekend at the Ilha do Governador at a friend's house (Marcelo) He decided to move in with his dad in Botafogo. I mentioned I talked to Gino and he said "I doubt you won't stay with him when you go there" and I said "There's no doubt, I will!". He got really angry! And we had a massive argument. I threw at his face that we are casual and he can't complain because it was him who wanted things to be this way and if he wants something casual so he can get off with anyone, then so do I!

But, no, he said if I stayed with Gino I better forget about him and that I was very cheeky telling him I was going to be with Gino (at least I'm honest). Then I said I was sure he never stopped being with anyone because of me, and he said he had. I said our relationship was a joke. In reality we are committed but we just won't admit it. I wasn't taking any of it too seriously but then realised he was taking it all seriously (he doesn't play fair), and then he said this:

- "Now, let me tell you, as your friend, as if I have nothing to do with this. If when you see him you still have feelings then do stay with him, otherwise, don't!"

In the end I said I wouldn't stay with Gino (yeah, right!) and moreover, he can't get off with anyone. He agreed. So he fell in the trap he feared the most. He didn't want commitment, but he has it now.

Because he's going to live with his father we'll barely see each other, there's no way I'm not getting together with Gino because of him. The only way I won't be with Gino is if I feel nothing when I see him. This is so annoying, I just want to see Gustavo every day. He said he was upset and wouldn't call me again. Emotional blackmailer! I called him this morning and his sister said he'd gone to the beach, as his college is on strike as well as 90% of private schools. It'll be two weeks since we have seen each other on Saturday!

RJ 28/04/1989 Friday
I was on the phone with Gustavo for an hour yesterday, he's in a complicated situation, moving to his dad. He called today and said he was coming here, then said he wasn't coming because he's got a bad cold and his mum complained about him going out. I said he didn't need to make up excuses not to come and that he could go out wherever he wanted to as he wasn't obliged to see me. What a

Cleuma Golubov, 1986-2023

crappy excuse, not coming here because of a little cold. I'm so mad at him and his mum. He went to Brasas, as if a little cold would stop anyone from going out. I don't know why but I think he's lying, but why?

On the other hand I'm glad he didn't come as Gino called me at 20:30, from Brasilia. We were on the phone for an hour! I asked if he wasn't upset that I got off with other guys. He said he was a bit but what could he do? As it wasn't nothing serious it was ok, he said he'd be really upset if it was something serious.

Give me one reason not to stay with him! He's so nice. AND HE LIKES ME, WHAT ABOUT GUSTAVO?

RJ 29/04/1989 Saturday
Gustavo called this morning but I was sleeping, then I called him. We were both in a bad mood and talking was difficult. He promised we'd see each other today, for sure. I broached the subject and just before we said goodbye I wished him a good weekend, making it clear I didn't want to speak to him for a while, he did the same. But why? There are times I feel NOTHING for him, even a little disdain and then other times I'm crazy about him. I know, I'm scared of love, lack of confidence, insecurity and the rest. I haven't seen him for so long it made no difference not seeing him today.

Late afternoon, Zezé and I went to Gennaro's, it's his birthday. Despite becoming grumpier every day and picking on my mum, I like him more, I never felt such affection for him! Aunt Italy and uncle Antonio were there too, and of course, my mum and Zaira. We stayed until 21:00, I ate cake and drank Guaraná.

The phone at home is crazy! It only works if we turn it upside down. Zezé thought it was completely broken but I found a way of making it work, but we have to dial it upside down and sometimes we can't hear anything. Worst of all, TELERJ, the phone company, will only come here on Tuesday, to fix it. I feel isolated without the phone. What if 'someone' calls? By the time I find the position to make it work, people have given up and put the phone down. I'm NOBODY without a phone.

I keep thinking about Gustavo. I want to tell him to forget about me and not call me anymore, just to see what he'd do. Today I took a test on Revista Nova, to see how well I deal with men and the result was bad: I can't handle them nor do I understand them. So I decided not to do this 'test' with Gustavo of ending everything (everything what?) because it might backfire. This is so COMPLICATED!

RJ 30/04/1989 Sunday
I was going to the beach with my aunt and uncle, I was ready, but then I decided not to go because it wasn't very sunny. I'm really pale, but my mum wins it with her European paleness.

As I had nothing to do I called Gustavo. Renata, his sister, knows my voice now. The first thing I asked him was if he was in a better mood and he said he was going to ask me the same (the phone was upside down). He's really ill as he hasn't gone to the beach for days. We talked for ages. I really need to see him, soon I'm going to forget what he looks like, I won't recognise him. I'm really dramatic, huh? If I haven't forgotten Gino's face, how would I forget his?

What's been bothering me is I can't remember the taste of Gino's kiss. I used to remember it all the time, imagining us kissing and keeping the memory of his taste alive. But my fantasies started being about someone else, kissing other guys and now I forgot how to kiss him, I vaguely remember.

But without a doubt, the best kiss ever was Rodrigo's, everything fitted perfectly! Like our mouths were made for each other. Gustavo is a bit like this, I miss his mouth so much, more than anything else that follows. The kiss is what starts the physical and spiritual process known as SEX, that's why we remember it the most, also probably because everything goes a bit crazy in the throes of passion.

Got in a taxi in the evening with Zezé and went to a family party at the Instituto de Educação. I barely know my extended family as I lived out of Rio most of my life. I only knew Chico, aunt Italia, my mum, Vicentina and Reynaldo. The party was for Vicentina's 4 year old granddaughter. The rest only knew me from when I was little and it was the old "how have you grown!" all night. If I wasn't realistic about my looks I'd have thought I was the most beautiful girl in the world and get a big head.

I have lots of cute cousins! We got home at 23:00

Clarice Golubov, 1986-2023

RJ 01/05/1989 Monday

I'm exhausted! My aunt and uncle decided to make some changes to my bedroom and theirs. We carried books, the spare TV ended up in my room. Ouch! My back hurts.

Gustavo called this morning saying he had called last night to ask me out to the cinema. I doubt it! He probably called me and when he found out I had gone out, decided to say he was calling me to go out, to make me feel bad. He probably just called to talk. He wanted to make me regret going to the party and missing out on the chance to go out with him! Well, it worked!

My mother is something indescribable really (just finished talking to her). She still hasn't given up her dreams. I, so young, have given up so many dreams and ideologies already. My mother was never rich but she had a house in Rio (inheritance from my grandmother) and she sold it to buy a photography lab, to go live in Mexico. Her house became knowledge, her masters. If I had a house I'd just live in it! She's very different really. But I recognise that she is amazing but insecure (she confessed it) because she was never as beautiful as Zezé and the whole family always made that clear. So she decided to be an intellectual. And spent years doing analysis. Family can really destroy someone, thankfully I never had too much contact with mine. Thankfully I have no one to be compared against!

RJ 03/05/1989 Wednesday

Gustavo called me unexpectedly yesterday saying he was coming here and arrived soon after. He moved to his dad's in Botafogo on Monday and said he had no intention of ever going back to his mum's.

We hadn't seen each other for long and it felt awkward. It's always like this, no matter what, I don't know why! It takes an hour of I don't know what, weirdness, for us to kiss. When I think about him, daydreaming our encounters, it's always so sensual and romantic. Then when it actually happens I feel locked, holding back. He's the same.

Love's pathways are very tortuous! Eventually things will start happening because it's inevitable. I wish I could make him see how I feel. I think my actions make it clear, but maybe my ways of showing it aren't conventional. Neither are his. Am I really in love? I don't think so because I don't just think about him, there's also Gino. But one thing I know for certain, if we split up and I had to live knowing we couldn't see each other, I'd feel really sad, desperate, depressed, in a bad mood. The first time we split time I liked him less and I felt awful, imagine how I'd feel now! This type of dependency is inevitable.

RJ 05/05/1989 Friday

Crap, crap, FUCK! Now my mother came up with this one: I can't go to Brasilia now because the IBGE strike messed up her work calendar and she can't stay there for four days and my exams start soon. So, I can't go anytime soon. I feel so frustrated! I've been expecting to go for centuries and now, when the time is near… It feels like an endless abyss. How I cried. I dream every night I'm there, I think about it all day, I get calls about it, letters, from friends asking "when will you arrive" and then… What a punch in the face!

Gino called me in the afternoon and I gave him the terrible news. He was upset and said if he could he'd do something to help. What a disappointment! Gustavo will love the news.

I talked to Maira when I got home from University (she came down from Friburgo). I love talking to her.

RJ 06/05/1989 Saturday

I woke up feeling awful, depressed… My family is crazy (uncle, aunt, grandfather), not going to Brasilia, the boredom, the loneliness… Everything at once.

To avoid going mad at home I met up with my mum. We bought some things and had lunch at Palheta and we talked. What's really getting me down is I never go out, I don't have friends like in Brasilia, I'm always home. Gustavo is the only distraction, the only thing I'll miss. This city is too cruel to me. Keyla doesn't call me to go out anymore… My mother said I need to learn to live with my solitude and do things on my own. How do I go to a bar or a club on my own? Going to the beach alone is boring, going to the cinema alone is boring… I guess I haven't learned how to live with my solitude very well yet. I wouldn't enjoy doing any of these things on my own, I don't think it would be any fun. When I went to the beach alone it was horrible, boring.

Gleicia Golubov, 1986-2023

We went to the hairdressers, so much gossiping. I read an article about Cazuza on Veja magazine. Well, my depression is a drop in the ocean compared to his illness. The only way to deal with what he's dealing is to go mad *[Cazuza had AIDS, he died from it a year later. He was the first famous person to admit it in Brazil]*.

I called Gustavo when I got home, he was spending the weekend at his mother's house (in Grajau). I told him about my misery, we exchanged some loving words, complained about life. We were trying to win who had the must fucked up life. I think I won today, I was really at the bottom. I called Luciana and Gino had already told her I wasn't going anymore. I must go there before I go to England. I'm fed up with these nights in at the weekend.

RJ 07/05/1989 Sunday rainy Sunday…
Sunday tedium…

Maira went out with Julia and Claudio. My aunt and uncle had a few drinks and fell asleep, it rained all day. I went to the cinema with my mum and aunt Italia to watch Gorillas in the Mist. What an amazing film! I don't get how Rain Main was chosen as best film, it just shows the Oscars' criteria is dubious. Dangerous Liaisons was already a lot better than Rain Man, and this film today is even better. The cinema was packed and I had to contort myself to watch the screen. Cinema is only bearable during the week, when it's empty. We went to Bob's after, it was packed! Full of Tijuca's bourgeois tedious youth.

RJ 10/05/1989 Wednesday
I started English at Brasas today. I woke up at 6:00am and went there. The class was fun. The teacher is young (around 28 years old) and really nice. I was smiling all the way through. I think I'm one of the youngest in the class.

I went to the gynaecologist yesterday for a checkup and she gave me the great news that I have to have a cauterization. The issue is very minor now but she suggested treating it now to avoid it getting worse later in life. I can't understand why I have this at such a young age. She said it's probably a hormonal dysfunction and stress… That's all I needed. When my mum found out how much it costs (130crz) she nearly had a baby, but it has to be done. I might do it this month, after my period. *[NOTE: this probably saved me from developing cervical cancer later in life!]*

I didn't go to university on Monday. Yesterday one of Gorbachev's aid was giving a lecture about Perestroika at UERJ and we didn't have Linguistics class. I was talking to Ana Lucia, Daniel and Marilia, the people I'm closest to in the course, until the sleepy Literature class. Even TV is filming the lecture.

My dear aunt, who's going mad and neurotic (maybe she's always been this way?) started to create intrigue, she complains about me to my mother, instead of just talking to me. I never said anything about the stupid things she did to me, never complained about anything. She complained about such minor things to my mum that it can only be because she has nothing better to do. Then I opened my mouth and complained about all the stupid day to day things that are irritating but don't really matter and I get over them without having to do what she did. As if it wasn't bad enough dealing with grandad, now this.

RJ 14/05/1989 Sunday - - Dumped and Drunk
How do I begin? I'll go straight to the point: IT'S OVER! My aunt and uncle went to Friburgo on Friday and on Saturday I went to Saens Peña with Gustavo to buy a folder for him. It took an hour walking around to find it… I was unhappy, because of my boring, lonely life and I didn't talk much, just kept to myself. We came home at 17:00ish, ate a bit, talked a bit and watched TV (without any physical contact) and he asked why I was acting so weird. I said I was sick of not going out and not having friends…

Things are blurred in my memory but I remember he said he feels it's better if we're just friends, as there's not really any love, we just support each other (according to his analyst). He wants to be in a committed relationship but not with me. He said he feels I put too much pressure on him. Of course, I only have him! I was in a state of shock, emptiness, fear. I cried. I tried to tell him I like him, that I don't lean on him, I can't even remember what I said! "Your friendship is very important to me, please stay in touch." He said. He asked me out yesterday to the beach, but I said no, no… I didn't know if I could be his friend. It was a confusing moment; it's all muddled up inside. He left feeling really guilty at 20:15 and left me devastated, apoplectic. Shame I can't really describe how I felt.

I think I went to the bottom of the well. I decided to poke the wound and drown my sorrows until I was exhausted and there was nothing left. I wanted to explore my pain all at once instead of bit by bit. Camomile pinga (*like vodka*) watered with tears was the solution. Pink Floyd to create an atmosphere… And off we go!

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So much pain. I could have died yesterday. But if I killed myself he'd die of guilt. I know he likes me, I have hope. I drank a lot and felt compelled to call Rodrigo in Uberlandia. He couldn't believe it was me. We talked a lot. He's been found innocent in the young girl's death (remember that?) and he invited me to go there. Maybe I'll go. Then I called Gino and we talked. Everyone was home, how lucky!

But nothing lifted my spirits. I was very drunk, and I went to lie down but got up and ran to the toilet to be sick. I went to bed, passed out, then woke up covered in vomit. I remembered Jimi Hendrix, he died asphyxiated in his own vomit, and I was thankful I always sleep on my tummy. Or do you really think I wanted to die? Can you imagine "Oh, she died… asphyxiated… by her own vomit…" It wouldn't go down too well.

I went to sleep in my aunt's bed and woke up at 6, completely destroyed. My head felt like it was going to explode and everything was spinning, I felt nauseous.

I went to my grandad's, told my mum everything and we went to Friburgo. I don't like her viewpoints in life; very cold and a result of years of analysis. On the bus there I told her all the family dramas that happened. ALMOST everything. These tales could fill a book, they are tragic and crazy. We arrived at 14:00 at Mrs. Nina's: Maira, Gabriel, Julia, Zezé and Gil weere there. I told everyone about Gustavo and felt like I was in the song "I have become comfortably numb". It was cool. We came back down to Rio at 19:00. Family is a necessary evil and occasionally a very good thing, sometimes… always.

My conclusions: I haven't had too much time to reflect but I decided a few things: I'll be friends with Gustavo because two things can happen: I will agree with him and see we're just friends, or he agrees with me and realises he likes me. I feel great today, full of energy. In reality we are just friends who have sex whenever the opportunity arises. So nothing has changed except we won't have sex. I have a feeling he'll change his mind, I don't know if I'll accept it. I'll know when it happens

Yeah, yesterday was fucked up by my method of diving in body and soul into my pain gave better results than a month in therapy. I missed the feeling of security I had knowing he was by my side today, but he said I can count on him. He simply triggered the process of liberation from things that have been torturing me. I don't feel resentment, I feel great tenderness for Gustavo. He had very little of what I look for in a man, but he's a good guy, honest. I like that. Kisses for you, Gustavo.

RJ 16/05/1989 Tuesday
Why have I been writing with a pen? I'm tired of writing with pencil, after all it's been nearly 5 years writing a diary, almost always with a pencil.

Everything is going well at Brasas. My English is more advanced than most people in the class and I'm finding it easy. The teacher, Fred, is really nice and cute. I went to grandad's after class to meet my mum, she gave me 200USD and 170crz as she's going to Brasilia on Thursday. I'm having the cauterization done but my period which was due on the 9th has not showed up. I don't think there's any chance of being pregnant, I only had sex twice since my last period, once on the 6th day and the other on the 22nd day, with a condom. I'm not worried despite it being the 36th day, my cycle is usually around 27 days. It would be tremendously bad luck if I was pregnant.

So this money my mother gave me has to last until she comes back in September, to pay for cauterization, Brasas, bus… Putting it with the money my father gives me there's more than enough. I bought 1 pair of trousers and 2 shirts yesterday. I'm such a consumerist, I need to reign in for something worthwhile, like going to Brasilia.

I went to exercise class, then university in the evening and ALEXANDRA called me. I couldn't believe it! I didn't recognise her voice, it'd been so long. She said her party, on the 27th, was excellent, but Renata, the slut, got off with Piolho. Alexandra was furious. She stopped studying and isn't doing anything much with her life. I wish I could see her see some sense because she's the most incredible, nicest person I've ever met and she deserves better than getting pissed every weekend and guys who only interested in her for sex. She still hasn't had a boyfriend! She is an amazing, beautiful girl!

I called Keyla yesterday but she didn't answer because… This is what Valeria said: I think she's sleeping, she'll call you after dinner. She never called back. Ana called me this morning, she pops up every now and then.

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RJ 17/05/1989 Wednesday
Gustavo called yesterday afternoon. I lied to him and said that on that fateful Saturday Gino, Rodrigo and Alexandra called ME. Just so he wouldn't know I was devastated and feel like his head got all big. We talked a bit and I said I'd call him one of these days. I miss him so much, I'd marry him yesterday if he wanted to. But I try not to think about him and teach myself to think we're just friends. But the empty feeling is still there. Even though I pretend it doesn't exist. From now on I'll only mention him as a friend, no matter how strong my feelings still are. End of conversation!

My period arrived today.

As the best way to forget something is to concentrate on something else I don't stop for a minute. I'm inventing things to do all the time: study, wash or iron clothes, write to someone, exercise. Only now I stopped to think about him.

My mum travels tomorrow and returns in September. She's spending 3 days in Brasilia and 3 months in Vilhena. We said our goodbyes at the academy today as she leaves at 6:00am. I already miss her. As well as nearly kicking my mother out, my grandad doesn't even want her suitcases staying at his place. He has lots of space at his flat and we're all cramped in here. I'm not even going to say anymore otherwise I'll get angry. My mother said he'll never see her again, not even at his funeral. Even my aunt with her patience of a saint has lost it with him. Then there's Zaira manipulating him. Family is shit! (except for a few good things)

We had Dialogue in Brasas. Everyone has to memorise a dialogue and go to the front of the class with someone else. I was shaking as it was my first time, but I did well. Going to Brasas is the best thing I did, I'm enjoying it a lot, I could do classes all day. After class I went to the bus stop with Roger. He's the first person I spoke to after class. I think he's around 23 years old, cool guy!

The Exorcist is on TV tonight, I'm going to watch it for the 2nd time. Ah, I didn't go to university.

RJ 19/05/1989 Friday
I had Literature exam yesterday, it was fucked up hard, very abstract, everyone complained. Today I had Portuguese exam, I didn't revise at all, but I cheated a little and it was easy. I was a little despondent about UERJ and the degree, but that's gone now. My colleagues are very different from what I'm used to, but they are ok. It's not as much fun as Martins, but it's bearable. There's a strike next week on Weds, holiday on Thursday.

I went to see Keyla today, she has a disgusting cold sore on her mouth. Eugh! I stayed there all afternoon and called Gustavo when I came home. I'm not even sure I want his friendship, we argue too much. I also called my father yesterday and we were on the phone for 1 hour, talking about my trip. He could invite me to live with him… But he has Mercedes and my half brother and half sister, mother in law, and fuck knows what else. Despite understanding I wish I could count on him for staying at his house, at least for a holiday, but no, not even that! He never even asked…

MY GOD, I DON'T WANT TO STAY HERE, I WANT TO GO BACK TO BRASILIA!

Look, my brother, this week wasn't easy. I tried to suppress my feelings for Gustavo and suddenly I couldn't anymore. It's best to let it out naturally, without forcing feelings to disappear. I couldn't remember any of my dreams this week, I always remember my dreams… This fills me with anguish.

I'm having the cauterization on Tuesday the 23rd. I asked Ana to come with me, she said she will, but she never does anything she says she's going to do!

RJ 20/05/1989 Saturday - Grandfather
I finally remembered my dream, it was amazing! First I dreamt I was having sex with Gustavo, and then I was Brasilia, trying to be near Gino, but everything was going wrong. I was deeply in love with him and he was with me but we couldn't get near each other. We kept missing each other and arguing…

Zezé and I went to visit grandad and Zaira this afternoon. There's a huge lack of communication and incompatibility between him and my mum. Simple! They shouldn't complain about each other to me and Zezé, they should talk to one another. They both made mistakes and didn't bother trying to understand each other… They are both full of resentment.

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After that we went to Eliana's. Mrs Gina, Eliana's 80 year old mother, acts like a child. She says so many funny things! I had fun. Why do old people regress so much? Is it because they can't accept old age and search for a return to when they were young? Mrs Gina is really naughty: she hides old bread in her room, banana peel in her pocket. Priscilla (Eliana's daughter) took her clothes to the laundrette and found rotting banana peel in her trousers pocket. Priscila was embarrassed. Mrs Gina wees on her bed. She wanted to kill Dudu (Eliana's other child) the other day because he collected the bits of old bread around the house and threw it away. You have to force her to shower. She once ran away from home wearing her nighty and got a lift back with the police… The old woman is very crazy!

RJ 23/05/1989 Tuesday - Cauterization
Went to the beach on Sunday with Zezé and Gil.

I met Ana this morning and we went to the gynaecologist for my cauterization. She came to give me moral support. So, I laid down with my legs open, obviously, and she started the operation. She nearly ripped me open. When the cauterizer went in and started to burn the sore I thought I was going to die and broke in a cold sweat because of the pain, which is like a really strong period pain. I felt this horrible pain for 5 minutes, but it felt like 5 hours. The whole thing took 20 minutes. I got up and felt dizzy. The Dr. forbade me to have sex, swim or exercise for a month. I have no intention of having any sexual contact until I got to Brasilia anyway, but not being able to go to the beach is not good. I came home nearly fainting with pain, but it was gone an hour later.

On the bus Ana said she saw Gustavo with a girl called Luciana , in Grajau, holding hands, and she thinks they are together. I went purple with anger. If he liked someone else why didn't he just say it? Instead of giving me the 'we just support each other' line. He told me last time about the other Luciana, why not this time?

I started practising what to say to him when I got home "You two faced son of a bitch. Why not just say you were seeing someone else?... " and so on. I decided to tell him to never contact me again. He called me at 14:30 and I couldn't feel angry when I heard his voice. He asked me how the cauterization went and I told him… Then I asked him calmly "How is your girlfriend?" He went quiet then said "What girlfriend?". He finally said he got off with this Luciana but couldn't work out how Ana and Mauro concluded they are seeing each other if they only just got together on Saturday. I told him to stop explaining himself, as it's none of my business. I invited him to spend a few days in Friburgo as Mrs Nina will come to Rio and only Maira and kids will be there. He said he might go. I must be really in love, it's the only explanation. I think he is too, but doesn't realise it.

RJ 24/05/1989 Wednesday
It was chaos at UERJ yesterday because of the assembly about strike. Our floor was utter confusion! There's strike today so no Latin exam, thankfully! I did a Linguistics test yesterday and it was so, so, I didn't revise. I'm studying a lot, but English. I got back my Literature exam result and I got 70%!!! Most people failed. Portuguese class was cancelled because of the assembly. Me, Luiz, Ana Lucia and Luciana went to Teatrão but only stayed for a little while. Who is Luiz? Luiz Fidelis, he's in our class. He's 25 years old but looks 19! He's of Italian heritage, like me, and is very charming. I only just noticed him. He's really smart and kind. I'm going to sit next to him from now on as I think we have lots in common.

After English Gustavo came here and we bought the bus tickets to Friburgo. He's still not sure if he's going or not, but we bought two tickets just in case. If my grandma *[NOTE: Mrs Nina*, *I sometimes called her grandma, she's my uncle's mum]* is there, we can still stay at the flat but there aren't enough beds. Then we went to his flat in Botafogo, ate and went to Copacabana and exchanged 40 dollars for me. I couldn't remember where the black exchange place was and we kept coming and going, he got REALLY PISSED OFF! Just because I couldn't remember where it was? FUCK OFF! What an annoying boy. All he does is complain. Anyone can complain, you just need to open your mouth. I was fuming and went into a jewellers, with a guy I didn't know, but he was cool, I'm exchanging with him from now on. We went to Saens Peña, drank a juice and went to Brasas, it was 17:30 already. He went to class and I went to pay an extra charge. I've only just joined and the blood sucking started already. People, I really don't know if I like Gustavo or not. This is crazy! I'm joking, I do like him…

RJ 28/05/1989 Sunday - Friburgo with Gustavo
Hello! Just got back from Friburgo. Gustavo did go, but nothing happened, NOTHING, but I haven't given up yet. We arrived in Friburgo at 12:30. Mrs Nina liked Gustavo and we stayed at her place. Him and Gabi in one room, Mrs Nina and I in the other, Maira, Claudio and Julia in the other. We went for a spin in town in the afternoon and I bought a yellow jumper. In the evening we (me, Gustavo, Maira & Claudio) went to a restaurant to eat and drink. We had a lot of fun.

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We played buraco (*canasta)* and argued all day Friday. Maira and Claudio didn't want to go out in the evening so the two of us went out, but it was cold and boring, so we went back to the flat. That was the most romantic day as Mrs Nina went out and the two of us talked alone in the bedroom for ages. He told me about the 2 most important relationships in his life and he told me he was going out with the other Luciana when he came after me in March. I was upset at the time, but was fine after 10 minutes. After that things weren't so romantic and we just argued and did a lot of play fighting and beating each other up.

On Saturday me, Maira, Gabriel, Gustavo, Rolha and a friend of his went on the cable car, but it was cold and raining. Really cold! When we were up there Gustavo and I smelt weed and saw some guys smoking and Gustavo went there to smoke with them. I didn't want to go. He came back completely changed. He was the owner of the truth, full of himself. We went back down and played pinball. I downed a drink just before we came down on the cable car and was a bit dizzy, then we went to get some food for Gustavo. He stopped in a shop and started trying on all the clothes (tripping!) while I went to play pinball. We started arguing when he came back and I left him there. He came running after and we made peace. I told him it was hard to put up with him when he smokes. It's like he's done coke when he smokes. He calmed down after that. We played capoeira in the car park and went upstairs. We went out in the evening, just the two of us, at 23:00, for Gustavo to eat again and we played pinball again. Maira and Claudio didn't want to go out, again. There was no chemistry between us today, just friends vibe, and we were never alone.

This morning me, him and Gabriel went on the cable car, more pinball in the afternoon, after lunch we played Sueca with Maira and Claudio. We came back down to Rio at 17:20. Guess who was on the bus back from Tres Rios? Wagner! I didn't see him on the bus, we only met near our building. Shame!

Gustavo is such a moron sometimes… Other times he's great… It's raining hard!

RJ 29/05/1989 Monday - Grandad's stroke & dementia

I only went to Brasas today, I still can't exercise and I couldn't be bothered to go to UERJ. I studied English all morning and ANTONIO called at noon! Ana had told me he hated me because he realised I was in when he came here and he told Mauro he never wanted to see me again. Well, it looks like he doesn't hate me anymore… We talked for a long time and I promised I'd call him one of these days. I want to be his friend, I'll try, but if he tries to get off with me I'm out! I know I keep contradicting myself but the only guy I intend to be with is Gino. Enough of Gustavo, he's not enough shit for my toilet (I invented this saying, it's disgusting isn't it?). I've had it with men!

My grandad was very ill today and my uncle took him to hospital. He started shaking, he couldn't speak, he was dizzy. He was going to be sick while on the way there, and instead of opening the car's window, he opened the door and nearly fell out! To make things worse, when he got sick, his dentures fell out, and off went my uncle, looking for it on the road. It must have been comical! They saw him in the emergency dpt. He had another stroke (the 1st one was in November), but a mild one. He also has pneumonia. Now he has real cause for complaint. He must be happy, now he has a real problem! I'm not being sarcastic, it's reality. The pneumonia can be cured , but since the 1st stroke his dementia is getting worse, now it'll get even worse. Only 1 year ago he drove everywhere and today he just sold his car as he can't drive anymore. It must be depressing watching your body no longer following your commands, or your brain. As my mother says, this is happening due to lack of use.

I've been asked to take part in the competition GATA ACADEMIA TIJUCA [*beauty contest between the exercise academies in Tijuca]* by phone as I didn't go to class. Marta was really pushing me to do it, but I refused. Firstly I'm not going to parade myself and my body for people to judge and analyse me. I don't know, it just seems ridiculous. Maybe if I was really good looking I might do it, but it's not my thing. Secondly I'm a girl with some intelligence and I refuse to be a 'mulher objeto' *[NOTE: Object woman, basically how we used to say objectified before the word was used]*, walking around half naked, in a nightclub. I have no desire to be in this role. This afternoon I got another call to give my final answer. I was worried about my grandad, so my answer was short and to the point: I DON'T WANT TO. THANK YOU VERY MUCH.

RJ 02/06/1989 Friday

Today I was applauded in English class. Fred is awesome, if only he wasn't married! I only got one preposition wrong on the homework, everyone else got 5 or 6 wrong… As prepositions are one of the hardest things to learn in English and I only got one wrong, Fred made everyone clap!!! Awwww.

Gustavo hasn't called and vice-versa. He said, in Friburgo, that he didn't want to see me again for a long time, as he got sick of seeing me. I also said it, but I was lying. We haven't spoken since Monday.

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I called Antonio but he was at university.

I had fun at UERJ yesterday, we only had Portuguese class. Me and Ana Lucia checked out the guy in Latin class. I got lucky yesterday and went up on the same lift as him. He has a baby face! Shame there was no Latin today, only exam results and genius here got 90%, just with a quick revision beforehand. I'm awesome you know!? Me, Marilia, Luiz Fidelis (the charming man), Christiane, Luciana and Jane went for a beer in a bar opposite UERJ. Things are getting better there! We talked until 10, then I came home. Maira, Julia and Gabriel were here and Claudio was home when I arrived. He said he really likes Gustavo… Maira said Antonio called and he was going to find me at UERJ, he either didn't go or he didn't find me.

Today there was some chemistry between me and Luiz. I wonder? I'm not even going to think about it to avoid anything happening. I think Marilia fancies him. Why not take time out? Enough of all these passions! But they keep happening!

RJ 04/06/1989 Sunday

I was sleeping in the afternoon when aunt Italia, who was visiting, woke me up because Gino was on the phone! We hadn't spoken for about three weeks and he gave me all the gossip. 405 is split. Paula, Manuela and Pollyana are hanging out with the people in the 406 and Renata is alone. Alexandra is still with Cristina and Ivone. Negão moved out to Cruzeiro. Luciana is with Marcos. Gino is jumping from branch to branch, seeing different people every day. He said he's sick of Brasilia. But I explained that's how it is, sometimes everyone comes together and then people start falling out and there's a split. He complained that I'm never going to go, but what can I do? We were on the phone for 40 minutes. It's more than 2 years he's been in my life. We were only properly together for 8 months, the rest was long distance. And really being together it was only 3 months, on and off. But instead of it getting weaker, the feelings are still there as is the respect, despite the distance.

Antonio called in the evening, he said he looked for me at UERJ. Of course he didn't find me, the place is huge!

I dreamt about Gino all night, and Brasilia.

I'm trying to read 'On the road' in English, but it's hard. I get the general context but not the details.

RJ 06/06/1989 Tuesday

I bumped into Keyla on my way to Brasas and we caught up, we took the same bus to Saens Peña. She said Gustavo asked about me every day last week but I won't call him again and I'm going to FORGET HIM! I seem to like him more every day… SHIT! I'm glad he hasn't called me, but probably for a different reason. He probably has nothing to say to me.

Me, Maira and Julia walked to Saens Peña to see the gynaecologist and walked back too. We went to a tailor on the way back to adjust some trousers for me, but they are thieves! So expensive. I still can't exercise.

On our floor yesterday they were showing the films for the national film week. Only me, Wanderleia and Luciana watched. We watched O Cortiço, it wasn't bad. It looks like there's going to be another 48 hour strike at UERJ, from tomorrow.

RJ 07/06/1989

Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo
Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo
Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo
Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo, Gustavo
How can I forget this name? Why can't I forget? I'm becoming neurotic-paranoid! What a curse!

RJ 09/06/1989 Friday - Gynaecologist visit

Fred had a motorbike accident and we didn't have English class on Wednesday. He showed up today with a bandaged hand and a limp. Marta took an orange and sweets (she didn't have any apples at home) and put it on his table. It was funny.

I learned that if I walk back from Brasas it takes only around 35 minutes (around 3-4km). I'm going to start walking there too. The money I save in a week allows me to buy 3 packs of cigarettes and send 3 letters. As well as getting some free exercise. I always walk to UERJ (2km) but I take a bus back because it's late and dangerous. When I'm back in exercise class (from Monday) I'll walk

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there and get the bus back, otherwise I'll miss UERJ. This means I'll be walking 8km a day on Mon/Weds/Fri, although it's not all at once so not very useful. But every little helps.

I went to the gynaecologist for the 4th and final dressing. She said I can exercise but no swimming yet. From now on I can apply the Albocresil and I'll go back in a month for a final checkup. And I'll have the cleanest vagina in the world! Emilia said one is so clean after cauterization it's super easy to get pregnant (*HUH? How?*)…

Gabriel came back from his other grandma's house and Gina came here. She's 100% better in the last couple of months. A different person from when I last saw her on the 29th of Jan. Gabriel kicked me and I slapped him hard and everyone got mad at me. No one understands I'm still a bit of a child and sometimes I have no patience. They can get fed up with him but I can't. I left Maria lecturing and went to the bank to pay some bills for Zezé. I went to the post office, chemist, ice cream place and the baker.

Children (Gabriel) are something mad! Right now we are best friends.

RJ 10/06/1989 Saturday
Well, let's do the warm up so we can hear the news. Everyone went to Friburgo in the morning but I didn't want to go. Keyla came here and we went to the market to buy oranges and potatoes for me. Then we went to the saloon for her to get her hands manicured. I went to the Video Club and took out two films: Legend of Greystoke and Apocalypse Now. I didn't want to go to Araras with Keyla. I just wanted to be alone, in peace with myself.

But emotion beat reason by 10 nil and when I realised I was talking to Gustavo on the phone. I invited him over to watch a film and catch up. I had no intention of getting together with him, I wanted to, but I had no intention to do it. He arrived and he was just friends for the first half an hour then he started with the hints "I thought you might be wearing something else for me, not jeans"

After talking for ages he just grabbed me! I fought him off, said we're only friends (wasn't that what he wanted?). I tried all I could half-heartedly, but really, that was what I wanted, how could I avoid it? I hate doing what my conscience doesn't want me to do but the instinct was stronger. I swear it happened so quickly, it just caught fire and it couldn't be stopped. It's hard to describe. We ended up in bed (I made him go to the bedroom!) and WE MADE LOVE (aww, how sweet), we had a shower… I was a bit worried about the cauterization, but the doctor had said it was ok and I was careful. But now I'll only relax once I go back to see her. After I said I'd never get together with him again! Never more! And now it's me who doesn't like him!

When he dumped me I was so in love but things have changed now. I don't like this nonsense of colourful friendship *(amizade colorida*), but it sort of works. I'm taking the first step more often from now on though. I'm glad I ignored my pride and called him. I feel more confident. This one sided lust was killing me!

Gustavo is moving to Barra with his dad in a few months! It's like winning the lottery! Lucky!

RJ 12/06/1989 Monday - Valentine's day
Here I am, in Noah's Ark, at the end (or start) of a deluge. It's been raining NONSTOP since Saturday night. Flamengo's match was postponed because the stadium was like a swamp. I didn't even leave the flat yesterday to buy cigarettes afraid I'd drown. This city is really blocked up. It only takes a few hours with the tap open for it to flood. So, exactly in the middle of this biblical rain, Gustavo called me yesterday asking me to go to Botafogo, to spend the night. If only I could get on a ferry or helicopter because conventional methods of transportation were not viable. He wasn't daring coming here either. The one and only time I actively partook in one of these floods I was coming back from Botafogo. There's no way I'd deliberately, after 24 hours of rain, get back to the scene of the crime… Not even if it was to see Gino! So, yeah, it was him there and me here, separated by a city drowning in a sea mud. I'm very metaphorical today! Eh, Languages student! Speaking of that, I didn't go to UERJ today. I wasn't going to get a soaking just for the sake of two Linguistics lessons. Nahaa!

I watched Apocalypse Now on Saturday and Sunday. I tripped a lot both times. War is really stupid. And in my stupid desire to live dangerously I really want to be in one, or to be part in what happened in Peking (*Beijing, Tiananmen Square*), or the manifestations and guerrilla groups in Brazil in the 70s. In my naivety I'd be the hero and I'd never die… After I'd write a book, plant a tree and have a child… It would be relatively easy. But in reality lots of people die. Mind you, dying isn't the worst, if I died for something I believed in, if I REALLY believed in what I was fighting for, dying wouldn't be so bad. Is this too sentimental? Maybe, but if it's honest then it means something real. I WANT TO START A REVOLUTION! And change this shit. If one happens here when I'm in

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England I'll come back in an instant. No wonder so many people smoke weed, snort cocaine, kill themselves. There are no ideals in which to put their energy into. Then everyone becomes the decadent, incoherent bourgeoisie! Very few have a political conscience or take part in anything that can bring a change. The vast majority only cares about cars, sex, rock, weed, party and horror. Of course, I speak for my generation. The most switched on guys I met are Antonio, Luis (UERJ) and Daniel. The rest just swims along with the tide. It's sad and boring to have so few people to go into these subjects in depth.

"Well done, people, everyone is smoking weed to alienate themselves and not really do anything. Everyone: pass the vestibular and get a car, girlfriend, status. Politics? It's all bullshit, everyone is corrupt! Politicians deserve no attention and Brazil is fucked. Best to go abroad and earn money." Even I think a bit like this. It's our stereotype, and to a certain extent, a valid one. The media put all these thoughts in our minds, to ensure society is stable. I'm going to stop now, my head is boiling with so many thoughts and many people have already put these ideas on paper and my finger hurts.

I walked back from Brasas then walked to the academy, 6km, just like that. I had to be careful not to stop on so many muddy puddles or get wet. Only today I could see how dirty the city is. Yesterday it wasn't possible to see dirty as it was still flooded. It rained a little less last night and the city 'dried up' a bit. But it was drizzling all day.

I didn't went to UERJ because I was lazy. After eight o'clock I'm going to call for Gino, in my earth, to give him a kiss for Valentine's day. I need to practice English and this is a good way to do this.

I don't need to say that there was a huge number of trees, lampposts falling and landslides. So far 6 people have died. Today the rain eased off. I can hear a lot of noise, lots of ambulances and police cars. What could it be?

Rondonia is completely flooded and the phone lines aren't working. My mum hasn't called since the 30th.

As for Gustavo I'm going to clarify the situation once and for all: I like him but I don't want to accept this. I fight against the feeling because I feel insecure. He says he likes me but isn't crazy about me (mmmm, Saturday was pretty crazy!) and I feel the need to feel exactly the same as he does, that way he doesn't win (ridiculous?!) As Aristoteles would say: Insecurity is shit. It's so unconscious that perhaps it's just a physical attraction. Or is it? Ok, I think I managed to clarify fuck all.

I've just finished talking to my beloved (Gino, obviously). Awww, he's such a sweetie. Can you believe we're still declaring our love to each other on the phone? He said Paula and Pollyana are flirting with him a lot but he doesn't really like either of them, they are boring (no, they really are). He said there hasn't been anyone who's made him forget me. This is what I'm afraid of, he's not been with anyone since January '88 (unbelievable), but I think the day he gets off with someone I'm finished. He's not one for liking two people at once, like me. He's all proper. When he likes someone it's for real. I hope he doesn't get off with anyone, or if he does that it's not serious. Ah, Gino, I really like you! What does such a handsome guy see in someone like me? Maybe I'm good in bed? Gustavo says I'm not (creative). But making love to Gino is something amazing, everything works so well! He knows what to do, I know what to do, no issues. It's different with Gustavo, he's demanding. You know boquete (blow job)? Well, I refuse to do that to Gustavo, but Gino doesn't even have to ask. Sex with Gino is so fluid and natural and without demands. Why do I feel so self-conscious with Gustavo and so free with Gino? Help, I don't understand!

I'm going to start planning a trip to Brasilia. I'm going to ask my father if I can stay at his place. It's the least he can do.

RJ 15/06/1989 Thursday
It'sunny again in Rio, but it's cold (18c, during the day). It's even colder at night and I enjoy it.

When I got home from UERJ last night, Antonio rang and we were on the phone for ages. I was straight with him: we can hang out but I'm not getting together with him because I don't feel that way about him.

University will break up on the 30th, a shame as it's been great. I found an incentive to go to class: Luiz. He sat next to me in Portuguese. He's so charming and intelligent! But I think he's into Marilia and I won't have time to develop anything further, as I'm locking my course after this period to go to England. A real shame. Me, Cristiane, Ana, Marilia, Luciana, Daniel, Isaias, Luiz, Marcio, Ana, etc, are planning on having a picnic one of these weekends. If it happens it'll be awesome.

RJ 18/06/1989 Sunday - Feeling down

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We skipped class on Sunday and went to Tchan (me, Luiz, Jane, Christiane, Luciana and the car owner). I bumped into Marcelo Moreira and he told me Saturday was Martin's June party. I drank two glasses of wine and talked to Luiz all the time we were there. I got home pretty dizzy.

I called Keyla, Ana and Silvana in the morning but none of them were going to the party at Martins, so I didn't go either. Ana called me this morning saying Gustavo invited her to the party and she went, as did Barbosa and Sherlock. No one called me! I feel abandoned. Depressed… Really down. I want to leave and forget all these people. FOREVER. I feel so alone. My God, what has become of my life? An arsehole. What friends do I have? All are distant, taking care of their own lives. I can't get out of this well, so deep. So deep… I don't want to admit Gustavo is part of the pain. I'm totally disconnected from this world, completely alone. Please mum, let's go to England now! At least I can die at once there, of loneliness and cold. This is my karma: to live alone forever! How fatalistic. But this is momentary, I get up and I carry on alone. Who doesn't feel down every now and then?

RJ 19/06/1989 Monday
To make up for yesterday, the day started well. English lesson was great, Fred always cheers me up (he can cheer a dead person up), then I went to get my electoral title! If we vote for Lula we can change this panorama. Bunch of alienated fools, those who will vote for Collor. They're going to fuck the country up once and for all, because this man is EVIL, a puppet, an imbecil. A rich person with a thirst for power. To make things worse, Sarney has banned vote in transit, so I'm going to lose my vote. Lula is going to lose a very important vote, given with love: MINE! I will probably not be here in November for the elections.

My depressions are great, they just go away suddenly. Am I schizophrenic? Or a lesser, minor manic depressive?

As soon as I got home from English, Gino called. Do you know what's happening? I'm falling in love with him again. Properly, I'm thinking about him, his arms, mouth, legs… (what legs, mouth, everything!). I'm full of lust for him, as I haven't feet for a long time. If I could I'd dive into the phone and appear at the other end, full of love. He says so many nice things. He says he things about me all the time… My God! And it's true, I can feel it in his voice. I didn't want to believe and delude myself that he thinks about me too much, but it seems so real! I think he's lonely too. With every call we get closer, more tender and I get more desperate to see him. What a transformation! After he went back to Brasilia and our planned encounter failure, things just got better. I can't believe it! But I said it would be annoying if Luciana was with Marcos as she would have LESS time for me, and he started thinking I want to be with Marcos. What a fool! I hope she marries him and me and Gino are together all the time. I have so much to say about him but will sum it up in one sentence: I'm dying to see him… and very sure of our relationship. Which I find scary. But no negative thoughts today. I felt Gino by my side all day!

I called my father in the evening and shot him right in the face. I invited myself to stay at his house. He lives with his wife, two kids and mother in law, but even so, why shouldn't it be ok for me to stay there? But I know his wife. He said he had to talk to his family and see. Really? He should have just said I'm going to stay. But he's full of democracies. I should have a right to stay there, but I don't have… I'm going to pray so much so I can stay at his house (at the Lago Norte), really, this is the least he could do for me. I can't understand why I can't stay there! He said he will call me with the answer and it's going to be YES!

RJ 23/06/1989 Friday
I went to UERJ yesterday just to watch a show. Me, Jane, Marilia and Wanderleia. The show was at the acoustic stage, instrumental music with 4 guys, I forgot their name (they are very famous abroad). It was packed! The show was amazing, 10 x nil on any show I've ever seen (Legião, Capital, Ultrage a Rigor, Leo Jaime, Finis, Blitz, Oswaldo…). The guitarist is out of this world, the other one smashes it on the drums, and the other explodes it on the base and the fourth mesmerises on the keyboard. I was ecstatic, my ears had an orgasm, I went to Jupiter and back, lost in the middle of the solos. But why can't I remember their name? Just because they're not on the mainstream media or play on the FM radio.

UERJ workers went on strike. As well as none of the other services, the lifts are off. We had to go up and down 11 floors either on the ramp or the stairs. Hardly anyone was up on the Languages floor. We only made it to Portuguese class, missing Literature to watch the show. It took us 5 minutes to go up 11 floors, walking fast. Coming down was quicker.

I even dreamt about the show!

I didn't even go to UERJ yesterday as I'm feeling anxious, restless, perturbed. Gustavo, my father hasn't called with an answer… Today was a difficult day to get through. Gustavo called me asking if he could come here (after disappearing for 2 weeks) and I said

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no, as I was going to exercise class. The nerve! I'm not that easy. But I asked him to come here tomorrow as everyone is going to Friburgo, and he played hard to get, saying he wasn't sure. GO FUCK YOURSELF THEN! (I will get over him, I will!)

RJ 25/06/1989 Sunday
Ana called me late afternoon, inviting me out with her, Mauro and somebody else. I didn't know who the somebody else was going to be yet, I called Gustavo (he was in Botafogo) but he said he had been invited to a party in Leblon, but would call me soon, to let me know. Meanwhile, Antonio called me, saying he wanted to be the 'somebody', I asked him to call Ana and told her I had invited Gustavo. Then it was a bit of an awkward situation until Gustavo called to say he wasn't coming as he'd already arranged to go to the party. Fine, dilemma solved, but Antonio was upset. They came to pick me up at 21:30 and Ana said she'd seen Gustavo in Grajau and that he was probably going to the party at Fesobra (everyone in Vila Isabel and Grajau was going there). My blood boiled! What a liar. We went to Fesobra, and it was packed. I bumped into Wagner, so cute! I drank mulled wine and we were there for an hour or so. Ana, Mauro and Antonio knew EVERYONE. I'm glad I didn't see Gustavo, I was ready to smash his face. They decided to leave, I wanted to stay, but I went with them. We bought a bottle of coconut mix and came to my place. I was really drunk. We played cards, Antonio kept saying I like Gustavo. He was 3x more drunk than me and he just talked bullshit. I called Rodrigo in Uberlandia at 1:30 in the morning and he was all happy to hear from me! Antonio got angry, but he kept his word and didn't try anything with me, but he kept bickering with me. I was very very drunk. Everyone left around 3am and I passed out until 9 in the morning, when Claudio called, waking me up.

Now I have a headache and acid indigestion! I'm disappointed with Gustavo, why did he lie? Just to be with the other one? Why lie? I feel like I'm being cooked in lukewarm water, in bain-marie. He doesn't deserve me liking him this much. I hope he keeps being an arsehole, as I'll get over him faster.

RJ 01/07/1989 Saturday - Baptism at the Umbanda Centre
Last night was Gabriel and Julia's christening at the Umbanda Centre, she accidentally bought an extra ribbon. When we were having lunch (the whole family) they commented I've never been baptised (as my mother is a staunch atheist she never baptised me). Then it was like we had the same idea at once, why not baptise me? We ran out to buy me a candle and all went to the Centre. I wasn't sure I'd get baptised as it was last minute, but I kept asking in my mind and it happened! When we got there the lecture was almost over.

The G.E.L.C. was quieter than usual, as there were no consultations or work of any type. My aunt and uncle couldn't be my godparents as they don't have cabeça feita *[NOTE: head made up, I don't even remember what that means]*. I chose Father José (Emilia's entity) and Indio Tupi to be my godparents. I went after Julia and Gabriel. I was a bit disembodied and was shaking a little. Indio João (the "priest") explained the purpose of the baptism is to open my chakra to allow my guides to get closer to me. He put a bit of oil on my head, forehead, chest, hands. Then he put salt in my mouth, threw water on my head and took me to the altar. I had goosebumps! He gave me my flower, the candle and ribbon. My godparents gave me my blessings. It all took 10 minutes. It was very beautiful. I felt such a relief! As if a weight was lifted off my shoulders. I was baptised within a religion I like.

UERJ: So far I passed in three subjects, Linguistics, Theory of Literature and Latin. Portuguese and TECOE results are out next week. After TECOE exam on Weds me, Marilia, Wanderleia, Luis, Isaias and Luciana went to watch a dance show, at the university's main theatre. The PE students organised it. It was great. The technical ability wasn't that great, nor were they great dancers, but if you saw 20 grown man, with two left feet, dressed as native Indians and dancing to Xuxa, you'd laugh pretty hard too. Some of the other acts were more proficient, but there were other funny ones too.

I got home at 23:00. On Thursday night I went to the PE June Party (that's such a great course! Wish I'd done that instead!) and after the Portuguese exam we went to the car park. So many amazing looking guys in Physical Education! Half way through the party I noticed two guys in our class checking me out. I nearly got off with Luiz, but Daniel wouldn't give us space. Luiz lives in New Iguaçu and had to leave early. It was a struggle to get rid of Daniel, but this is a boring subject.

Gustavo called me on Thursday afternoon, saying he was in Grajau, and for a change, I didn't invite him over. He said he was in Grajau, DOING NOTHING and I said 'oh, really?' Why am I so proud? He said he went to Grajau on Saturday and then to FESOG (we nearly bumped into each other) and then to Leblon. He had the nerve to tell me he didn't like that I went out with Antonio and regretted not coming out that night. He asked if I got off with Antonio. I tried to be as cold as possible but failed. Later on Antonio came here and we talked for 1.5 hours, downstairs. He pays me so many compliments, puts me on a pedestal and makes me feel good. He restores my self-esteem.

Cristina Gonbov, 1986-2017

RJ 02/07/1989 Sunday
I watched an amazing film by Alan Parker last night and today. I'm a fan of his, he's an amazing director. This time I watched Angel Heart (*it's translated as Satanic Heart to Portuguese, which gives the twist away! Why?)* with Mikey Rourke and Robert de Niro. Me and Maira had to watch it twice. We were lost for most of it first time and only understood it at the end. Second time we made sense of all the confusion and it all fit together. Some films really mess you up!

This morning the gang from college were going for a picnic at the Parque Laje. I completely forgot and they called me. I didn't go in the end. Ana called me at 2 inviting me to the beach. At 2pm… I did go. Me, her, Mauro and Claudio (Mauro's 25 year old cousin). We went to Barra and we got there at 3pm. It was windy and the sun was weak. At this time of year it's impossible to get a tan but you can still enjoy the beach.

Claudio liked me and invited me to the cinema sometime. He's friendly and would probably make a good friend, but that's it. Unfortunately his intentions and staring weren't about friendship. Bad luck. AND GUSTAVO? CAN'T GET HIM OUT OF MIND. I have a test at Brasas tomorrow, to progress to Book 3, so I'm getting an early night. Goodnight.

RJ 05/07/1989 Wednesday
I had an English oral test today at Brasas and got 100%! It seems Fred will also be our teacher on Book 3. I hope so!

I called Gustavo on Monday asking if he wanted to come with me to exchange 40 dollars in Copacabana. He said he'd call to let me know but he didn't, so I'll have to go on my own tomorrow.

Went to UERJ to get my Portuguese exam result. I didn't do well but it was enough for me to pass with 80% average. Everyone was there, we talked for about 40 minutes and I came home.

Gino hasn't called this week, we'd been talking every week in the last month or so, on Mondays. Poor guy, every time he calls asking when will I get there I say I don't know. We gossiped so much now we've run out of things to talk about. Dear me, I'm lacking in subjects today!

RJ 06/07/1989 Thursday
I was arriving in Brasilia exactly a year ago, for the holidays. My father hasn't called and this makes it clear that he's NOT my father. I wrote to Luciana asking if I could stay at her house in the last week of July (when I don't have classes at Brasas) and because my mum will be there in August I could stay a further two weeks. The letter I sent must be arriving today or tomorrow in Brasilia.

Gustavo called last night before I left to go to University to get my TECOE result. Luiz Fidelis took my number and said he was going to call me for us to go to the cinema. Wow!

I met up with Gustavo this morning at Saens Peña, he went to get his electoral title and then we went to Copacabana to exchange some dollars, but we popped into the beach before going to the jeweller to exchange. The sea was rough, so rough! Some guy lit a joint and Gustavo went to ask him if he could take a toke and the guy refused. What a mean addict! We went to exchange the money. While waiting for the 433 bus Fernanda Montenegro (*famous actress*) walked past right in front of us. She seems very nice. Gustavo went home and I came to mine, on the way I took out a film from the video store: The Lost Boys. It's so-so, I thought it would be better than it was…

RJ 08/07/1989 Saturday
I watched lots of films, it's mine and the family's new favourite pastime. Gino called, we dreamt about each other last night, which happens often, but our dreams were very different. In his dream we were at the beach, together... A good dream. In my dream, as in so many, I only see him from a distance and can't get close to him. Agonising! I want to have a nice dream with him, but it hardly ever happens! I just have these fretful dreams!

Luiz Fidelis called me yesterday so we could go today, then he called today saying he couldn't make it (I wasn't going to go anyway) and invited me out tomorrow. Then I said I can't tomorrow. My future-ex romance barely started and it's gone wrong already. As soon as he showed interest I lost it (or did I get scared?). Honestly!

RJ 09/07/1989 Sunday - I'm going to Brasilia!

Gleuria Goulboy 1986-2023

Luciana called last night saying I can stay at hers! Fucking hell, great news! I'm going to Brasilia on the 21st, I can't believe it!

Claudio (from the beach, last week) called yesterday inviting me to go to the cinema today (I can't complain I don't get asked out!) but I lied and said I was already going with another friend… Claudio has just graduated in Law. There's plenty of guys around but I don't feel any affinity with them… The only person in Rio I really wanted just messes me around and doesn't really like me.

Gino called me again today. I told him the good news and he said his father goes away in August and I can stay with him at 203. Gino has a house at the Lago, 405 and 203. Great! He's very lonely, more than I am, hence the anxiety to see me. So much tenderness. If he was going out and having fun he wouldn't even remember me. I say this because that's how I felt when I was having fun, I didn't really think about him.

I had period pain all day, just to interfere with my ecstatic happiness. I always feel pain on the 1st day, but I think today it was worse because it's cold. I nearly died. I took 30 drops of Novalgina, but I waited it out until 15:00. It took my pressure down and made me sleepy, I slept for ages. It was a horrible pain!

I'm so happy in myself in the last three days, I can't believe it! Suddenly Gustavo means so little. Only because that's how he wanted it, I'd have done anything for him. Because of my loneliness I became a lot more attached than I should have done. But now it all seems so weak and insignificant. And it just happened suddenly, before I knew I was going to Brasilia. Goodbye heartache, it was good while it lasted.

RJ 10/07/1989 Monday
Happy Days! I feel like a feather, light and free. A flowering garden. I can't describe this sensation of peace! I depend only on myself to be happy.

I went to the Banco Mercantil after Brasas to pay for the English course. Daylight robbery! I also paid Rogerio and Paulo. I did my exercise class and took a COLD shower, I always do, but today was really cold! I went to UERJ straight from the academy to enrol for the 2nd period. Can you believe it that to lock my studies I first have to enrol? So bureaucratic. I met Ana Lucia, Daniel and Marcio as soon as I got there and then… tchan, tchan, tchan… Luiz Fidelis. He looked so very cute today! We took the same lift down and I nearly kissed him. As I don't feel insecure around him I just flirt naturally with him. And it works! But when I really like someone it's a different story. I feel really self conscious and awkward. Luiz was just an inconsequential flirt.

Keyla and Soraya came here at 18:00, I missed them. What a good day I had today! I think I'm getting a haircut tomorrow. I THINK!

RJ 11/07/1989 Tuesday
Went to the bus station with Zezé in the morning and bought my ticket to Brasilia! I'm going on the 21st! Then we went to Copacabana to get my mother's grant money with Carmen, who arrived back from London. It was 2,300 dollars. Then we went to the bureau de change to exchange 150 dollars for my trip and 300 for Zezé to pay some of her debts. We collected some beauty products for my mum, ate and came back to Vila Izabel. I walked into the hairdressers and before I lost my nerve I asked for the hairdresser to chop it off. EIGHT fingers, or an open hand from little to big finger. He cut more than he should have done but it looks fine. I thought I looked weird at first as my hair was so long, down to my chest and now it's above my shoulders. It'll get back where it was again in year! Ana and Mauro came here to see my hair and watch The Color Purple. Half way through Gustavo calls saying he called on Sunday and no one answered… Must have called the wrong house! I was here on Sunday, and Maira was here on Monday. I didn't tell him I'm going to Brasilia, he asked but I said I didn't know if I was going. Now he knows what it's like to feel unvalued.

He said he's coming here tomorrow for us to smoke weed. He won't even have time to think about staying with me. I'll be kissing him way before. As soon as I get him out of my mind he calls! Me? I'm not playing games, I'm making the most of it! When I go to England I'll forget him whether I want to or not…

RJ 12/07/1989 Wednesday
Keyla's birthday.

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Everything went wrong. Five minutes after I got home from Brasas Gustavo arrived with the weed. I hadn't smoked for so long! Everything was going nicely… We smoked, tripped, laughed and made love, I mean, had sex. I concluded we don't make love. Then he turned into a WANKER and an ARSEHOLE and me too. When we get high together it's horrible! Him high on his own is bad enough, but both of us?

When he started wanting to borrow my records I didn't want to lend them to him as I'm very possessive of them, and I started thinking he wouldn't return them. It turned into such a stupid argument I'm not even going into details. We must have been sworn enemies in a previous incarnation, you know? He suddenly opened the door and stood with such a sad face (I think I went too far in what I said), I was looking at him and asked whether he was leaving or not and he said 'if that's what you want'… And left. I didn't try to stop him. That Legião song, Ainda é Cedo fits us perfectly

Uma menina me ensinou
Quase tudo que eu sei
Era quase escravidão
Mas ela me tratava como um rei

Ela fazia muitos planos
Eu só queria estar ali
Sempre ao lado dela
Eu não tinha aonde ir

Mas egoísta que eu sou
Me esqueci de ajudar
A ela como ela me ajudou
E não quis me separar

Ela também estava perdida
E por isso se agarrava a mim também
E eu me agarrava a ela
Porque eu não tinha mais ninguém

E eu dizia ainda é cedo
Cedo, cedo, cedo, cedo
E eu dizia ainda é cedo
Cedo, cedo, cedo, cedo
Ah, eu dizia ainda é cedo
Cedo, cedo, cedo, cedo
Ah, eu dizia ainda é cedo

Sei que ela terminou
O que eu não comecei
E o que ela descobriu
Eu aprendi também, eu sei

Ela falou: Você tem medo
Aí eu disse: Quem tem medo é você
Falamos o que não devia
Nunca ser dito por ninguém

Ela me disse: Eu não sei
Mais o que eu sinto por você
Vamos dar um tempo
Um dia a gente se vê

I told him this song was our relationship and he must have gotten the message. There you go, he messed me around so much, only looking for me when he had nothing else to do, not wanting to go out with me properly, I got tired. So many differences and obstacles. We are both guilty as neither wanted to make an effort to change. So over time I started finding more and more faults with

him and now I don't want to be with him. It's easy for him to be with me with no commitment, but I really liked him and wanted more.

I feel empty, I think about him and feel nothing. I didn't want to stop liking him as I like being around him when we're not high. But something has changed, and it's me. I don't feel insecure about him not liking me. He said there's not a lack of girls for him to be with and I asked him why the hell does he keep calling me and he said nothing. That was the last straw, he could have said it's because he likes me, I could see it in his eyes, but he wasn't man enough to admit it. Well, now I admit I don't like him anymore, at 16:55 this is how I feel. I don't care whether he doesn't like me or he just can't say he likes me, it doesn't matter anymore, the circus is closed. I'm throwing this paranoia called Gustavo in the bin.

RJ 13/07/1989 Thursday
I went to Keyla's at 21:30 to meet and go out to celebrate her birthday last night. Soraya, Jaque, Valeria, Solange, Marcelo and Zé were there. We picked Silvana, Gisele and the other Marcelo up and went to Alberico's in Ipanema. Elfio, Barbosa and another seven people joined us. There were twenty people on our table. To make things better Brazil beat Argentina 2 x 0! It was so unlikely I nearly bet 500crz with my uncle that Brazil was going to lose. I'm glad I didn't! I was talking to Barbosa most of the time. Luis and him have serious girlfriends. Who'd have thought! We might to go the cinema next week. It was great, but would have been better if the Martins gang was there. Everyone was drunk. On the way back Keyla and Jaque cried. I was drunk but so happy I was laughing while they were crying. I gave Keyla a big hug to stop her crying and as a goodbye as she's going to Caxambu today and then she's going to Brasilia and we're going to meet there!

I got home at 2:30am and didn't get up until noon. I'm going to Ana's soon for a visit.

I'm back from Ana's (it's 18:50) and I was there with her and Mauro. They are so sweet. I think they'll get married. The only nicest couple I've met was Vivi and Pedro.

RJ 14/07/1989 Friday - Happiness
Happiness is real, did you know that? I had known it, but hadn't met it for a long time. I've never felt so complete and content. Why? Could it be because I'm going to Brasilia? No, it's not. I realised I can be happy anywhere as long as I stay positive. I must be strong!

I went to Brasas in the morning but Fred didn't show up and there was no class. I went to grandad's to pick up a suitcase for my trip. Grandad was very nice! I didn't go to exercise class in the afternoon and bought myself a pair of trousers and paid some bills for my aunt at Bradesco. I picked up a film to watch: Empire of the Sun.

Just now I called my beloved Gino. He says he hasn't had sex with anyone for a year, no wonder he's so desperate to see me. I really deserve such a nice boy. It was lucky for me that no one showed up on the scene. Sometimes I feel sad that I'm going and that I'm going to lose him, not because he'll meet someone, but because I'll forget him. I wanted a life with him but the distance will ruin it!

RJ 15/07/1989 Saturday
Luiz Fidelis called last night to talk and today he called for us to go out, I said NO. Antonio came here last night in the middle of the film. We talked and only today I managed to finish it. Brazil beat Paraguay 3x0 and tomorrow I'm going to Maracanã with Ana, Mauro and Ana's family to watch the final of the Copa America: Brazil vs. Uruguay. I've never been to Maracanã, despite living only a 10 minute walk away!

I told Antonio to get lost properly last night. I told him I've never been one for staying with someone I don't fancy, like some people do. He said I'm unusual. Really? Surely the logical thing is being with someone you like, not to be with someone to pass the time. People who do that are dishonest and fake. I mean, I've done it before so I know what if feels like. He said life is short and we need to make the most of it. Since when being with someone you don't feel attracted to is making the most of life??? I think big cities make people neurotic and in a rush. Everything has to happen fast! That's no fun! If I liked him of course I'd be with him but I DON'T!!!!

Then he came with the same line as Gustavo a while back: He'd only just come to see me to be sure. Like Gustavo, he fancies another woman. This one is 27 years old, separated, with a kid. I told him to go and be with her! He says he has lust for me and one day he'll forget me. I told him he'll go to his grave with this desire and furthermore, if for a miracle he managed to get anywhere near

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me then he'd really fall in love! I don't think I could have been anymore arrogant, but it's true… He can't accept that I don't like him, that I'm not attracted to me and he keeps coming up with some way out there stupid theories! He said I was in love with him otherwise I wouldn't act like this, he stopped short of calling me frigid. Is it my fault I'm not like him, to whom it's enough for someone to be of the opposite sex for him to want them? I don't even want to be that way. Ah, go have a shit! But he's good fun and a nice guy. He said I give a good impression and I'm a very unusual person. He said at first he thought I was naïve, easy to feed a line, but he was so wrong. We talked so much!!!

Ana invited me to a party in Botafogo, today, opposite Rio Sul Shopping Centre. I might go.

RJ 16/07/1989 Sunday
Last night me, Ana, Mauro, Claudio, Paula and Michel went to the said party at Goes Monteiro (street where Gustavo lives). There was hardly anyone there and it was boring! We left at 23:00 and went to Mauro's watch Maguila's fight which lasted 1.5 rounds. He got punched on the 2nd round and passed out, totally stiff. I felt sorry for him, even though I think boxing is a stupid man's game. It's not even an animal sport, because animals don't fight for money. We played Sueca and I got home at 1:00am. I finally met Mauro's famous brother, Marcelo. He's 29 years old. Ana told me he was engaged to get married but changed his mind. Can you believe that?

I'm going to Ana's soon and from there we go to Maracanã watch Brazil vs. Uruguay!

RJ 17/07/1989 Monday - Copa América final at Maracanã
Brazil 1 x 0 Uruguay.

Thirty nine years later we gave them a test of their own medicine! Yesterday me, Ana, Mauro, Claudio and some of Ana's relatives went to Maracanã at 14:30. We watched the semi-final first: Paraguay vs. Argentina. It was a draw and this gave Argentina 3rd place. Slowly Maracanã filled up until 148,000 were compressed inside. I've never seen so many people together in one place.

We did the Ola (*Mexican wave*) lots of times. Maracanã full with everyone supporting the same team is a SPECTACLE! You have to see to believe. The match wasn't that great but it lifted spirits. Maracanã was the best example of catharsis I've ever seen. Indescribable! I couldn't have died without experiencing it! After the match me, Ana, Claudio and Mauro went to the bakery, bought 10 beers, ham, fizzy drinks, bread and ate. All of this with Claudio trying to get together with me. Fucking hell! Another one I had to be rude to! I hate these emotional mismatches where Fulano likes Sicrano who likes Beltrano who likes no one. It's weird but I don't want to be with anyone, only Gino. Or maybe the right guy hasn't come along, but Claudio is such a nice guy! I need someone like him, tender, mature, intelligent, kind. But I felt no desire to have anything to do with him. Am I getting cold?

RJ 20/07/1989 Thursday
I went to the gynaecologist on Tuesday for a final check-up. Everything is fine, perfect, thank God! *[NOTE: this cauterization probably saved me from developing cervical cancer]*

It's really raining men! Antonio has left me alone but now Claudio and Luiz Fidelis seem to take turns calling me. But I'm not interested. Am I too fussy? Ah, this talk is really boring. I'm just putting it here to register that I do have fans!

Lauro Corona died of AIDS today. Cazuza has been ill for longer but he's still alive. Do you know why? Cazuza has money and Lauro didn't. His death upset me.

I'm going to Brasilia tomorrow but I won't be taking you with me, no one can read you. Patricia is picking me up from the bus station. I feel so anxious!!!

RJ 21/07/1989 Friday
Last night I went to Universidade São Judas Tadeu with Ana, Mauro and Claudio for Mauro to do an exam. Ana called me asking to keep her company while she waited for Mauro but when I got in the car I was surprised to see Claudio there. With the face of someone in love, which I found really irritating! What they say is true: women like to be courted, admired and seduced by the man she chooses! When someone we don't fancy likes us it's really ANNOYING. I just ignored all his not so subtle hints.

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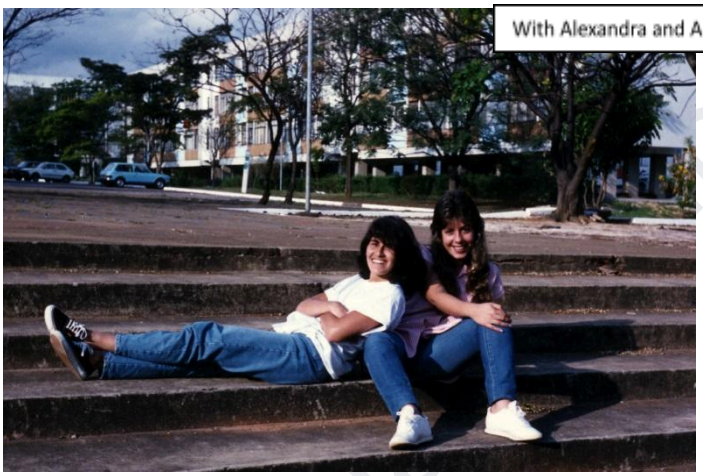
I spoke to my mum last night and a miracle is happening. She asked (I suggested) Zezé to do a descargo (*discharge/release*) as my mum thinks someone has done a job on her (*i.e. put a curse on her*). I think it's Maria Carmen's very negative energy. I don't know why my mum still speaks with that woman. My mum's even reading Alan Kardec! Great!

Well, see you in around a month. Not exactly sure when I'll be back.

RJ 21/08/1989 Monday - Brasilia
Sadly I'm back already, this morning. I left Brasilia quietly, without telling most people I was leaving except Gino, Luciana and Alexandra. Marco came looking for me yesterday when I was leaving so he found out as well. Him, Luciana, Patricia and my mum took me to the station. I was crying all day yesterday, I didn't want to come back. It was fucked up! I just wanted to die. This time I'm convinced that city is the best place in the world. I took 117 photos. Well, let's do it in stages…

Gino: When I got there we went straight to the club and then Pontão to watch a foot volley championship. When we got back to Luciana and Patricia's Gino was there waiting. I looked at his face and I felt nothing, I think he felt the same. Only when we went out at night to Pontão that we got together. We were getting on but I started to step on the ball. Gino managed to find a flat for us to stay, it was all arranged. We went out with everyone to Gilberto and then we went back to the hot dog stand (the new meeting point for the gang, on the corner of 405/406). But everyone, about 30 people, was going to a Karaoke bar in Núcleo, very famous. Gino didn't want to go, the gang wanted me to come. I left Gino behind with the keys to the flat and went to Karaoke. I danced, drank and laughed. I couldn't understand why I did that because I was the one who suggested he find us a flat. We only made love twice while I was there. Once on the stairs – I had my first real orgasm with someone ever, like I was seeing stars! Amazing! But we argued a lot too. I don't know. I reached the conclusion it's a serious case of physical attraction because he's too silly, square and anti-social for my liking. But he's tasty!
You know what? I don't want to talk about it and tell you all right now. It hurts too much.
I LOVE BRASILIA!

With Alexandra and Andre



RJ 22/08/1989 Tuesday - Brasilia
Raul Seixas died… Why are the most amazing people deciding to disincarnate this year? I was already sad, I cried a lot. I called Keyla yesterday. Eh, loneliness. I thought about Gustavo but didn't call him. I think I only think about him because there's no one else to think about, so whenever I feel desperate to call him I stop myself. I went to Copacabana to exchange some dollars and went on a mad walk. I have a really bad cold!

I bumped into Henrique in Brasilia, when I dropped Luciana off to do her UNB exams (she got in to do Forestry Engineering). We had already spoken on the phone and even arranged to meet, but it never happened. After the UNB result on the 18th I saw he didn't pass and I didn't call him again. I knew he had studied hard and was probably upset. He looked so handsome! Gino also did UNB exams but didn't pass. Only Jorge, Luciana and Raissa. I also met Alessandra, Orlando, Deka, Andre. I spent most of the time at 405, at the hot dog stand, seeing the same people.

At the hotdog stand, my regular spot for the holiday:

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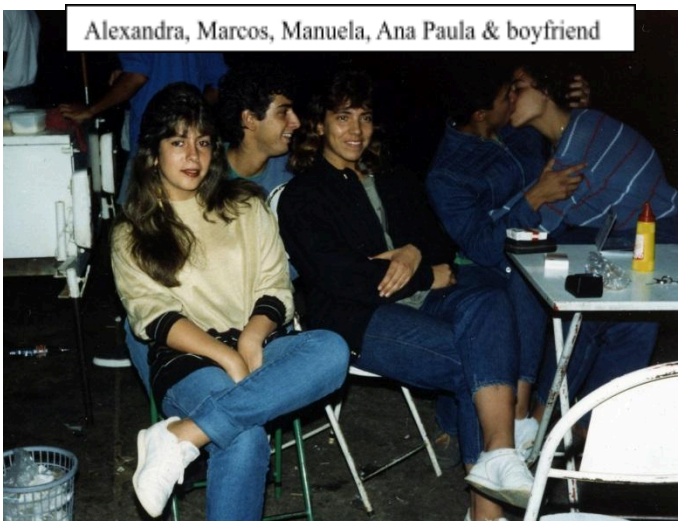
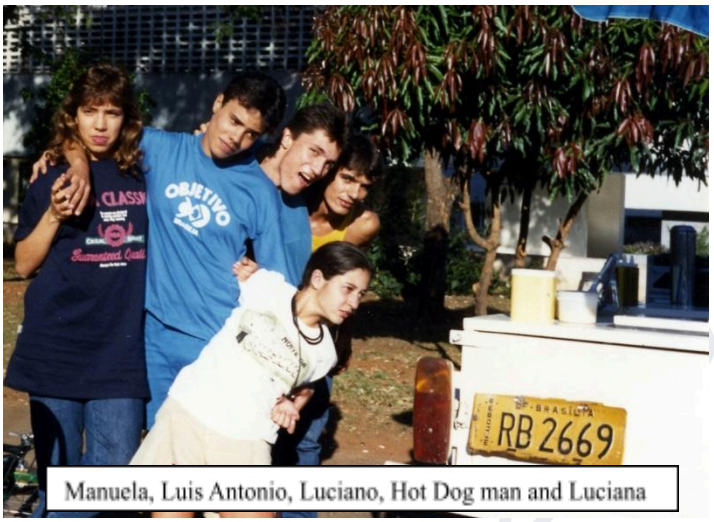
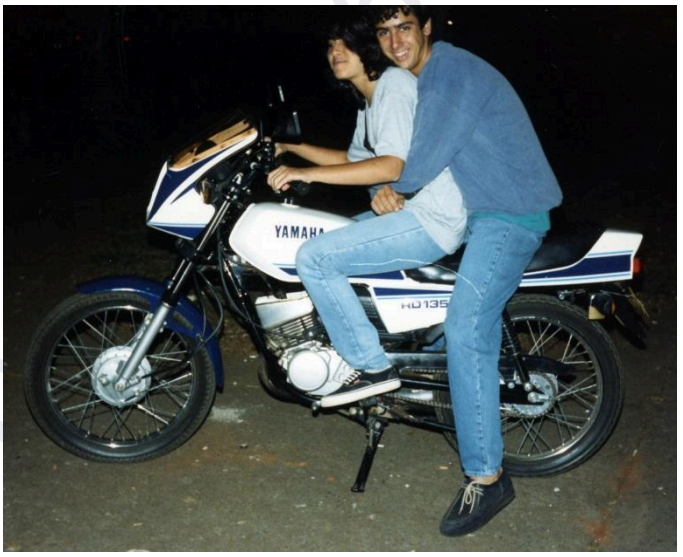


Alexandra, Marcos, Manuela, Ana Paula & boyfriend



Manuela, Luis Antonio, Luciano, Hot Dog man and Luciana

All the photos from Brasilia https://www.flickr.com/photos/plasmatika/albums/995114



With Gino and Renata

Luciano, Marcos and Andre

Gino was really jealous of Marcos and as I spent more time with him than with Gino (who only came out at night) this also caused a lot of friction. I also discovered Gino's sister, Alexandra, doesn't like me and her and Renata (whore) kept trying to convince him to dump me all the time I was away. But he didn't. I did a lot of shitty things and someone less patient might have ended it. But I didn't go there just to be with Gino, I went there to see my friends! This also caused a lot of arguments.

Brasilia has become a city of cyclists and everyone is now an athlete. EVERYONE. Tuira took part in a biathlon and Patricia is seeing Ze do Camelo, a 32 year old triathlete.

Tuira, making his change at the biathlon race in Parque da Cidade

I concluded that without Gustavo, Rio makes no sense, so I phoned him. He thought I was still in Brasilia, he's coming here on Thursday to return my records. Keyla called and said Iaron died two weeks ago. He was in our class at Martins and he died on the way back from a bbq at Martins. Iaron was a hyper intelligent guy! He was sat on his own in the back seat… I didn't expect this!

Maira said that if I really liked Gino I wouldn't have gone to the Karaoke and would have stayed with him that night… Either way something strong bonds me to him. Perhaps my ruptured hymen!

I can't get over Iaron's death…

RJ 23/08/1989 Wednesday
Watched Je Vous Salue, Marie (Jean-Luc Godard) in the morning with Maira and Claudio. I don't see what's so great about this film. I didn't understand the function of a certain couple in the film, perhaps only Godard can explain it.

I went to Keyla's in the afternoon and we went to Rio Sul shopping centre, but we got on the wrong bus and ended up in Copacabana, but we still got there in time, but her friends we were supposed to meet with were an hour late! We caught up and laughed while we waited. The way back was shit, the buses were packed, everyone in a bad mood and terrible traffic.

I tried calling Luciana at night but it was engaged, later she called me (telepathy), saying she'd been on the phone with Marcos but suspected I might be trying to call. She said lots of people were stunned by my departure. I did what Rodrigo did, when he moved to Uberlandia!

At Gino's dad's with Luciana, Gino and Patricia

© Gojobov, 1986-2

Luciana's bedroom and with Patricia on balcony

RJ 25/08/1989 Friday
I went to the centre of town in the morning to exchange some dollars to send to my mum, got back and soon after Gustavo arrived with my records. I felt NOTHING when I saw him, but I flirted with him, just for fun. We had lunch. I was in good spirits, told him about the trip and Gino. We talked so much! I was sure of myself, I asked him if we were going to have sex or not! Dear me, Lelé! We laid together and off we went… I was just comparing him to Gino, taking mental notes. Gustavo was a bit sulky, asking why I never cum when I'm with him. It's his fault, he's too quick! Also, Gino is a lot more tender and caring, he takes his time, he's more sensual, he just seems more experienced. Gustavo is too frantic, frenzied, there's no magic or sensuality. It's not horrible, It's kind of good, otherwise I wouldn't have sex with him. But, despite his personality failings, in terms of sex Gino is on a league of his own. I couldn't resist the comparison, also they'll never read this. Congratulations Gino, you won the trophy of best man in a sea of two competitors!

Then I said to Gustavo how nice it is to NOT like anyone and be with people just to pass the time and not be upset when they don't call and be emotionally independent. It really is great! But he's the only person I stay with to pass the time. Not Claudio, Antonio… I told Gustavo I used to be in love with him, he seemed surprised and asked why I didn't tell him at the time… Did I have to? It must have been obvious. Now it's too late, only sex and friendship, it works better.

I went to UERJ to get my results and see my friends, Luiz Fidelis was there. He called me when I got home, asking if I'm going to London or not. I said I'm still here and went to UERJ just to see people.

Going to Friburgo this afternoon with Maira, Zezé and the rest of the family…

Gustavo called but I was sleeping. Then he called again saying he had called so we could smoke. I'm glad I was sleeping. Smoking with him always ends badly…

Oh, I didn't tell you, THE MOST NERVE WRACKING thing in Brasilia. On my first Sunday there me, Patricia and Luciana went to Conjunto Nacional to watch the Aerobics Championships *[NOTE: fuck knows what that even is, I think it was just some promotional event]* . I met Deka, Alexandra, Renata, Luciano, etc. Everyone was there. When we met Alexandra she said Rodrigo!!!!! was walking around, amidst the people, he was in Brasilia for the day! Patricia panicked, she didn't want to see him, and I was in agony because I wanted to see him. Everyone bumped into him, in the 5000 strong crowd, except us! I guess this was better for Patricia. It drove me insane knowing he was around but I couldn't see him. That was the last I heard of him, and the only day he was in Brasilia.

Friburgo 26/08/1989 Saturday - Physics
Eh, great weather, fresh! No sign of sadness. I miss Brasilia enormously but I'm ok, not sad, not happy: just even. To pass the time today I picked up a Physics book and answered some questions, otherwise my brain will get rusty. How weird, after finishing school I fell in love with Physics. I'm telling you I'm loopy?!?! I wrote a bit to Luciana, thought a bit about Gustavo (more on this later). I walked around Friburgo with Maira, Zezé and Julia. This is a lovely town!

RJ 28/08/1989 Tuesday - Brasilia

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We arrived back from Friburgo (me, Zezé and Gil) last night. On Sunday I went to watch Dangerous Liaisons with Zezé and Maira. It's the second time I watched it, it's such a good film! The temperature in Rio is perfect, 20c during the day. This is the ideal temperature for me, not too hot, not too cold. Spot on.

I went to the dentist in the morning, I had to wait for 2 hours to be seen. I have 4 cavities and may have to have two root canals done. It'll cost 375crz. And this is because Dr. Lenir is cheap, if it was somewhere else it'd be a fortune… I'll start the treatment soon. He didn't want to pull out my wisdom teeth!

I exercised for 2 hours in the afternoon, before that I did my usual domestic duties. Before I went away I think I was 60% fit, now I'm down to 40%. I'm not going to the academy anymore and will exercise at home, 5x a week.

Back to Brasilia:
On the Saturday I arrived, me, Luciana, Gino, Tuira, Paula, Manuela, Pedro, Luciana, Sinara, Marcos, Flavia, etc, went to Pontão to drink wine. Before getting there, at the hot dog stand, Luciana had drank whisky and she started vomiting on Sinara's car just as we got to Pontão. I just saw people jumping out of the car. Off I went to take care of her. All because she had an argument with Marcos!

On my 2nd Saturday (29/07) we went to a Karaoke place in Nucleo Bandeirantes. Cazzo, who lives in Rio, had arrived and was very drunk. Rodrigo Bocão (Luciana and Patricia's brother) who moved to Alfenas, was also there. There were 24 of us and we took over the place. Luciana drank so much she snogged Marcos and they made up! Flavia started going out with Andre. Cazzo overturned a table. I nearly kissed Tuira (I don't remember why Gino didn't come). It was full on debauchery!

On my 3rd Saturday (05/08) we all went for a spin at Gilberto, then Karaoke. It was the night when Gino arranged a flat for us and I let him down, choosing to go to the Karaoke bar. Luciana didn't go out that night because on the Friday (my birthday) we went to Pontão and her mother came to get her because her father doesn't want her to see Marcos (because of Giu and because he's "poor"!). So on Saturday she didn't want nor was she allowed to go out. On this Saturday there were 21 people out, Cazzo overturned another table in his drunken state. Even Alexandra went, she doesn't hang around with this crowd. She went to be with me. I danced then fell asleep on a sofa.

On my 4th Saturday (12/08) Luciana didn't go out again (argument with her mum). Marcos called me, telling me lots of people had gone to a party at Alexanias (1.5 hours away from Brasilia). So it was me, Marcos, Andre, Alexandra, Flavia and Alexandre left. I didn't even call Gino (he complained a lot about this later) and we went to the Feira Agropecuaria (*Agricultural Fair*) at Granja do Torto. We had fun until 1am and then the cold got to me and I nearly fell asleep. This Alexandre is Andre's friend and I met him on my birthday. When I met him at Libanus, Gino was still at home, and there was something between us, which soon vanished once he saw me with Gino. On this Saturday, before going to the fair we went to Aspone, we were split into two cars: me, Flavia and Alexandra in the Escort, Marcos, Andre, Alexandre on the Chevette. We raced each other all the way to the fair. Of course the women won!

My 5th and final Saturday was sad. Me and Gino didn't contact each other… I stayed at Libanus with Patricia and Luciana for ages. Then us 3, Alexandra, Tuira, Marcos, Luciano, Lucio, Seiki, Paula, Manuela, Andrea, Landi, Sinara, Ascle and others went to ABR to dance. I jumped like a popcorn at first then remembered I was leaving and went to the toilet to cry. No one knew I was leaving. I left with Luciana, Patricia, Alexandra and Tuira at 3:00am and I kissed everyone (I normally just say goodbye) and had to work hard not to tell everyone. I gave Marcos a massive hug, he thought it was weird and got suspicious. That's why he showed up on the Sunday, early morning. Aunt Jo forgot her reservations about him and invited him to lunch. Mrs Joacy is the queen of diplomacy!

So this was a summary of my five Saturday nights in my land!

Some photos taken around the neighbourhood

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Luciana, Luis Antonio and Gino, behind I block

At Libanus with the 'galera'

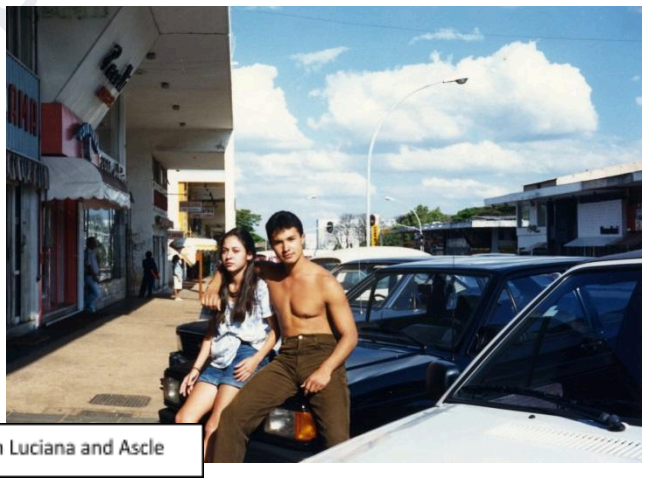
Luciana and Marcos

At Libanus with Alexandra, Ivone and her sister

With William at I block bench

Marcos, Gino and I outside C block

Spending time with Luciana



With Luciana and Ascle

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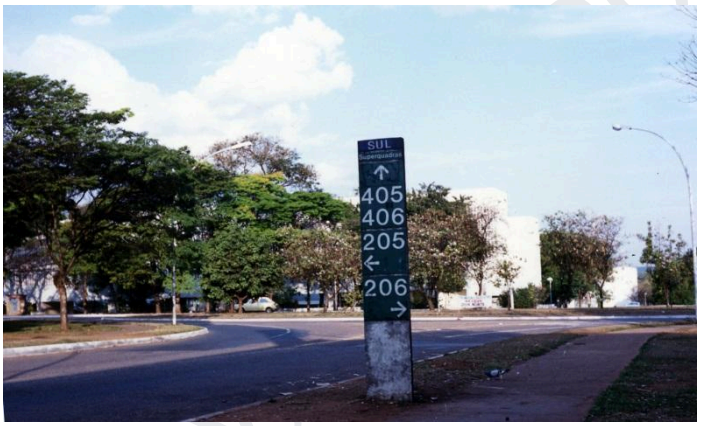
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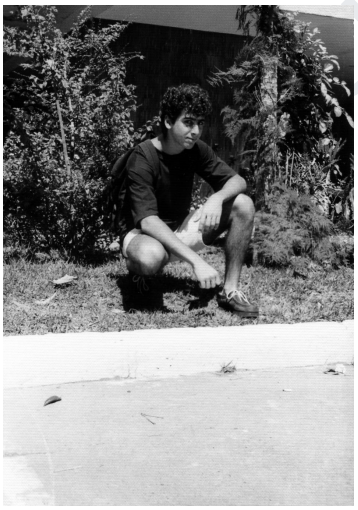

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RJ 31/08/1989 Thursday

I had some weird crazy dreams last night! Faiga knew Ana Claudia… I dreamt I was at Keyla's house or something like that in Araras and I was going to sleep. Suddenly I see a HUGE frog on the window, the panic! Someone helped me kill it, or break one of its legs with a broom. Then there were frogs everywhere and I was trying to get them out. It was disgusting!!! Keyla's mum showed up and the frogs vanished. I went to sleep, then I woke up in my dream, turned the light on and there were two frogs on the wall next to me. I felt an intense fear. I'm going to write my dreams down when I wake up, this way I won't forget them. When I wake up I can remember details, and that's the best part of my dreams.

Bill, i.e. Marcelo from Martins, called me yesterday and today we went to visit Ana Claudia, except Mauro was there. They have been together for a year and are stuck together. Bill also has been seeing someone for seven months, Monica.

Marcelo at Ana Claudia's

RJ 02/09/1989 Saturday - Brasilia

Yesterday was fun! I went to Keyla's in the afternoon. Her parents went away and her and Valeria are alone. I stayed all afternoon then they invited me for dinner as Efio was visiting after class. The three of us came to my place to pick up some tapes and a towel and we got back. It rained a lot today! On our way to mine Valeria's ex, Zé, drove past and stopped (Valeria had gone up to pick up an umbrella because of the heavy rain and when she came back down there he was). He split up with her a month ago and she hadn't seen him since. It was amusing! It's amusing seeing other people in this sort of situation. Makes you realise how stupid love can make you act. I'm immune to it at the moment, I've been so cold and rational. I've never been like this! Valeria was shaking after he left. When we got back to their place she called everyone telling them about the encounter. If Zé hears about it he's going to feel full of himself.

Keyla and I were in charge of dinner: farofa, chicken, rice and salad. And Caipirinha! Elfio arrived around 22:00. He's so sweet, his extreme good looks are overshadowed by his personality. Shallow Kiko arrived soon after. I hadn't seen him for centuries! He's so shallow, but I can just about talk to him and I have a lot of consideration for him, mostly because he's also Italian. I'll never forget the extremely stuck together pasta we made that weekend in Miguel Pereira.

Well, onto dinner. The chicken burned a bit. They took the piss out of our dinner. I say 'our' just to show solidarity, all I did was cut the sausage for the farofa! I couldn't understand why the chicken burned, it was all white in the oven, when we put it on the table it was charred. Kiko said the chicken suffered 4th degree burns. Elfio and Kiko said the best thing about dinner was the Coke. But they ate it all. Especially Elfio! We laid down in the living room. Me, Keyla and Elfio talking on one side, Valeria and Kiko on the other. How I laughed. But then a song that reminded me of Brasilia came on. I only thought about it for a moment. I was in good spirits. Our conversations came together and we left around 2:30am. I might go to Caxambu this holiday.

Here are my Fridays in Brasilia

On my 1st Friday (28/08) we went to the club in the morning and then I went to Conjunto Nacional with Alexandra to buy some tops. In the evening me, Luciana and Raissa went to the Teatro Nacional to watch the dance group Corpo. It was amazing. After the show everyone was waiting for us outside: Marcos, Flavia, Martha, Roberto, Seiki. There were three cars. I was in Marcos' car with Luciana, Raissa, Tuira and Martha. We went to 405 to pick Gino up. Before going to the theatre I had gone to Gino's, asking him to come out later. He said he was going to a party on the I block and didn't know if he was coming. I gave him an angry look and left. Marcos then later said Gino said he was coming. We also picked Carlos Horacio up. We went to Aspone. Gino hates going to bars and had a face on. I just ignored him and spent time with Luciana, who had the argument with Marcos and they were split up. Then I went to 'look after Gino', who was already drunk. I'm so sarcastic. I asked Gino what was the matter knowing I had not only ignored him but was also doing the two things he doesn't like: drinking and smoking! Now I see how patient he was with me, I stepped on the ball *(NOTE: pisando na bola, a saying literally translated to English, it just means doing wrong, failing, making mistakes*) so many times. Worse was the day he walked past the Hot Dog stand and I was sat on Andre's lap, apologising for having stood him up. Gino walked straight past. I went to talk to him and he berated me and said he was going to do the same thing (this was on the 14th of August). He didn't actually do the same but he changed after that, sometimes he ignored me, checked out other girls in front of me… This made me ignore him double. Somehow we always figured things out eventually. But on my last week in Brasilia he did try to give his payback!

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After Aspone we bought some wine from Adega and Gino and I were fine. We went to Libanus and sat outside. Then Rodrigo Bocão and Luciana went home and I went with them.

On my 2nd Friday (04/08) it was my birthday. EVERYONE went to Pontão! Before getting there we went to Dani's party (Tuira and Luis Antonio's sister), her birthday is on the same day as mine. I went there, then to Libanus and gathered everyone at the I block. That was the night I met Alexandre. We bought wine. Gino was being a bore! Tired, sleepy… Off we went to Pontão. We were there, having a good time. Gino and I were in the car when Patricia shows up, to get Luciana. She was back with Marcos since the previous Saturday. I only found out the reason and that aunt Jo was in the car the next day and I was really perturbed and angry by it. More people arrived and everyone sang a crazy happy birthday to me. There were more than 20 people. I wanted to go to the toilet and Gino didn't want to come with me (I was dizzy), I got mad and went alone. Alexandra ran after me and we went together. When I came back I just ignored him, I just drank and talked to everyone else. We got back at 2:00 and stayed at Praline's door: me, Alexandra, Luciano, Sinara, Alexandre and some two other guys. I jokingly told Gino it was all over and was arm in arm with Alexandre, saying he was my new boyfriend. I gave a show, everyone was laughing at my drunken antics, even Gino!

Alexandre turned to me and said he'd love if that was true, I said it was and kissed him on the cheek. Then I got tired of playing and asked Gino if he wanted to get back together, then he sulked and I said I loved him and would die without him… He wasn't moved by it. Then I got mad and told him to fuck off. I was talking to Alexandra and two guys. Then me, Alexandra and Gino left, we dropped Alexandra home and sat on the A block bench. We were there, talking, kissing, tititi, papapa. Things started to warm up and we had nowhere to go but the stairs. Gino was shaking, his legs were wobbly! We lost our balance and fell on the floor. I laughed so much! After that it was incredible! A thousand times a thousand incredible. He was so tender until he made the biggest mistake someone could make while having sex. I lied on my front and he tried to do anal sex without discussing it first. The idiot didn't even think I may have never done it before and went in with all his might… My God, I jumped, the pain was incredible! I was surprised and cried a lot. He went red, purple and cried too. I went home after that as it completely killed the mood. It was 5:00am.

On my 3rd Friday Lu wasn't allowed to go out. So I stayed with Gino. Indescribable! It was 100%! Bench then stairs. It was the best night of my short existence on this Earth, despite the lack of comfort. I never felt so complete! I have nothing left to say, it was the best!

On my 4th and last Friday (18/08) we went to the Tennis Open, me, Gino, Flavia, Marcos, Andre, Tuira, Luciana, Sinara, Seiki, Paula to take photos. I had to drag Gino as he didn't want to go and we were in crisis already. Everyone went to Libanus after and we sat on the bench, kissing. I didn't want to go to the stairs again and that was the last time we saw each other…

Photos from the last Friday

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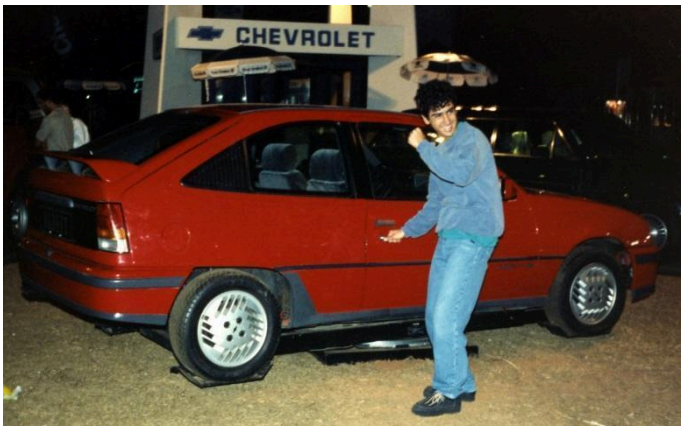

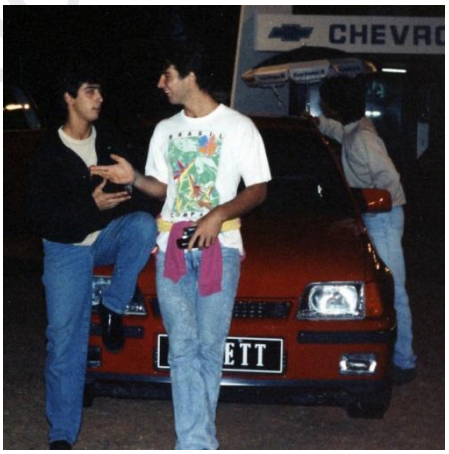

I just received a letter from Luciana!

RJ 03/09/1989 Sunday

… Hangover…

I went to Keyla's late afternoon yesterday to keep her company until Valeria came back from a party. Keyla kept insisting that I should go out with them that night but I wasn't in the mood. Valeria got back with a friend (Cristiane) and Keyla has already arranged to go out with some guy called Celso, they studied together at IBEU. Suddenly I got some fire in my tail and decided to go out. I ran home to pick up some clothes and showered at Keyla's. Celso arrived at 22:40 with two friends; Alexandre and Elcio. Off we went, in two cars, to pick Gisele up. We wanted to go to Papillon but the guys didn't want to go there. After much debate we went to Papillon but the queue was immense and we went to Babilonia. Another huge queue full of unpleasant people. Then people wanted to go to Dimplo's in Barra. So, we drove 50km to decide where to go. The girls wanted to go to a fancy place, full of handsome guys. In Brasilia any place would do because we made it fun. Mind you when the Martins gang went out together any place was also fine. But they wanted to parade their beauty, elegance and futility. Dimplo's was rubbish for them, they said it was full of whores. I just ignored it and tried to have fun. I drank all the caipirinhas! About 15 went to our table and we were all sipping from them. I got drunk, I danced, I laughed. Then Alexandre asked Valeria for a slow dance, then me and he chatted me up and tried to kiss me on my neck! The last thing I wanted was getting off with someone so I asked him to stop. I sat next to Valeria and she said he tried it on with her. Can you believe it? What an idiot. We just laughed at him. I drank, drank and then I slept a bit around 3:30. We decided to leave at 4:00, but it took half an hour to sort out the bill (there's always an arsehole who doesn't want to pay their share and this time it was Cristiane). Me, Gisele, Keyla, Val and Cristiane got home, ate and I went to sleep at 5:15. Woke up at 10am, Gisele and Cristiane left and the three of us came to mine at 15:00, we ate and they left at 18:00 and I watched the Brazil vs. Chile game.

I'm hanging around with the wrong crowd, really. Keyla had never gone out with Celso and on the phone he asked her if she didn't mind going out in a "poor person's car", she said, "of course not, as if! I don't mind" Then once she put the phone down she seemed very worried, wondering what the car might be. "What if it's an old van? I'll die!" I couldn't believe it and my face showed it. Then she found out he has a VW Bettle and wasn't impressed. Then they arrived in a Voyage Uno and she saw it from the window and exclaimed "I'm not going to be embarrassed!" Keyla, Valeria, Gisele are the personification of shallowness. They are "refined" girls, desirable, obsessed with money and status… Something I always despised. "We only go out in the Zona Sul". How bourgeois and spoiled. But, unfortunately, I like them a lot and usually their beliefs don't bother me so much. And Keyla is very special to me, she was my first friend here and she really supported me. We are very different but it works.

RJ 05/09/1989 Tuesday

Met up with Marcelo Bill this afternoon on the corner of Silva Pinto and Torres Homem and we went to Sans Peña. We went by Keyla's and she asked us to go with her to buy her bus ticket to Caxambu and off we went. She'd been asking me to go since I got back from Brasilia and I was saying I'd go. Today I said I wasn't going but she bought me a ticket anyway… So I decided to go. Tomorrow morning we catch the bus at 8:20. I bought two shirts at DROPS and some ankle warmers. I was left with a meagre 100 crz for the trip… I don't have to pay for the hotel, just meals, but even so! Keyla's aunt owns the hotel so I can stay for free instead of paying 75crz a day for three days! Happy Holiday!

Friburgo 09/09/1989 Saturday

I didn't go to Caxambu in the end. Keyla called me on Tuesday evening saying she had argued with Valeria and their father wouldn't let them go anymore and he was going to rip the tickets! I had already packed! Her father is an arsehole! I've never seen a family fight so much and go so low. Every time I go there either Keyla, Valeria, Mrs Ina or all three have an attack of hysteria.

We came to Friburgo on Thursday and we're staying until Sunday.

It was Gino's and his twin brother Jorge's birthday on the 6th but I didn't call. I wrote a letter to Luciana and asked her to wish him a happy birthday from me. I'm mad at myself for stepping on the ball and mad at him for taking my silliness so seriously.

RJ 11/09/1989 Monday

We arrived back from Friburgo yesterday at 23:00. I went to the city to exchange some dollars and buy a ticket for my mum (Cuiaba-Brasilia). After that I exercised for 2 hours.

I argued with Maira over something stupid and I told her I'm NEVER setting foot in the house she thinks is hers, where I'm visiting and I have to accept whatever she offers me (her words). All because I didn't want to sleep on a small 150cm sofa, hard and uncomfortable. Before going I told Zezé I wasn't sleeping on it and I was sleeping on Gabriel's bed until Sat. Gabi peed on the sofa and they were changing the seats, meanwhile he went and peed on the bed I was sleeping on. Maira asked if I didn't mind sleeping on

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the sofa as the sheets were wet, I said I didn't but I pulled a face. Then I took the wet sheet from the bed and put on another one. Maira was super offended by the way I changed the sheet! Did she want me to sleep on the piss so she had less clothes to wash? Wasn't she going to wash it? Anyway, I'm tired of this ridiculous subject. In the end she was saying that I use her and Zezé, that I'm cold, don't care about them… Cheap emotional blackmail. She talked and talked, absurdities and now I'm done. I won't talk to her until she licks my feet. And as she said I'm not her friend I'll show what I'm like when I'm NOT a friend. Just wait! She needs to learn to hold her tongue back because she says whatever she likes to Zezé, hurtful things, and it's fine. She's the one who's cold, manipulative and plays with people. But I'm not having it!

I still haven't been to UERJ, I just can't be bothered.

Good news. There are building works on Rita's flat and the baby (Tiago) was born. He had to be taken out as Rita's pressure was extremely high, so he came out 3 weeks early. Because of the building works in her room she'll stay here. Do you know what that means? WAGNER! No, he's not staying here, sadly, but he'll come here to see his mum and baby brother, surely? Last Tuesday I went up there to borrow some flour and he was in the living room, sensually breaking a wall and he asked me if I went there to help. I laughed and said no. Our conversations are so deep… You could make a film where nothing ever happens out of our dialogues. I borrowed the flour and left.

RJ 14/09/1989 Thursday
Rita came on Tuesday but went home yesterday as her bedroom was ready and clean. She might come back when they paint the living room, to spend another day. Wagner came here twice on Tuesday. He came on Weds but I was asleep. Nothing will ever happen between us!

Antonio called on the 4th and today to chat. He said he's no longer seeing the 27 year old woman as his "life was in danger". Can you believe it? He still hasn't given up on me.

Total boredom, this was my day today: I woke up at 9:30, drank water, guarana powder and exercised. I can't do all the exercises in less than 1 hour and 40 minutes! There's a fuck ton of them and I'm back up to around 60% fitness. To reach maximum I have to stop smoking. I'll never get past 80% until I stop. After 3 weeks of daily exercise I've lost 1kg and my tummy properly shrank. I think I need to lose 1cm around the belly, 2cm around my bum, 0.5 on my thighs and 1cm around hips. It's all fat. I love exercising! Then I danced for 30 minutes and it was 12:40. I ate lunch and watched TV.

I called Brasilia yesterday and spoke with Patricia and Luciana. Suddenly the phone made a crazy sound and I had to put it down. I was so angry! Later my mum called (she's in Vilhena) and I was very rude to her. It's no use, I still haven't forgiven her, subconsciously, to this day. She tells me to complain and speak objectively, but not to be rude to her as it serves no purpose. But it's stronger than me, you know? It's compulsive, instinctive. I start saying things without controlling myself. It's an illness. Then I feel bad after, but I just let the dogs out over little things. It's as if I think I have the right and the duty to be horrible to her. Deep down I blame her for being in Rio, away from Brasilia, alone, with a muddled up life. On the surface I tell myself that I learned a lot thanks to her, I'm independent and I'm going to London… It's a crazy war of feelings inside me. It's really my karma, it's going to be hard to get over this and treat my mother with the respect she deserves. But that's the problem, sometimes I don't think she deserves any respect. But if someone says something bad about her I get really upset! It's a mess in my head!

The day before yesterday SHE was rude to me because I bought the ticket with the wrong company and she had to make a long distance call to make a reservation and she had 50c on her bag. I didn't let her get away with it and said I'm never buying her a ticket again. The next day (yesterday) I had to go to the bank and send her more money. She should be back here at the start of October.

RJ 16/09/1989 Saturday
The biggest thought transmission I've ever seen happened yesterday! I was feeling nostalgic and read the start of this diary, when I was still in Brasilia. First the drama with Gino, all the boys and then Rodrigo. I was reliving those crazy, confusing days with Rodrigo. Everything was so interesting and bewildering! At around 19:00 (my aunt and uncle went to the centre) RODRIGO calls me from Uberlandia!!! He said he was also distressed knowing I was in Brasilia but he couldn't find me in the crowd. He said he was only there for an hour and then he had to leave. He invited me to Uberlandia next week as he's having a week off university. I said I'd only go if his family didn't know I was there, otherwise people in Brasilia might find out and that's not something I want. He said goodbye saying he hopes to see me next week…

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Soon after Barbosa called me. He said he had to be on a military parade on the 7th of September and he never felt so bad! We talked during the party political broadcast (PT's was a show!)

I managed to do 20 pushups with no knee support yesterday. I couldn't believe it!

RJ 17/09/1989 Sunday
Today, when I least expected it, I got a call from Gustavo. Usual conversation… I felt a bit fluttered and that's a bad sign, a sign he still has some power over me, but nothing will change my plans: On his 1st attempt to get together I'm cutting him off. After the last time we were together and after some reflexion I noticed he just uses me to satisfy himself and is incapable of showing any tenderness (he didn't use to be like this…), for that reason from now on it's just friendship and I'll tell him the first chance I get. Funny, I had barely thought about Gustavo, but yesterday he's on my mind all day. To keep busy I started reading a book by Simeron yesterday morning and finished it today. On Friday, as well as remembering Rodrigo I missed Gino terribly and had a feeling he was also thinking about me. It's strange how for no reason you suddenly start thinking about people that should be banished from your mind. Why is that? Gino was so important in my life! Also Gustavo. And, for sure, Rodrigo!

RJ 18/09/1989 Monday
I only went back for treatment at the dentist today. I only had to wait for an hour and he did two fillings. Dr. Lenin opened the hole and his son, who is very handsome, filled it in. I don't know, but a dentist's room is an exciting place! Kind of romantic. Wow, I'm tripping! Those were the most agreeable minutes in the last few weeks.

Gustavo called again today, once again, he was the last person I expected a call from. I was very nice and friendly and he said he was coming tomorrow after Miguel Couto. He really thinks I'm that available… But it seems Maira arrives tomorrow so there'll be no chance of me telling him what I have to say.

RJ 22/09/1989 Friday
Went to the dentist on Weds and today, in the end I had 8 fillings and one canal. I guess it's not that bad after three years without going to dentist, not brushing my teeth often, eating lots of sugar and meat and smoking and drinking. From now on I'm brushing my teeth three times a day instead of just once.

Antonio called for his usual declarations of love but he said he's giving up after I said NO for the 100th time.

RJ 24/09/1989 Sunday
Big hangover today! There was a party at Gisele's (she turned 19 on the 20th). Me, Keyla and Valeria went with Keyla's friend whose name I can't remember. Silvana and Barbosa also went. So, me and Valeria sat down and drank 5 caipirinhas and I hadn't eaten since lunch and only ate a few snacks at Gisele's… Then we went to Papillon. I was in the car with Barbosa. He looked hilarious with these blue contact lenses. At first I thought he had smoked a spliff, it was only when Silvana told me that I realised why he looked so odd!

We met Deo at the door, and they wouldn't let the 10 of us in due to lack of ID and it was also very busy. So I still haven't managed to get in there. We ended up at Zoom, before getting in I drank pinga with Coke with Deo. Then pinga with honey. Zoom is a shithole, the music is boring but at least it wasn't too busy. Amongst the people in our group there was a guy called Luis, he is bold and gorgeous, I kept staring at him but he took no notice. I drank beer and danced for 2 hours, well, I jumped. I didn't exercise yesterday so I had lots of energy, as a result I was covered in sweat, my hair was soaking wet. As the music started to improve they decided to leave because "Zoom is boring, only rednecks, sluts and poor people; they only play black people music." How pedantic and racist! They think they are better and that money is everything. Money is really good when put to good use. I feel such repugnance for the alienation and stupidity of this arrogant middle class that I better stop. Sometimes I feel ill being with people like this. How I miss Luciana!!! Maira has good reasons not to like people from Tijuca. I go out with them, yes, but only so I don't die of boredom. My friends in Brasilia were a lot less arrogant. Ok, they have their vanities, desires and consumerist philosophies but they are a lot more decent and less prejudiced and classist. Keyla, Valeria and Gisele live on another planet!

I got home at 3:30 and passed out. I woke up at 8:00 starving. I ate a lot and then the hangover took hold. I was feeling sluggish, dizzy, nausea, my head hurt! It was one of the worst hangovers, walking was a penance. I spent two hours like this. Maira told me to drink milk, I did, then I was sick and all my breakfast went down the toilet. Gabriel was mesmerised and he said "She is really vomiting!" I went out to buy the newspaper and felt better. Then I started feeling awful again. My head was going to explode. I ran

Claudia Golubov, 1986-2019

to the toilet and was sick again, pure alcohol! Then bile, with its horrible taste. DISGUSTING! I've never been sick so long after drinking. My body refused to absorb that amount of alcohol, which wasn't that much… I usually get sick in the space of two hours after the last drink, or not at all, then I have diarrhoea. What a tasteful subject! It's 14:00 and I'm almost 100% recovered.

RJ 26/09/1989 Tuesday
Luciana called on Sunday and said Gino asked her how I was, if she'd been talking to me regularly… I felt a strong urge to call him!

This one today was fucked up! My mum is going to buy my ticket to London in Brasilia and I was going to send her 650 dollars. It was raining heavily and off I went to the centre of town. I went to Exchange Plano where the dollar was $6.4 but they could only exchange 200 dollars maximum. I went to Banco do Brasil, the dollar was $6.3. The problem is that there was writing on one of the 100 notes and the bank wouldn't accept it! I was fuming. They said that note will be accepted only in England. Three minutes after I completed the exchange and I as I was sending it to my mother, it went up to $6.55! If I had waited another 5 minutes there would have been an extra 100 new cruzados! I was flabbergasted. I left the bank in a very bad mood. Once upon a time I considered studying Economy but gave up, it's a disgusting business and it will drive me insane. I think I would die of a heart attack. This ruined my day. Then I took some 3x4 photos and that was that. I shouldn't have left home today.

RJ 27/09/1989 Wednesday
The dollar shot up today: $7.30! I'm so angry… If only my mum wasn't in such a rush, what was 3,480 yesterday would have been 4,150 new cruzados today. How it hurts. I went to the dentist in the morning and then to my grandad's to collect my mum's passport so I can send hers and mine to her. I was walking up Desembargador Izidro when I saw Luis Otavio! I couldn't believe it! He was waiting for his girlfriend. We talked for a while. I went to my grandads. On the way back down he was still waiting and we talked a bit more. He's so sweet!

Just on the news, the dollar is down to $6.8. This is crazy!

Gustavo called me on Saturday and today. I think he thinks I'm worried because we haven't seen each other for a month… Look at the worry wrinkles! I do like him but I'm learning not to. The last time we saw each other was when I got back from Brasilia (24/08) and since then I haven't called him at all, except once but that was to tell him not to come here because my whole family was home. I did this to see if he'd stop calling me. Thankfully he hasn't! Deep down I want him to chase me and for him to feel how I felt when he didn't call for 1, 2 weeks at a time. I've been cold too, we almost ran out of conversation. But he really does stir something in me.

RJ 01/10/1989 Monday
Despite the boredom the year has flown by, so fast I only just realised it's October! It was only the other day I was doing my vestibular exams! Despite the velocity it's all a bit distant, like it happened a long time ago. Time eats my memories, as if everything that happened didn't happen to me, but to someone else. Like a film. Many times I relieve scenes and it's like it wasn't me doing certain things. And how I've changed!

Keyla and I watched Karate Kid III yesterday, as there was nothing else on. Finally, my mother bought my ticket, we're going via Madrid, where customs aren't as strict as London's. Not that we are taking contraband but my mum says it's unnerving when they go through all your luggage in minute detail.

I've had disgusting period pains.

RJ 06/10/1989 Monday
Hi! My mum arrives from Brasilia next Wednesday and if she doesn't get stuck on any other issues we leave on the 15th. Good, because I'm fed up with all this waiting! I should have been there a long time ago but my mother is too complicated. She's coming back from London in 2 years and if possible I'll stay there for those 2 years and get two diplomas: English and IT. I'm not just going there for tourism. This will be the LAST time I follow my mother anywhere, I don't care if I have to wash dishes. I'm not too anxious but my life has been all about this trip in the last couple of years.

I don't feel like talking about anything else, but let's try:
My aunt, uncle, Maira and kids are going to Friburgo tomorrow, but Jeison is coming to Rio and wants to see Gabriel during the holiday. Shit's going to hit the fan, Maira decided to leave Gabriel in Rio today and this will upset Zezé and Gil because they don't like having Gabriel staying with Jeison because he's always stepping on the ball (financially speaking). So a lot of crappy things can

Gleinia Golubov, 1986-2025

potentially happen today/tomorrow, including nobody going to Friburgo. I'm not going this time because I need time alone, I'm sick of all these people around me, I want to be alone. Gustavo called and I told them my family is going to Friburgo. He said he's going to Saquarema and that's great because I don't want to see him, or better, I shouldn't want to see him. I nearly called him yesterday to let him know I'd be staying on my own, but I resisted the impulse. Either way, he called today, I told him and thankfully he's not coming! I can't wait to get the hell out of Rio!

RJ 08/10/1989 Sunday

Sunday boring Sunday…

Maira decided not to leave Gabriel with Jeison and after much debate everyone went to Friburgo and I was completely on my own. I only went out to buy food and cigarettes yesterday. I exercised from 15:00-17:00. I recorded a few tapes to take to London: Capital, Paralamas, Biquini Cavadão…

Alexandra called me on Friday! Alexandra and Luciana are the most important people I left behind in Brasilia! She said she went sunbathing at Gino's dad's house and, inevitably, they talked about me. He said I vanished and didn't even say goodbye to him. He's the one who vanished! We were both fools! Ok, let me go, I'm frying some chips for lunch!

RJ 09/10/1989 Monday

Last night I threw my silly pride out the window, called Brasilia and talked to Gino. For starters he said he came looking for me at Luciana's but I wasn't there. He then went to his house and waited for me until midnight! Why didn't he go to the hot dog stand, it's a 2 minute walk? He had borrowed a car for us to go out. We are both such idiots! Me for not calling him (but he didn't like going out with the gang) and him for not looking harder for me. If he wasn't such a fool he would have gone to the hot dog stand to look for me. I was annoyed with him, because on Friday (the one with the tennis open) he was being a bore, ignoring me all the time! Of course I wasn't going to call him! He spent the whole day at his dad's on Sunday and said he lost Luciana's number… mmm… He said I showed a lack of consideration, that I don't like him, that I stepped on the ball and so on. He was right, except for me not liking him but I let him get it all out. And because I didn't call him on his birthday that was another grievance he talked about. I really stepped on the ball, what an idiot! He was really upset!

Then he told me what he'd been up to: Rowing every morning and studying to retake the UNB exams. There's a rowing championship on the 22nd and he's going to compete. His eldest brother, Ina, is penta champion here in Rio. Maybe he also has a talent for it? Well, all the talking took an hour! And I had confirmation that there's something very STRONG between us, but now it's going to have to wait for a couple of years for us to know if it's real or just lust… Until we meet again, my love!

RJ 11/10/1989 Wednesday

Hi! My mum was supposed to arrive today but now she's only arriving on Friday and we're leaving on Wednesday, not Sunday. I'll only believe it when I see it! For fuck's sake, what a palaver, I just want to go! And I have to deal with my mother complaining in one ear, wanting Zezé to give her the $300 she borrowed back. In the other ear is my aunt complaining we are no longer leaving on Sunday, literally desperate to get rid of me!

I left the living room and went to the bedroom to think about my worries. Well, there's no lack of space here for my mum, but now Zezé is doing this? Just because my uncle doesn't like her? Couldn't she let her stay just this once? I was really hurt, Zezé can be really hard with the wrong people as well… And me caught in the middle, trying to stop them from fighting, or get mad at each other. It's too much stress for me!

Gustavo called on Monday night to tell me how things were in Saquarema. He said he was going to the airport to say goodbye. He called again yesterday, and feeling nostalgic, I asked him if he wasn't coming to see me… So he was here this morning! So cute! I can't stay mad at him! He told me he broke some guys nose, when he was training and also there was a cinematographic fight in Saquarema. I got excited and we started to playfight. We went to the bedroom and I took photos of him, as a memento.

Glenda Gomes 1986-2025

He said he liked me more than Gino. How dare he!? If he did he hid it very well. We made love (or had sex?) and we talked about my trip, I lent him books, gave him a 3x4 photo and wrote on the back "Distance is nothing when feelings are everything. You mean so much to me!! I love you Kisses and until we meet again. Lelé"

Very suggestive, huh? We just cuddled for ages. It hurts so much to leave the people you love behind. So much! Then we really made love and he was so sweet, it was great! He had to go to Brasas and is going to Saquarema again tomorrow. I wish he'd stay until I leave. Saquarema will always be there but I'm leaving! That's why I think he doesn't like me. But I didn't say anything. Better to stay apart really. He read some of my diary, but only the bit about Claudio (the liar told Gustavo he didn't try it on with me!). He tried to read other pages, but I went full on hysterical when he locked himself in the bathroom with it, so he gave up.

He was leaving and I went out with him to buy cigarettes, at the 'cabarel de bandido' *[criminal's cabaret, that's what we called the corner bar]*. He asked for a soda, to prolong the goodbye. I nearly cried sat at the table of the dirty bar. When it was time to leave I gave him a peck on the cheek, and he said "hold on!" and gave me a peck on the lips. I walked back without turning back, carrying the weight of the world on my shoulders, feeling sad. I didn't cry, I couldn't, what was the point? I have to look ahead and be happy that he was a part of my life, and will always be inside of me.

RJ 12/10/1989 Thursday
I went to Ana's this afternoon, she called me yesterday with THE STORY. Something shocking happened with her! For quite a while she had been cheating on Mauro with Barbosa. On Friday she called me asking me to tell her mother (in case she asked) that we were going to the cinema, so she could go out with Mauro. Except she was going out with Barbosa I later found out. So, yeah, they went out to a motel, did all they had rights to do and Ana went home. Things weren't going so well between her and Mauro and she told him EVERYTHING that happened with Barbosa. Then Mauro gave her the biggest proof of his love that I've ever seen: He cried and he was desperate. He gave her flowers, forgave everything and told her to finish everything with Barbosa. Ana thought he was going to end it all with her but instead he said he can't live without her! It was beautiful! She said she'll never see Barbosa again but I could sense that she still likes him. When I was there today Barbosa phoned and Ana said they need to talk. I can really feel she likes him but she won't let go of Mauro. We went to Saens Peña around 18:00 looking at rings, as they want to get married! Mauro is studying and working… Not so long ago he was doing nothing at all. Love changes everything! I got home at 20:30.

I took a film to be developed today, full of exotic photos, as well as people: aquarium, me in the mirror, of the flat. I hope they all come out!

RJ 14/10/1989 Saturday
FINALLY, my mother arrived from Brasilia! She stayed at Zezé's and then went to Friburgo, to relax. I'm going tomorrow to say goodbye to Maira, Gabriel, Julia, Mrs Nina and Claudio. I can't stay with my mother for any length of time without an argument. Sometimes it feels like I'm her mother… We made plans regarding what I'll be doing in London, but she's too controlling and I can't live without her!
I called Luciana but she wasn't home. Gino called me in the evening because he thought I was leaving for Madrid tomorrow. I asked him to wait for me and he said he will. Then I said he was just saying it but he said he always did what he said he'd do, and it was me who didn't stick to my word. But waiting for 2 years isn't that simple, things happen… He said he missed me…

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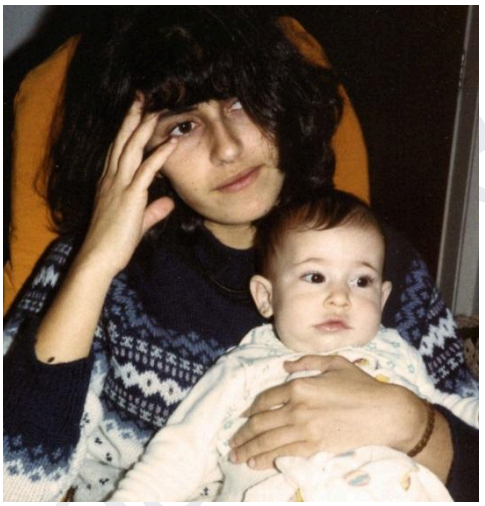
Later Luciana called, in a bit of state, thinking I was leaving tomorrow too. She left a party to go home to call me and it could have waited… I am sure we will be sisters forever! I love that little one so much!

RJ 17/10/1989 Tuesday
I got back from Friburgo today.



There was a big kerfuffle. My father was going to pay for half my plane ticket yesterday, but his guarantor didn't show up… So him and my mother had a big argument last night, over the phone, my mother called him irresponsible and there was a lot of phone slamming going on! I got angry and called him myself, he swore he was going to do it all today and would send the ticket. He just needs a guarantor to sign a piece of paper, that's it! But he said his friend didn't make it. I believe him… Then he said my mother had him arrested a while ago, because he wouldn't pay my maintenance. Well, he should have paid up shouldn't he? It was the court that sent him to prison, not my mum. Now he comes to me playing the victim, trying to poison me against my mother. I told him I wasn't interested in their fights and that he should worry about me, not her. Then she started talking badly about him. Give me patience!

My mum doesn't believe he's going to pay so she concocted a plan. She borrowed the money for the ticket (that's a whole other story) and she's buying the whole ticket and will pay upfront instead of doing instalments. My dear father won't know about this and will carry on paying the creditor the instalments, without knowing it's been paid for. That's assuming he doesn't decide to stop paying! My mother spoke to the manager at Iberia and he's going to pretend the money my father is paying is going to pay for the ticket, but instead he will forward it to my mother. We came to Rio, my mum had some money to pay for the other half and my aunt was paying the rest with the $300 she owed my mum. Oh dear, I don't know how to describe this confusion!

Well, we got back here and I went out with Keyla to pick up her electoral title and then went to the PT headquarters with my mum. When I got here my aunt was home and my mum called her and it turned into an argument. First of all because my mum is intractable and the only subject she talks about with Zezé is the damned money. I told her a thousand times she shouldn't keep demanding the money back at all, I think it's an absurd after all the time Zezé looked after me. My mum isn't that broke as she's taking us to Madrid just for the sake of it, if she was that broke why spend time in Madrid? This makes my blood boil and I was horrible to her.

They put the phone down then she called again asking if she could sleep here but my uncle said NO (arsehole!). WHAT A MESS! Then there was crying and I realised my mum is under a lot of pressure, I cried and got angry. My mum said she was going to sleep on the street. It was insane! Then aunt Italia invited her to stay there and she said no, oh please, stop sulking. These family dramas are indescribable! It's hard trying to make sense of them and describe it when I don't understand what's going on. It's not worth wasting time explaining this madness.

My mum is going back to Friburgo as she's been banished from my grandad's and here. I like this because it'll make her want to leave sooner, I'm sick of doing nothing all day. Am I selfish? Well, now that my mother changed the course of my life against my wishes I just want to take on the world!

I received a great letter from Rodrigo. He called me lazy and afraid for not going to Uberlandia, he wrote an ode to my too westernised ways, saying he's too latin for me. Erm, Ok?! After taking the piss out of me in a fun way he said he found it hard to

forget me, but he intends to (I won't let him!). See what I'm missing out on because of MOTHER? It's not easy to find a Rodrigo like this! But I'm writing back because he was also lazy staying with me and Patricia and it's easy to criticise others and not look inside oneself.

RJ 20/10/1989 Friday - Goodbye Gustavo, again

The day started badly with my aunt saying I am selfish and have never been able to show her any affection. I said that if no one thinks about me I have to think about myself and if I was unable to show affection so was she. All this because I wouldn't let her keep one of my exercise outfits! And I'm the selfish one?! And affection isn't just about kissing and hugging, I showed it through my actions in so many ways. If she's blind and didn't notice that's her problem! To emotionally blackmail me over a costume is RIDICULOUS!

A few minutes after this argument the bell rings, Zezé answered and said it was for me. I had a fright! It was Gustavo, surprising me! We went downstairs and talked for a couple of hours. He said he's going to Saquarema tomorrow, I asked him to stay, he said NO. Go to hell then, my son! Go catch some waves and I will take care of my life. To make it worse there's a 90% chance I might be pregnant, as my fertile day was a early and showed up the day after we had sex. Can you imagine!? He was perturbed but I told him not to worry, it's my problem (I was the one who told him not to wear a condom, that it was safe) and I'll take care of it. I'm going to miss him! So many people I'm leaving behind: Gino, Rodrigo, Gustavo, Keyla, Luciana, Alexandra…

My father sent the ticket yesterday (my mother was WRONG!). I knew I could trust him! But due to this delay we lost a lot of money on exchanging. On Weds we went to the city centre. My mum would have been entitled to buy $4000 in the official market at $4.50, it's $9.40 in the black market.. So we were going to exchange $600 in the black market and then buy them in the official market, turning it into $1200 ish. What a deal from China! (*Brazilian expression for a good deal*). She called the bank and they told her the necessary documents needed for the exchange (passport, tickets…). So off we went, happily, to change the $600 and with another 1000crz we went to the Banco do Brasil. When we got there the man at the counter said we needed authorization from the Central Bank, so off we went to get it. When we got there the guy said the system had changed and we had to buy dollar tourism which is almost like the dollar in the parallel market! So the guy at the Banco do Brasil gave us the wrong information and we got fucked! How infuriating! We were so mad but what could we do?

My mum didn't exchange the dollars and will try to send crz abroad, that way they get exchanged using the official rate. She will leave the money with someone for them to send it to her. Our flight is the day after tomorrow, at 18:30, to Madrid. I packed my bags today.

RJ 21/10/1989 Saturday - Last day in Rio

It's tomorrow… I can't believe it. I was doing nothing all day. Keyla said she was coming here but didn't… My things filled up a big bag, a smaller bag and a rucksack. I can't go over the weight limit. My records, books and summer clothes are staying here with Zezé. My diaries, photos and letters are coming with me. When I left Brasilia it was all much sadder and happier too. What hurts more about leaving here is Zezé and Maira, but they'll always be with me! I wish I could vote for Lula!

Barbosa called to say goodbye. I called Gustavo asking him to come over but he didn't. Because of things like this and other things it doesn't hurt so much to leave. It hurts more to be away from Brasilia. I called Luciana, spoke with her, Patricia and aunt Jo. I have to send three letters just to one house. But it's such a special house I don't mind sending 1000s of letters! I can't wait to write to everyone: Luciana, aunt Jo, Patricia, Zezé, Maira, Alexandra, Gino, Rodrigo, Gustavo, Ana and Keyla.

How sad I won't watch Kanang (?) or watch the party political broadcasts or carnival. I didn't even get to say bye to the sea. Now in these final moments I wish I was staying, I'm going to miss everything. But we get used to everything, no? Things are going to change radically and what will be will be. My godparents: Indio Tupi and Pai José will give me strength, as will those who love me and whom I love dearly!

I called Alexandra and she wasn't home. After that I was forbidden to make any more calls, so I couldn't call Gino!

I feel so happy, oh my god, and so madly sad… I can't wait for the future to arrive and for me to get to know it. I can't wait to meet people! I think about the loneliness that is ahead but my friends here will help me get through it. I can't wait to live again, learn and explore. Right now I'm like a dormant virus, ready to enter a healthy organism and create havoc! I'm so excited!

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Well, see you in MADRID! Bon voyage for nosostros!

A new chapter begins TOMORROW.

THE END – Next My First Years in London - Oct 89 to Mar 93
https://leticiagolubov.co.uk/my-first-year-in-london/

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